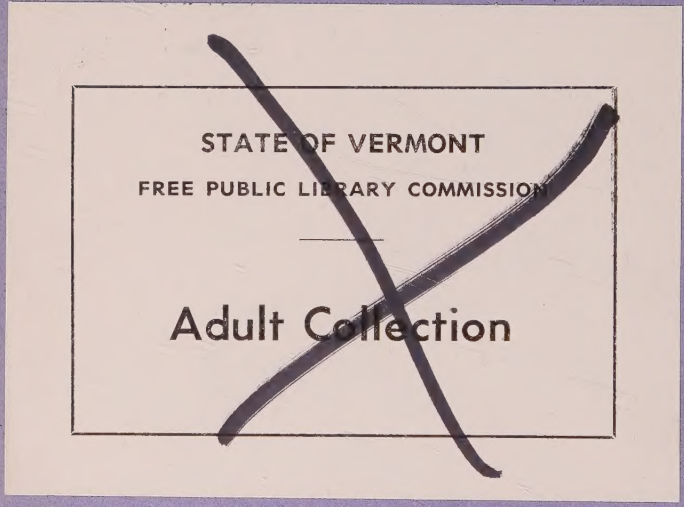
Lorenzo Dow

The Bearer of the Word

by

Charles Coleman Sellers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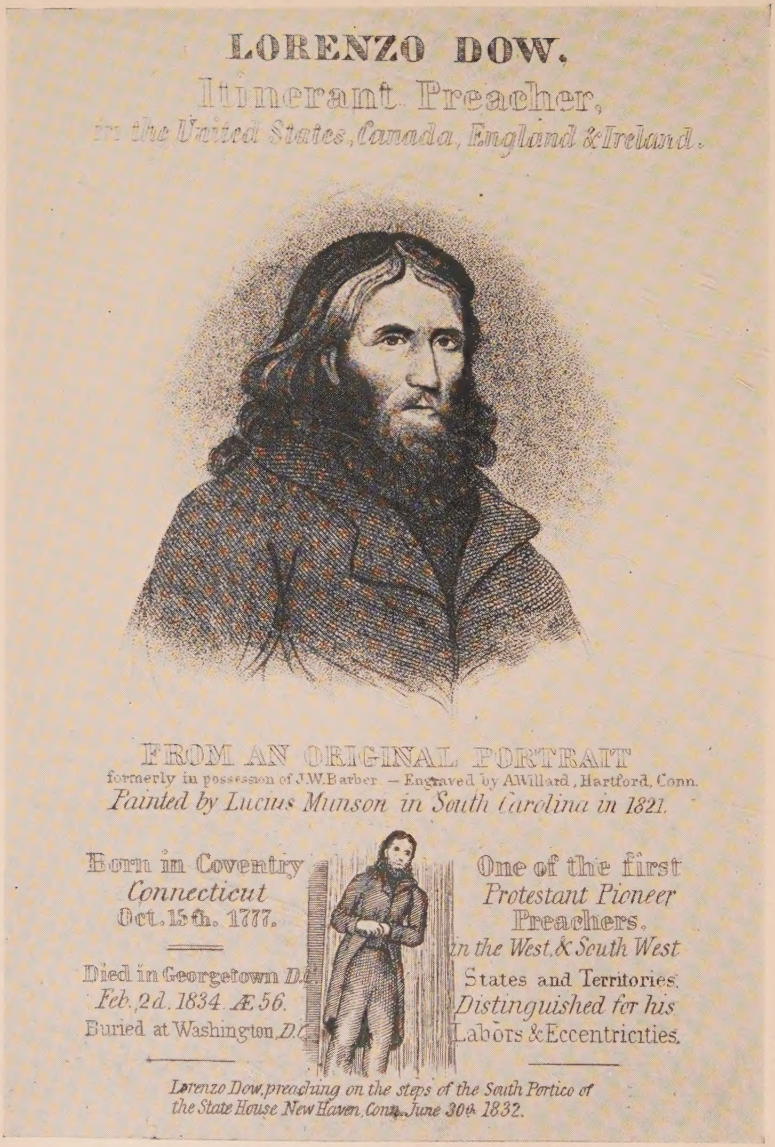
LORENZO DOW.
Itinerant Preacher,
in the United States, Canada, England & Ireland.
FROM AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT
formerly in possession of J.W. Barber. — Engraved by A. Willard, Hartford, Conn.
Painted by Lucius Munson in South Carolina in 1821.
Born in Coventry
Connecticut
Oct. 15th. 1777.
Died in Georgetown D.C.
Feb. 2d. 1834. Æ 56.
Buried at Washington D.C.
One of the first
Protestant Pioneer
Preachers.
in the West & South West
States and Territories.
Distinguished for his
Labors & Eccentricities.
Lorenzo Dow preaching on the steps of the South Portico of
the State House New Haven, Conn. June 30th 1832.

Portrait of Lorenzo by Lucius Munson

LORENZO DOW

The Bearer of the Word

BY
CHARLES COLEMAN SELLERS

"—To view the dealings of God, Man and the Devil with one, whose experience and standing is peculiar to itself."

Exemplified Experience, or Lorenzo's Journal.

MINTON, BALCH & COMPANY
NEW YORK 1928

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Printed in the United States of America by
J. J. LITTLE AND IVES COMPANY, NEW YORK

TO HELEN

SOCIAL SECRETARY

AND

GUARDIAN ANGEL

170664

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	THE HOLY MAN	3
II.	THE BEARERS OF THE WORD	7
III.	THE COMING OF THE SAVIOR	29
IV.	THE CALL	41
V.	IRELAND	51
VI.	THE PARTING OF THE WAYS	63
VII.	PEGGY AND LORENZO	80
VIII.	ENGLAND AND IRELAND	101
IX.	THE ECCENTRIC COSMOPOLITE	123
X.	FROM CHICIMAW TO THE CITY OF PEACE	152
XI.	A STROKE	180
XII.	A DYING WORLD	197
XIII.	WOMEN RULE HERE	231
XIV.	WHENCE THERE IS NO RETURN	247
	THE COMPLETE WORKS	264

ILLUSTRATIONS

PORTRAIT OF LORENZO BY LUCIUS MUNSON *Frontispiece*

PAGE

A CAMP MEETING 20

A LETTER FROM LORENZO TO HIS FATHER . 68

"LET US PRAY—" 78

THE JERKS, LORENZO LEADING THE DEMONSTRATION 144

LORENZO AND HIS "RIB" 180

"A SINCERE ATTEMPT TO RELIEVE THE SUFFERINGS OF MANKIND" 202

LORENZO DOW, AGED 56 252

LORENZO DOW

CHAPTER I

THE HOLY MAN

WHEN one draws from the intricate mazes of our local history and legend the name of Lorenzo Dow, there rises around it an aura of shadowy, glittering fantasies: fragments of old Yankee humor, curious tales of a man who was as shrewd and clever as he was queer, and dim fables of weird and mysterious powers. And behind it all, one glimpses the errant, pathetic figure of Lorenzo, struggling always to find the ills of the world and ease their weight, always roving, always seeking, always vividly alone among friends and enemies. At his death in the Thirties he was probably the most widely travelled man in America, and certainly the most widely known. There was scarce a soul from the bayous of the southwestern frontier to the Canadian forests that had not heard and passed on the fame of Lorenzo Dow. It was his understanding of the ways and reactions of common folk that underlay his power; and yet, so intimately a man of the people, to them he was a being apart, tinged with wonder and unreality.

He was a holy man in the most picturesque sense of the phrase, and had the life of the eastern farms and the expanding frontier developed at a quiet, old-world pace, legend might have raised him to the greatness of the

medieval saints. He possessed the choicest elements of popular sanctification. He was a seer of visions and worker of miracles. Like Roche of old Languedoc he travelled ceaselessly and aimlessly upon a journey of good works that had only Paradise for its ending place. Like Chrysostom and Onuphrius and many another, his soul's temple—never too cleanly by common report—was hid behind a long beard and ragged clothing. Like Omobruono of Cremona, his purse seemed to be miraculously filled, for his wealth was always in advance of his visible sources of support. Like Symeon Salos or Christina the Wonderful, he gave to the unimaginative good reason for believing him crazy. And in the end there was a shadow of mystery over his last hours that gave birth to rumors of a martyrdom. In spite of his pervading originality, however, his power of winning friends, he had no disciples, he founded no order or sect, he was alone. But if the legend of Lorenzo did not flourish, it persisted. His journals and other writings which he sold reporting his travels may be found in homes and libraries throughout the East, and his name and fame are still remembered in a thousand places throughout the land, nowhere better, perhaps, than in his own native state of Connecticut.

Again, in another light, he was a sort of Tyl Ulenspiegel or Friar Tuck, a perambulating wonder around whom mystery and ignorance and a germ of truth wove a thousand grotesque tales, some, no doubt, older than he or the creed he preached. For the biographer, however, there is little need for separating the chaff from the wheat: all are believable of the hero of this history.

Lorenzo had little dignity and a world of impudence. He would play fearless pranks on camp meeting rowdies; he would verge on buffoonery in the pulpit. But most often he was sober and terribly earnest; godly men, even if they opposed his erratic course, seldom doubted his mission. He had but little schooling, and yet, in his travels, had acquired a vast fund of information of the type which appeals readily to popular credulity.

Lorenzo was tall and fragile in appearance, stoop-shouldered, with thin legs and arms, with light brown hair hanging over his shoulders, a long beard, a thin nose and bright blue eyes in a pallid face. His dress was unkempt and soiled; like other holy men, he was too absorbed by the divine to consider cleanliness and care for appearances as aught but vanity. He came, generally, wrapped in a long black cloak. Sickly and melancholy as he was, he was active and quick and had the similitude of health. To Eleazer Sherman, among many other devout souls, his appearance recalled the prophets of old. His voice was harsh from continual use, and he spoke in gasps and with difficulty, having suffered almost his whole life from asthma—his shoulders, we are told, "moving convulsively up and down, as he worked his vocal organs as laboriously as a man would work at a dry pump, although with a little more success."

The enormous celebrity which he obtained, the disappointments which he suffered, his increasing dependence on popular fame, wrought their changes in Lorenzo's life. He lost much of the zealous spirituality which had impelled him from his youth, his mission changed from one of conversion to one of lurid warning. His life is a

pitiful tragedy of blind and unrewarded seeking, attaining in the end, and adjusting itself to a success which he had but half consciously sought, a success which cut him off forever from the recognition which he most desired as his earthly reward. It is a comedy of a true bred Connecticut Yankee, who "took religion" in a neurotic adolescence, and then gradually and ridiculously reverted to type, without dropping the ministerial character. And for all its garnishings of the wonderful, the divine, the absurd, it is a drama simply and intensely human that unfolds as we follow the development of this undaunted soul, this wandering, haunted child of circumstance.

CHAPTER II

THE BEARERS OF THE WORD

"SIT AND SULK!" old Elder Swan of New London bawled out over the heads of a sleepy congregation. *"You won't sulk in Hell!* If you won't make God, Jesus, the angels and saints in Heaven and the church on earth glad by getting religion, you will make us all glad, by and by, with your shrieks and groans in torment. We will all of us together laugh, mock, shout and dance when the smoke of your hell ascends up before us forever and ever."

"God Almighty," he would roar upward to the Lord of Hosts, pounding the book rest and shaking the sweat from his fierce little eyes, "Rip them up! God Almighty, stave them up! Let the streets of New London be washed with their blood!"

It was a world of threatening and condemnation, that strange, hard world of yesterday, into which was launched a sickly country lad, tense with the zeal of the prophets and the new inspiration of a mysterious grace and call. But Lorenzo Dow, in the very uniqueness of his errant soul, was an integral part of his age. It was by his variance with its conventions that he won for himself a place in the heart of it. He learned to know it,

and all its hardness and perils. But in this one thing, revealed to him by his own detached experience, and accepted by him as his own most urgent subject for condemnation, he stood magnificently apart. He learned to see, to despise and fear the heedless, impatient intolerance of all classes: their efforts at tyranny in the name of freedom, that spirit which placed politician and preacher, editor, and indeed every man of public affairs in an adventurous uncertainty as to when he might feel the sting of a horsewhip or find an outraged citizen clinging to his back, gouging with ready thumb nail at his eyes, or a shouting, jubilant mob, come to drag him to torture and death. And as these lived under a threat of public disapproval, so they threatened the public in turn, and no group more liberally than the bearers of the Word, calling down the wrath of God upon the unbeliever or his denomination, furiously contending with the devil in all his forms, seeking ever the purity of religion and the salvation of souls.

The war of the Revolution had colored in many ways this era which followed it, this era of turbulent, boisterous newness, of terrible earnestness and vainglorious superlatives. The war had brought the powerful stimulants of a new political liberty, an effulgent and unquenchable patriotism and a ubiquitous prejudice for strong drink. And thus encouraged, an inexperienced, hilarious democracy replaced the cautious guidance of the fathers. The young nation looked upon itself as a unique object upon the forefront of civilization; the only comparison it could discover was the republic of ancient Rome, and the architecture of the day, as well as the

names of many towns, reflects into modern times the popularity of the simile. Coupled with the confidence of the people in their destiny, there was a jealous fear of the powers of the old world, which they saw with suspicious eyes, a venomous, polluted peril, and awaited eagerly the time when Europe should follow—in flowery terms worthy a contemporary editor—that bright western beacon across the sea forth from the murk and bloody mires of aristocracy. And among the most zealous of the patriots, most watchful of the guardians, stood Lorenzo Dow.

The people thus favored of God and assaulted by the devil, lived close to the soil that has nourished them so well. It was predominantly a farmer population. Land was cheap but labor was dear, and the character of the age was molded by the two factors of opportunity and the necessity for hard, unceasing toil. The farmer was an individualist, utterly self-reliant, and yet ever hospitable, ever ready to join with his neighbors in the heavy tasks of raising a house or gathering a harvest. He was practical in all things, and displayed a facile cleverness in meeting the many needs of his little domain, but his general outlook was narrow and provincial; newspapers developed enormously during the campaigns for a broader democracy, but beyond their thunderous polemics and scant information, he had little or no contact with localities beyond his own. Literature, other than sacred and patriotic writings, made no appeal, and to him the pursuit of beauty for its own sake seemed foolish and effeminate. To him we owe our American insistence that to work is the duty of every member of society.

The other classes, the traders, the fishermen and sailors, the wealthy landholders or the cultured society of the eastern cities need no special mention here. The farmer gave the tone to the national ethics and habits of mind, and where men of wealth and fashion rose above the level of the age they were usually out of reach of the stronger currents of religion.

This level was broad and jealously maintained. In young America there was displayed a paradoxical combination of that intolerance of anything considered discordant with democracy, equality or local notions of common decency—an intolerance which found expression in such hilarious expositions of popular sentiment as lynching, horse-whipping, tarring and feathering or riding out of town—and an expansive and almost greedy credulity. Both characteristics were fostered by the universal optimism of the youthful, expanding nation. Their religious significance lies in the fact that every doctrine found both faithful supporters and vigorous enemies. Sects multiplied at a pace which does credit to the human imagination, and strove fiercely one with another.

Save among a few students of scientific temperament, superstition had still a broad power over the minds of the people, thus greatly increasing, of course, the scope of theological speculation. God had not yet been divested by science of direct control of many important happenings in nature. And the atmosphere of the time, the loneliness and hard labor, the many mysterious perils, the closeness of everyone to death, inevitably led to reliance in a higher power immediately interested in mankind. Deists and freethinkers, to be sure, existed in numbers after the

Revolution, but not for long enough to wear down the force of tradition. Because life was such a terrible mystery without the revealed religion, because of the prevalent belief that a reign of terror like that of France would result if the fear of Hell was removed, the little flame of modernism was extinguished beneath a flood of propaganda whose one-sided argument and blatantly false accusations hardly do credit to their author's claims of inspiration.

The Reformation was the immediate background of the American churches. Romanists, like the freethinkers, existed only in sufficient numbers to serve as a convenient object for fear, hatred and defamation—a centripetal force in American religion, the slandering of which provided a congenial bond for all hearts. The Reformation also bequeathed to our doctrinal battlefields the great opposing theories of Calvinism and Arminianism. The Calvinist had derived from his assumption of the supreme sovereignty and omniscience of God, his famous doctrine of the predestination of all souls to Heaven or to Hell, for the glory of their Creator. It was a cold, savage, thoroughly rationalized creed. From its great citadel in Congregational New England and the Presbyterian strongholds of the middle states, the enlightened Puritan influence spread into the territories north of the Ohio River.

The term Arminian was loosely applied to those who modified or rejected the relentless vigor of Calvin's logic. It covered those faiths which stressed the love and ever accessible mercy of the Lord, which appealed primarily to emotions rather than intellect, and which, in conse-

quence, aroused a greater pitch and breadth of popular favor. Of the Anglicans, Catholics, Lutherans or others of the more sober schools, little need be said. At the center of the strange religious manifestations which distinguished the early republic, stood the Baptists and the Methodists, creeds closely akin in their hot enthusiasm, but furious enemies in the war for truth. Both were alike in giving a central importance to the "experience." The experience, in the accepted view of its exponents, was the divine release of the penitent seeker from the taint of Adam's fall. The experience carried one from uncertainty and despair to a life unified in joy, courage, and pious zeal. "Conversion" was everything; by it one was saved, without it one was damned. Backsliding from "grace" was not only possible but frequent; the faithful must wrestle continually with Satan and prostrate themselves before the mercy seat till sanctification be permanently accorded. The interesting psychological transformation which took place under stress of a sense of sin and a yearning for holiness, will be seen more fully in the case of the boy Lorenzo's "awakening."

The Baptist Church, while it spread rapidly among the lower classes, was loose and inadequate in both organization and doctrine; it followed the Congregational system of New England, without the same rationalized creed as a unifying basis. Its ministers were too often ignorant and frothy, in an age of unschooled and emotionalizing preachers. In numbers, it soon fell definitely behind its rivals.

In strange contrast stood the splendid government of Methodism, as it was mobilized and launched on its nota-

ble career by the brilliant leadership of its first American Bishop, Francis Asbury. Beneath the bishops, there were the elders, the deacons and, finally, the preachers, all serving for the same meager salary. Correspondingly, there were the geographic divisions of conference, district and circuit, and the entire active ministry, within the bounds assigned to its members, was itinerant. To retain better the conquests of the invading preachers, the laity who had been admitted to the faith were organized into classes of a dozen or so members, each electing its class leader, who kept watch over their spiritual condition. The candidate for the ministry must pass an examination to prove his literacy and the soundness of his views, and a period of trial in company with a licensed preacher. A layman might rise to the dignity of "exhorter," in which case he was expected, in his own neighborhood, to hold forth as the name implies.

Everything was orderly and carefully supervised to guard against the perils of loose doctrine and schism. This unified, itinerant system is responsible for the Methodist successes. By it they were able to follow the ever fluctuating advance of the frontier, and to arouse most thoroughly the enthusiasms of the struggling farmer folk throughout the land.

This enthusiasm, once aroused, was thorough and all-consuming. Its most powerful stimulant was the belief, always easy to arouse in this age, that the Great Day of Judgment and Resurrection was near. Religion filled so many gaps in the explanation of things, and seemed so important in the maintenance of order and justice, that theology was generally esteemed as the most important

branch of learning. Into the land of theologians, New England, came the invading Methodism, gathering, as usual, the lower classes of society into its fold, meeting everywhere the scandalized opposition of the doctors. While strong in the South, likewise, the planters despised the newcomers for the vulgarity of their social ambitions. The Frontier was the greatest of the battlegrounds. It may be divided at the Ohio River into two emotional dispositions, the southern, which had lost its old allegiances and acquired an ignorant credulity and a taste for extremes, and the northern, which had also lost many of its former affiliations, but which was cooler and more given to speculation, although the fruits of this tendency were often of a fantastic kind.

The West was the battlefront of the Great Revival, that stupendous shaking among the dry bones which, stretched over half a decade, ushered in the Nineteenth Century. Simple imaginations everywhere were wildly stimulated by the events that accompanied it. For the preachers it provided a burning inspiration and a training school in technique; as skilled captains are produced in a great war, so mighty men of God were schooled on the meeting grounds of the Great Revival.

It was not like other revivals. It seemed as if the age of miracles were returning, like a great tempest, bearing down all opposition in its fury, sweeping the back country folk, who were by nature inclined to sin and levity, into the way of holiness. "We believe that it was nothing less than an *introduction* to that work of final redemption," says one who was caught in the whirl of it, "which God promised in the latter days." The schism and backsliding

and loose living which followed in its last years cooled the hopes of many, but it contributed largely, nevertheless, to the subsequent course of religion.

The revival seemed to break forth suddenly in many places. The greatest of its fathers was James McGready, a rawboned, wrinkled, awkward Scotch-Irishman, as somber and solemn as Death, with small eyes that cut like blades of fire and a coarse, tremendous voice. It is important that he did not hold, although a Presbyterian, to the doctrine of predestination, but taught the new birth by repentance and faith. The Calvinism of that day was unable to kindle the fires of revival.

The revival spread rapidly through Kentucky and Tennessee, for the weird wonders and contagious, uproarious enthusiasm that prevailed brought many to hear and see for themselves and those whom the blood of the Lamb had cleansed and redeemed must needs spread the joyful message afar. The question of salvation became the important topic for conversation, and many ardent spirits heard and answered the call to preach. The licensing of preachers who could not pass the educational tests contributed to the disruption of the Presbyterians. But while the work was at its height, all was harmony and co-operation; Baptists and Methodists, Shakers and Quakers, godly men from every part and creed flocked into the infected area and strove side by side for the salvation of souls.

Meetings of every sort, public or private, were indulged in, as an emotional outlet for the saints as well as for the conviction of sinners. But in its camp meetings the revival found its most vehement expression. The camp

meeting was later to become a regular institution and so great were the blessings that always attended it, that many came to regard this form of worship as one which God delighted in particular to patronize.

These meetings would roll on for days and the people poured in by the thousands, living in tents or barns or wherever they could find lodging. Ministerial talent gathered also in numbers, for once the work was started, it must continue night and day, three or four sermons often in progress at the same time.

Many of the people came in hopeful expectation of emotional thrills, many from mere curiosity. The belief that salvation must be experienced in some unmistakable manner led to a passionate excitement as the preacher set forth free grace on the one hand and the terrors of Hell on the other, an excitement which, as it rose and spread, must inevitably find sudden and violent expression. Technically, this outburst was called "striking fire." It came generally at night, when the scene was most impressive—when the blazing fires threw their wavering light into the surrounding foliage and across the restlessly seething and murmuring concourse, and when the preachers, standing on rough platforms, or on stumps, or perched in the trees, Bibles in hand and a few candles stuck up about them, seemed to be weird shadows, pouring forth the eternal wisdom of another world. Perhaps a preacher's voice, falling to a subdued solemnity, suddenly breaks into a roar of terrible warning, perhaps some straining soul in his audience cries out of a sudden in the anguish of despair, or raises the oft-repeated wail, "What shall I do to be saved?"—and the storm breaks like a tor-

nado sweeping across the multitude. A thousand or more fall with a great yell, as if the Lord had struck them down at one blow, to lie as cold and stiff as Death. The limbs and bodies of others, strewn among the fallen, are jerking hysterically, till they too drop down among "the slain of the Lord," and still others roll miserably and grovel in the dirt. Those who have tried to flee from the terrifying scene have been struck to the earth. Those who rise from the ground are shouting, singing, laughing, dancing, in the wild joy of their release from the taint of Adam's sin. Little children preach learnedly from men's shoulders, while the saints move from place to place, singing, praying, shouting, exhorting, as occasion may demand. The preachers, too, put forth all their powers at this crisis, bellowing out hellfire over all the uproar and confusion below them, till they also sink exhausted.

Imperceptibly, the fervor cooled. The fraternal unity that accompanied the first outburst passed, and an abundance of new sects, Cumberland Presbyterians, Halcyons, Shakers, Millerites, and others were soon rivalling the old in arousing "jerks," "barks," "holy laughs" and other classifications of the hysterical and hypnotic disorders of the revival. To the Methodists, however, fell the lion's share of souls.

The missionary spirit was at its height in the Methodist itinerants. Most of them were young men, well able to meet the hardships and perils of their calling, full of fresh, jubilant "religion" and the spirit of self-sacrifice. They shouted and sang despite themselves, and the impenitent soul was stricken when it heard them. Each knew

his people and made his appeal directly to their hearts, with none of the theological finesse and intricacies of an educated clergy. Simply clad in ministerial black, with his long hair hanging from under his broad-brimmed hat, the youth rode upon his circuit, an umbrella rolled in a blanket behind him, and his saddle bags, weighted with Bible and Hymn book, the Discipline, and Fletcher's "Appeal" and Baxter's "Call," and other necessities, before.

And thus, on his lonely rides, the itinerant jogged from place to place, shabby and careworn, perhaps, with the worth of souls heavy on his mind, or ruddy and fresh, with the tails of his prim black coat pinned up to keep them from the sweating horse's side—singing a melodious hymn or repeating a fiery harangue to his horse. His appointments to preach, sent out several months before, must be met no matter what obstacles interfered, for the people who were disappointed once might not come again, and precious souls would be lost.

"Yesterday I travelled upward of thirty miles," wrote Valentine Cook, "in mud and water, being wet all day without; yet heaven was within. Glory to God! I had three tempters to encounter, the devil, the mosquitoes and my horse; and my wet clothes were my element, and God my comforter and victory my white horse."

The preacher generally delivered at least one sermon a day, and frequently more. The appointments were always met at noon. The place was anywhere, a meeting house, a barroom, or the open air. The service was variable and informal. There were singing, prayer and a sermon. The young preacher would generally rehearse

his own conversion, while sympathetic "professors" enforced the narration with audible ejaculations, "That's right, brother!" "Yes, I know it, Glory to Jesus!", "Yes, Hallelujah!" and sinners were moved to anxiety. Some were all tenderness and tears; some were practical-minded, setting religion in terms of everyday facts; some were aptly described by the common epithet "son of thunder."

When the sermon had come to an end, there might follow an exhortation or two from any so moved, and then, raising his hands in benediction, the preacher closed the service. After the public service was over, the preacher met the local class, for an examination of their spiritual conditions, and if any were absent, they were visited to learn the cause. He frequently took time to speak with each member privately, and it was likewise his duty to call from house to house in a neighborhood administering warnings and reminders. Father James Gilmore would go to a house and ask, "Have you any religion here?" If the answer did not seem satisfactory, his invariable remark was "You must repent or you will go to hell. Good-by." This abrupt method, while unusual, resulted in numerous awakenings. The general custom was to call the family together, give them a short talk, and offer a prayer for their souls, a procedure to which the subjects of his endeavor rarely objected.

The itinerant was in every way brought close to the people of his circuit. He lived upon their hospitality and it was essential that he should not find fault with it. He must sleep anywhere and eat anything. He must kiss all the children and—phrenology being the latest wonder of

science—must feel for the bumps on their tousled, lousy little heads and pronounce upon the great things which the future held in store. Such intimacy was difficult and uncongenial to many; but the average itinerant fitted perfectly into the hearts of his flock—was the social lion when he came by, and godfather to all the fattest children. He strove to maintain the Methodist moral code in all its rigidity and with varying success. He carried and sold Methodist books, together, perhaps, with a few medicines for the physically ailing. Members were not allowed to lapse into the state of uninspired loyalty which other churches tolerated; backsliders were prayed back into good standing or abandoned to their fate. Not infrequently were confirmed drunkards brought into Methodist meetings by their guardians, in the hope that they would be converted; in such a case the common device of the "praying circle" would be used, all standing around their victim, shouting and praying in the good old vociferous fashion, till he collapsed with a scream, "smitten of the Lord" as the saying went.

The camp meeting had become the great social event of rural society, and everyone who was not afraid of catching the jerks attended. There was a camp meeting ground on almost every circuit—a grove, with a preaching stand and logs ranged before it for seats; around the stand there was a rail, forming the "altar," or, as the profane termed it, "glory pen," into which the anxious-minded "mourners" and "seekers" came to receive the ministrations of the preachers while the rest of the congregation prayed or sang for their benefit. The most common season for camp meetings was "roasting ear time,"

A Camp Meeting

when the farmers had a respite between the harvests of wheat and corn. The families pitched their tents or built their cabins in a circle around the preaching grove. Not only the pious came, however, but many vulgar adventurers and grog dealers, who were a continual peril and nuisance to the preachers. Camp meetings "are a species of 'holy fair,'" remarks an English observer, "at which 'grace' is not the only commodity to be purchased. And, from the mode in which they are frequented by the profane and the profligate, it is questionable whether the evil attending them does not overbalance the good." Disturbances and even armed riots were frequently inspired by the devil in these people, and the Methodist gloried in his victories over them.

The meeting lasted about one week. A blast on a tin horn summoned the people to the stand at eight and at eleven in the morning, at three in the afternoon and at early candle lighting. A number of preachers, from adjoining circuits or from a distance, would preside, sitting in the stand and taking their turns at the book rest where the Bible lay. Things were more orderly than at the camp meetings of the Great Revival. The men sat on one side, the women on the other. Then the whole mass had been carried away; now, after the sermon, a score or two mourners might come weeping to the altar, and the whole service concentrated upon them, the preachers praying and singing among them, the people rolling forth some familiar air:

"Ye sisters in the Lord,
Come rise and go with me,

And leave this sinful world,
And all things below;
Come learn to watch and pray,
As ye journey on the way,
And you'll soon climb the banks of Calvary,"

and prolonging the tuneful exhortation to the benefit of all by the substitution of "brothers," "fathers," or "mothers," for "sisters."

Not that the power of the Lord did not occasionally descend as it had done aforetime in the Great Revival. The people still came seeking an emotional thrill; there was an old man who cried out when Peter Cartwright was telling humorous anecdotes to get the attention of his audience, "Make us cry, make us cry, don't make us laugh." "I don't hold the puckering strings of your mouths," said the preacher, "and I want you to take the negro's eleventh commandment, that is, Every man mind his own business." As before, the most stirring scenes were at night, when the people might be easily worked up into a state of "holy confusion," a deep-toned roar of prayer and praise, the voice of the preacher above all, and broken at intervals by wild shouting as some tortured soul burst its chains and found joy. Now and then there might be a pause, to give "the cry of heaven-born souls" or "the shout of a King in the camp," or the "midnight cry," a species of organized cheering, and so on, if the work were blessed, until morning. There might, too, be some special, unpremeditated ceremony, as when one preacher led a company of the faithful about the circle of fires that surrounded the assembly, singing amain and pausing at each

of the seven times they passed around, to blow the tin trumpet and shout out, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!"

All the success of a meeting depended upon the preachers who led it. The itinerants fall into many types, from the refined Easterner, with his prim black formality, his ready book, and earnest, half timid smile, to the roaring Western farmer, ragged and dirty, who looked, according to his critics, more like "a root doctor than a Methodist preacher." Some strove to prevent unusual religious excitements among the people, others bordered on fanaticism. Many were inclined to be eccentric; Lorenzo Dow frequently notes the value of his reputation as "Crazy Dow" in bringing large congregations, and, like many another, he owed his great fame more to this than to anything else. The great men among them had often peculiarities, without affectation; they were alike also in their winning personalities, either commanding or persuasive, in their persistency in dealing with the sinner and their great tenderness and earnestness with the "seeker."

James Havens typified the coarse, vigorous Methodism of the back country. "Father Havens," or "Uncle Jimmy" or "Old Sorrel," as he was known in the order of diminishing respect, could hardly read when he was admitted on trial for the Ministry; but the roaring flood of his oratory carried everything before it. His eye pierced to the souls before him as he spoke. He had innumerable spiritual children and fourteen in the natural way; his energy was enduring and prolific. When the question of admitting a young man of refined tempera-

ment to the ministry arose, James Havens asked if he made anybody mad.

"Oh, no!" said the Elder, "He is a sweet-tempered man; everybody loves him."

"Then I am opposed to him. A man under whose preaching nobody is converted and nobody made mad isn't fit for a Methodist preacher."

This type was always ready for a sermon or an emergency—to tell the land speculator he was an eagle-eyed Presbyterian and a blue skin and then out-roar him till he left the meeting, to preach among dancers or dram-drinkers or to thrash Mike Fink.

The German preacher, who seems to have been a common figure, was generally of the loud-voicedly earnest school, coarse and slovenly, but with a strong vein of tenderness—old "Daddy Turck," for instance, of whom they said, "Oh, he would clap his hands, and lift up his chair and dash it down on the floor, and call for the power until he made everything move—yes, he would"—or Father Vredenburg, six feet tall, with a voice like thunder and a Dutch accent, who would wave and clap his great hands, roaring out "I am after souls and souls I must have!" and he was not disappointed. "He lifted his tremendous voice to its highest strains," we are told, "and vociferated the terrors of the law and the invitations of the Gospel, ejecting a shower of saliva from his capacious mouth."

Faith in Providence and his creed was the outstanding character of the preacher. The Bible was his comfort and guide, and inward inspiration through the Holy Ghost, supported and directed him. Such feelings and impulses

must be carefully tested, for the Tempter was ever present; this involved close and anxious introspection, a search for signs that might indicate the divine will. An authentic inspiration, if resisted, remained a burden on the mind; if a temptation, it passed. Such impulses were strongest when they were most unreasonable, and this accounted for many of the eccentricities so frequently displayed; Lorenzo Dow, in his early life, was entirely guided by inward lights and voices, and not one brought him to good. Others, however, were more fortunate. Joshua Thomas of Maryland, for example, when he lay ill, hit upon the passage in the Epistle of James, "Is any sick among you? let him call in the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up"—, which was gloriously accomplished with prayer and praise and an application of goose grease by the local clergy. It is said that when the question of marriage lay on his mind, he set sail in his skiff and let the wind carry him where it would; and when he came to land, he climbed the nearest hill and prayed God for a wife. The face of a woman whom he knew came into his mind, and he at once cried out, "Lord! she is too ugly." But as usual there was no resisting, and the choice, moreover, proved to be a happy providence.

The most attractive figure among the itinerants is undoubtedly Peter Cartwright, thick-set and muscular, bronzed by exposure, simple and unsuccessfully affected in his ways, preaching a militant, intolerant Methodism, carrying his people from uproarious laughter to shouting

and tears. His autobiography, while, like his sermons, it aims at effect rather than a careful exposition, is a clear and absorbingly pleasant picture of a typical itinerant of the old school.

John Strange was another preacher of renown. He represented those who conquered by charm rather than by force. He is described as "neat but plain" in attire, "tall, straight, and remarkably graceful in person and manner, with a round and well formed head, dark, piercing eyes, yet exceedingly kind and benevolent in expression." His eloquence, simple or flowery, had always a magical effect. There was an air of sublimity about him that caught the imagination. And such a gentle and dignified appeal as his could raise as loud a shout or conquer as riotous a camp meeting drunkard as the thunderer.

The life of the itinerant was one of constant exposure to hardships and peril, and he gloried in it, and delighted in overestimating it. It was a good school, broadening the vision in so far as loyalty to creed would allow; many were thus prepared for a public career, the first Governor of Ohio among the number. It was a life of continual conflict, and there was one force above all others that sought by night or day, in forest or town, to plague the Methodist itinerant. The following brief account from William Colbert's Journal, is but one evidence of how the pious laborers were haunted. "I thank God that I am brought to see the light of another morning," it runs. "Here I conceive it might not be improper to insert an affair of last night. In one room six of us lodged in three beds; two of the beds were on bedsteads and one on the floor. About mid-

night I was awakened by a horrid yell, which appeared to be between the head of the bed in which Brothers Willis and Vandusen lay, and the foot of that in which lay Brother Hoyer and myself. When I arose to see what was the matter, Brother Hoyer was sitting up and about to seize fast hold of me. I supposed him to be in a fit and in an instant sprang from the bed, taking the sheet with me. I flew to the door, when Brother Vandusen sprang from the foot of his bed, and in his flight had his shirt sleeve torn by Brother Willis, who laid hold of him as he sprang up. Brother Daniel White, who laid on the floor with another young man, rose up and found the young man clinging around him. Brother Alward White and his wife lay in another room trembling and sweating. . . . Never did I see so many people so panic struck. . . . Brother Alward White thinks that it was an infernal spirit and perhaps nothing else could have made such a noise." Perhaps nothing else could.

As the years passed, the old militant, hard-headed evangelism became gradually refined—"high-toned," as the old itineracy saw it. The development was slow and inevitable; it wrought its change in the life of Lorenzo Dow, as with many another. Even the war of Calvinist and Arminian lost fury. As early as 1820, Frances Wright, the interesting champion of womanhood, did not observe these issues, so vital to many. "American religion," says she, "of whatever sect (and it includes all the sects under heaven), is of a quiet and unassuming character; in no way disputatious, even when more doctrinal than the majority may think wise. I do not include the strolling Methodists and shaking Quakers, and sects with unutter-

able names and deranged imaginations, who are found in some odd corners of this wide world, beating time to the hymns of Mother Ann, and working out the millennium by abstaining from marriage."

CHAPTER III

THE COMING OF THE SAVIOR

TRADITION tells us that Ephraim Dow, the first of Lorenzo's line to be born in America, was one of four brothers, and that these four brothers, having passed an entire night in the discussion of the future, parted at dawn, each to seek his own fortune in his own way. One was never heard of again, one settled at Voluntown, one at Plainfield, and Ephraim, with Elizabeth his wife, at Coventry, Connecticut. Here, in the following year, Humphrey Dean, his eldest son, was born.

Humphrey despite his humble circumstances was both a soldier and a scholar. For in his youth he served in the French and Indian War, and later, when he had settled on his father's farm, eagerly devoured all the literary provisions of the neighborhood. From his knowledge of Latin, many thought him college bred. His wife, Tabitha Parker, boasted a noble lineage, it being claimed that her line was descended from Lord Parker of Macclesfield, and he from a natural son of Charles II, thus bringing into the veins of our hero the royal blood of England, from Charles to the Conqueror. Be this as it may, her husband added to the resources of his little farm by making shoes. We can only guess at the character of this interesting pioneer, but it is obvious that he possessed that

trait for which his two sons became famous, originality. This is evidenced in the names of his six children. Unusual nomenclature, to be sure, was common in the early years of the republic, but Ulysses, the eldest, was born in 1768. There followed three daughters, Ethelinda, Mirza and Orelana. On the sixteenth of October, 1777, Lorenzo entered this world of trial, heralding, as he himself significantly noted, the happy downfall of Burgoyne, the first great victory in the liberation of mankind from the toils of autocracy. The sixth child was a daughter, Tabitha.

Sheltered by their little one-story home, the family was reared in the struggle with the healthy, rock-bound New England soil. Like others of their class, Humphrey and Tabitha had absorbed the Puritan tradition and tacitly accepted the Calvinist doctrine. They were not enthusiasts in their religion, a general characteristic also, which facilitated the invasion of the highly enthusiastic Methodists. They were not unduly vigorous in parental discipline. "They were very tender towards their children," Lorenzo records, "and endeavored to educate them well, both in religion and common learning." Yet the age made no distinction between religion for young and old; children were merely little men and women, who, because of their irresponsible natures, must be the more thoroughly indoctrinated. "As innocent as children seem to us," Jonathan Edwards had said, "yet, if they are out of Christ, they are not so in God's sight, but are young vipers, and are infinitely more hateful than vipers, and are in a most miserable condition, as well as grown persons."

Lorenzo was always a sickly nervous child, and seems

to have taken a persistently morbid view of life as it was unveiled before him. Other boys, he tells us, laughed at the danger of "father's old black whip," but the mere thought of punishment would send him away by himself, with beating heart. His mind was too often troubled with strange dreams and fears.

Lorenzo has carefully recorded in his journal every little landmark in his religious development. There was a time, for instance, when his grandfather, who died when he was but four years of age, was saying grace at table, and, we hear, "a tremor of conviction ran through me, with a dread awe, that he was addressing almighty God." And he had been similarly impressed by an oft-repeated observation of his grandmother, "When I am dead I shall be carried into the meeting house." At about the same tender age, while he was at play with another child, he had fallen suddenly into a muse about the mysteries of God and His heaven and hell, asking finally whether his playmate prayed at morning or at night. The child did not; "then, said I, you are wicked, and I will not play with you; so I quit his company and went into the house." The thought of death had always a thrill of horror for Lorenzo, "and death appeared such a horror to me," he wrote, "I sometimes wished I might be translated as Enoch and Elijah were; and at other times I wished I had never been born." His heart beat hard to see the gasping of a wounded bird, or at the sight of the black coffin as it was borne to the burying ground.

The child's mind, while never wholly occupied with these unhealthy reflections, indulged itself too frequently in them. The popular theology of his parents could rarely

satisfy his inquiries. At about the age of twelve he had tried the experiment of promising to devote his life to God's service should he take the largest prize in a lottery. The Lord seized the opportunity and the prize of nine shillings was accorded, but Lorenzo failed in his part of the bargain, and was "uneasy for some weeks."

One warning given, the displeasure of the Divinity appeared in an occurrence which definitely decided the boy's future. A sudden illness, caused apparently by drinking cold milk and water when overheated by labor on the farm, set him definitely apart from his companions. It was an asthmatical trouble, a stoppage of the breath, and although the suffering diminished in time, it never entirely left him. He was for a long while in great pain, unable to sleep in a bed and sometimes even to lie upon the floor at night. He did not see it then as a manifestation of God's wrath and will. Indeed, his practical nature never allowed a meek resignation to his condition. He was never content to endure agony and confinement and sudden attacks as coming, on general principles, from the chastening hand of the Father. He was continually seeking relief, following every dream or impulse that relighted his hope. From one aspect his life and ministry were a search for health.

At this time, he had begun to dream strange, suggestive wonders. He had seen the prophet Nathan, standing in an assembly of people, prophesying, and had asked how long he should live. "SAID HE, UNTIL YOU ARE TWO-AND-TWENTY." This dream had brought him "many serious and painful hours at intervals." And near his fourteenth year, at about the time John Wesley died, an old man had

come to him in his sleep, and had asked, did he ever pray? Lorenzo had no sooner replied that he did not, than he and the old man were swept on a whirlwind, up above the sky. There, across a great gulf and through a mist of darkness, he looked into Paradise. There was God upon a throne of ivory and gold, Christ upon His right hand, and the angelic host around, praising the Creator in song and music that sent a joyous thrill into the depths of his unhappy soul. Over to the edge of Heaven came the angel Gabriel, a golden trumpet in his hand, and called out in a mighty voice, asking if he wished to come there. "I told him I did," the youth recorded. "Said he, 'you must go back to yonder world, and if you will be faithful to God, you will come here in the end.' " So Lorenzo had returned to the earth, where the old man had left him, with an admonishment to be faithful and a promise to return.

The morning's awakening had brought tears in the conviction that he was unprepared to die, and he had begun thereafter to pray in secret, scarce knowing "how to pray or what to pray for." This dream marked the transition from a haze of wonder and fear to a considerate search for that beneficent confidence which soon came to be known to him as "religion." The story of this search, groping and soul-racking and slow, reveals a typical Methodist conversion. In the search, however, there was as yet no guide but the people of his dreams. He had abandoned all his boyish pleasures to devote his time to the Bible; but although he had often felt, for a few seconds, "*cords of sweet love*" drawing him on, the Bible was still a "sealed book," as it was to so many other seekers for comfort who had not yet found a basis of experience

on which to build their faith. In about his seventeenth year, this, however, had caused such sorrow and despair to Lorenzo, that, arguing from the Calvinist theology, he had decided to exchange one life of torment for another, before further sins might be laid against him.

His misfortunes proved to his melancholy temperament that his soul had been elected by its Creator for damnation. Always logical within the none too expansive limits of his mind, he intended to enter into punishment at once rather than endure the life of a reprobate. One can picture this shabby, pallid, long-haired farmer boy as he stole trembling away into the forest, stumbling beneath the weight of his father's long flintlock. One can see him as he sat on the soft mold, the muzzle of the gun burning into his ribs, groping for the trigger. And ever, high above the sunbeams streaming through the foliage, God sat upon His golden throne, amid a glitter of jewels and white wings. But the red flames of Hell leaped and seethed before his tight-closed eyes.

Lorenzo was deterred by "a sudden solemn thought," which he phrases thus: "Stop and consider what you are about: if you end your life, you are undone forever; but if you omit it a few days longer, it may be that something will turn up in your favor." And something did turn up. Later, the incident was but one proof to the young preacher that he had been chosen as an instrument of Providence for some great purpose. His immediate reaction was no doubt a sense of relief and a renewed eagerness in the search for peace.

That which turned up was a Methodist preacher. "Satan," it had been said, "with the help of Calvinism

and Universalism had succeeded in keeping out the Methodists." But now they were pouring in; the East was won, and they were entering the back country. Everywhere there was opposition to these rather frantic religionists, but nowhere was it stronger than in New England. The established church and upper class did all in their power to hinder them. Wild rumors were fathered and mobbing countenanced. They were accused in a general way of shocking enormities; it was confidently asserted that they had been sent by the King of England to win back the people, and that the British Consul at New York paid two dollars a head for proselytes; it was said that they were conspiring with the French infidels to overthrow the government, an accusation derived from the fact that they supported the Republican plank for greater religious liberty.

There were various opinions held, according to Lorenzo, but the most common seemed to be that these were "the deceivers that were to come in the last times; that such a delusive spirit attended them that was dangerous to hear them preach, lest they should lead the people out of the good old way, which they had been brought up in; that they would deceive, if possible, the very elect; some on the other hand said they were a good sort of people."

Rumors and warnings only served to augment the crowds that came to hear the new creed. Everywhere an unusual excitement prevailed, as people were reawakened to the awe-inspiring facts of sin and eternity.

Lorenzo went to hear the first preacher that came by, and was surprised to find him like other men. The meeting was a momentous one for him, and the picture stands

best in his own words. "I heard him preach from 'this is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' And I thought he told me all that ever I did.

"The next day he preached from these words: 'Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no Physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?' Jer. viii. 22.

"As he drew the analogy between a person sick of a consumption and a sin-sick soul, he endeavored also to show how the real balm of Gilead would heal the consumption; and to spiritualize it, in the blood of Christ healing the soul; in which he described the way to Heaven, and pointed out the way marks; which I had never heard described so clearly before. By which means I was convinced that this man enjoyed something that I was destitute of, consequently that he was a servant of God.

"He then got upon the application, and pointing his finger towards me, made this expression: Sinner, there is a frowning Providence above your head and a burning hell beneath your feet; and nothing but the brittle thread of life prevents your soul from falling into endless perdition. But, says the sinner, What must I do? You must pray: But I can't pray: If you don't pray then you'll be damned'; and (as he brought out the last expression) he either stamped with his foot on the box on which he stood, or smote with his hand upon the Bible, which both together came home like a dagger to my heart. I had like to have fallen backwards from my seat, but saved myself by catching hold of my cousin who sat by my side, and I

durst not stir for some time for fear lest I should tumble into hell."

Lorenzo's mind was still gloomy and despairing, but the Methodist had opened an avenue of relief. The next morning he heard of a cousin who had "found the pardoning love of God," under the wing of the new sect, and at once resolved to forsake his sins and seek salvation likewise. Shortly after, it was noised abroad how another of Lorenzo's cousins had found mercy so joyously that his shouts might be heard for a mile or more. The boy's eagerness for these new comforts became passionate, but he was still fearful and still impelled to suicide. On the way to a prayer meeting of the young Methodist converts one night, he knelt in the road, raising his arms and pale face to the stars, and promising to abandon every worldly happiness for a life of pure devotion if he could but have pardon for his sins and some evidence of acceptance. The prayer meeting was a glorious time, swept by triumphant shouts and washed with tears, but Lorenzo could neither shout nor weep. A woman prayed for him, but in vain. He tried to pray, but it seemed "as if the heavens were brass and the earth iron." That night, in his sleep, he saw the "blue blazes" of hell and heard the "screeches and groans of the damned spirits" as they came to drag him to the pit. At one moment he would seem to rise towards glory, only to be whirled down and down again; when the light of hope seemed nearest, it was only to hear the awful voice of God, "Take the unprofitable servant and cast him into utter darkness." He cried, "Lord, I give up; I submit; I yield; I yield; if there be mercy in heaven for me, let me know it; and if not, let

me go down to hell and know the worst of my case. As these words flowed from my heart," he writes, "I saw the Mediator step in, as it were, between the Father's justice and my soul, and these words were applied to my mind with great power: 'Son! thy sins which are many are forgiven thee; thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.' "

This was the conversion which had made the new religious movements a glory to friends and an abomination to enemies. It came, as it happened, at the normal time, the doubting, uncompromising period of adolescence. It accomplished the usual psychological process, the severing and abandoning of the past and the unification of the self around a new ideal. It had followed the normal stages of its development, the sense of sin, leading to the struggle, conscious and subconscious, to make the new ideal dominant in his character, a struggle which seemed to him to be waged by the powers of good and evil, fighting some mysterious battle for his soul; and finally, with the disruption of the old associations and victory of the new, an ecstasy of joy, a sense of beautiful newness in everything. The new convert emerged from this all-absorbing mental phenomenon exhausted, but supremely happy. He seemed at one with God's glory and the universe; selfish aims gave place to self-sacrifice, and at the same time he was freer in his actions, more ready to assert his own importance; all his lower temptations vanished, indeed, he often displayed an almost hypnotic readiness to believe whatever told him. His new personality might perhaps wear away in time, as men have lapsed from every higher level, but he seldom abandoned entirely the church that had sponsored his conversion.

Such a positive experience, as opposed to the staid uncertainty of more sober creeds was of immense value to the Methodist Church. Her happy saints must needs shout their joy aloud; whenever the tempter assailed with doubts, they sought a similar rejuvenation of faith, and whenever Providence was kind, their praises pealed forth again. "That night we stayed at Darius Williams' and had a prayer meeting," says a Methodist "mother" of the frontier. "Sister Waller had been under doubts and fears, but that night they were all removed, and she shouted 'Glory to God!' Her husband fell upon the floor crying 'Glory! glory to God!' and praised the Lord with all his might for what he had done for his wife, and for the manifestation of his power among us, for it was truly great." Religion was a deliriously exciting recreation; it was natural that such people should wish to spread so joyous a gospel and that the followers of such a creed should increase.

For the first time, Lorenzo had found happiness. "The burden of sin and guilt and the fear of hell," he wrote, "vanished from my mind, as perceptibly as an hundred pounds weight falling from a man's shoulder; my soul flowed out in love to God, to his ways and to his people; yea and to ALL mankind.

"As soon as I obtained deliverance, I said in my heart, I have now found Jesus and his religion, but I will keep it to myself; but instantly my soul was so filled with peace and love and joy, that I could no more keep it to myself, seemingly, than a city set on a hill could be hid. At this time daylight dawned into the window; I arose and went out of doors, and behold, everything I cast my eye upon,

seemed to be speaking forth the praise and wonders of the Almighty. It appeared more like a new world than anything else I can compare it to: this happiness is easier felt than described."

He set out for his home on that morning, "when to behold the beautiful sun rising in the east above the hills, although it was the 12th of November, and the ground partly frozen, was to me as pleasant as May.

"When I got home to my parents they began to reprove me for going out so early, as they were concerned about me. But when I had told them where I had been, and what I had been upon, they seemed to be struck; it being such language as they had never heard from me before, and almost unbelieving to what I said—however my soul was so happy that I could scarcely settle to work; and I spent the greatest part of the day in going from house to house, through the neighbourhood, to tell the people what God had done for me.

"I wanted to publish it to the ends of the earth, and then take wings and fly away to rest. In this happy situation, I went on my way rejoicing for some weeks; concluding that I should never learn war any more.—Some said, that young converts were happier than those who were many years in the way: thought I, Lord, let me die whilst young, if I may not feel so happy when I am old."

The tempter, to be sure, was not yet satisfied with his defeat, but Lorenzo, after some qualms, was only strengthened by the trial and confirmed in his new happiness. He was rebaptized; "and the same evening," he records, "I, with twelve others, united ourselves in a society, to watch over one another in love."

CHAPTER IV

THE CALL

WHEN Lorenzo was very young, he had been vividly impressed by the things his father taught him from Salmon's Geography, so much so indeed that he remembered his childish speculations on the lands and people "beyond where the sun sets," many years after and noted them in his Journal. That his life should have become, as soon as there was a definite impulse to do so, one of hurried, restless, uneasy wandering, may have been due in part to the innate wanderlust which appears so often in America. It was due in greater measure to his visions and impulses, chance whims or outcroppings of the subconscious, apparent manifestations of the divine interest and will, which he eagerly seized as a possible way of escape from physical pain. The Methodist system, finally, presented a suggestive model in its itinerant ministry and the emotions of the conversion a strong missionary zeal; mentally and physically unfitted as he was, it was almost inevitable that Lorenzo should be called, like so many other ardent, newly inspired young men, to the service of God.

The call as it came was typical of the inward voices which decided every action of Lorenzo's early life, and was in the same form as it came to many another preacher

less subject to inspirations than he. "One day being alone in a solitary place," he records, "whilst kneeling before God, these words were suddenly impressed on my mind: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.'—I instantly spoke out, 'Lord! I am a child, I cannot go; I cannot preach.' These words followed in my mind, 'Arise and go, for I have sent you.' I said, 'Send by whom thou wilt send, only not by me, for I am an ignorant, illiterate youth; not qualified for the important task.'—The reply was—'What God hath cleansed, call not thou common.' I then resisted the impression as a temptation of the devil; and then my Savior withdrew from me the light of His countenance; until at length I dared not believe that God had called me to preach for fear of being deceived; and durst not disbelieve it for fear of grieving the spirit of God: thus I halted between two opinions.

"When I nourished and cherished the impression, the worth of souls was exhibited to my view; and cords of sweet love drew me on; and when I resisted it, a burthen of depression and distress seized my mind."

Lorenzo was well aware of the difficulties, the feebleness of his health, his lack of learning and experience, and the opposition which was to be expected from his family. There followed days and nights of distressed and lonely prayer, wherein, at last, "the light of God's countenance" seemed to shine into his soul and clear away the last harassing doubt.

In August, 1793, while Lorenzo, still gaunt and pale, was riding to meeting, his thoughts in heaven, his strength suddenly left him and his eyesight failed, neither re-

turning until his horse had carried him forward about half a mile. He was similarly seized a second time while at prayer in the woods, his strength thereafter gradually subsiding. To these trials, which contained, at least, the consolation of being similar to those which preceded the far-reaching ministry of Paul, were added doubts on the sacrament of bread and wine, which almost convinced him that he had fallen from grace. There could never be peace of mind or body for Lorenzo until he had obeyed the commands that were sent from heaven to his soul. After five months on a sick bed, health returned and with it the final conviction that he must preach.

It was in November of the next year that he first attempted to speak a few words in public, for which he was gently reproved by his parents. When he was moved again to preach, he repressed the impulse, and his mind was swept by a wave of horror and condemnation.

Normally, Lorenzo's mind would have had much of the Yankee and very little of the visionary or evangelical character. He was not meant to be a preacher; he tells us he was not anxious to be a public character; he certainly had no liking for the uncertain, hand-to-mouth existence of the itinerant. "I felt my mind drawn to travel the world at large," he says, "but to trust God by faith (like the birds) for my daily bread, was difficult, as my strength was small, and I shrunk from it." His parents did all that they were able to dissuade him, but always there were visions of angels and prophets, of God's glory and the fury of hell, to urge him on.

The Methodist preachers whom Lorenzo consulted strongly advised him to wait, but could do nothing to

shake his determination. John Wesley, whom he recognized now as the old man of his childish dreams, came to him one night.

"I dreamed, that in a strange house as I sat by the fire, a messenger came in and said, 'There are three ministers come from England, and in a few minutes will pass by this way.' I followed him out, and he disappeared. I ran over a wood-pile and jumped upon a log, to have a fair view of them; presently three men came over a hill from the west towards me; the foremost dismounted: the other two, one of whom was on a white horse, the other on a reddish one; both with the three horses disappeared. I said to the first, 'Who are you?' He replied, *'John Wesley,'* and walked towards the EAST; he turned round and looking me in the face, said, 'God has called you to preach the gospel; you have been a long time between hope and fear, but there is a dispensation of the gospel committed to you. Woe unto you, if you preach not the gospel.' " And the quaint vision rambles on, ending in a conversation with Wesley in a smoke-filled negro cabin.

When he finally succeeded in obtaining a horse on credit, the matter was decided, the local society having granted him a certificate by which he would be enabled to travel with one of the licensed itinerants, and his parents having with reluctance and many entreaties given their consent. It was in the early spring of 1796, when he was little more than eighteen years of age, that Lorenzo Dow, in his best clothes and with saddle bags generously filled, took a tender farewell of his home. And down the frozen road he jogged, into the wide world,

the cold wind blowing against his wan face, with its thin nose and solemn mouth and eyes, tickling the incipient beard that curled against his cheek and blowing back the long strands of hair that straggled from under his broad-brimmed hat. He looked back as he crossed the hill and saw his mother standing in the road. " 'The foxes have holes,' " thought he, " 'and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.' "

On Sunday, the third of April, Lorenzo preached for the first time from a text, having formerly merely "exhorted." "I being both young in years and ministry," he says of this occasion, "the expectations of many were raised, who did not bear with my weakness and strong doctrine, and would not consent that I should preach there again for some time."

He was a true convert, his saintliness was genuine; his journals, especially in these early years, are obviously sincere attempts to reproduce his experiences for the benefit of others; throughout his life there were no accusations against his morals. But his preaching at this time was distorted by his morbid, undeveloped view of life. His sermons, colored as they must have been by his neurotic imagination, were too often directed against the morals of others, and he gave evidence of his later penchant for unusual texts by preaching from pornographic sections of the Bible. To the ignorant of highly excitable emotions, this may have been impressive. But it is said that he frequently found necessity, if the harangue were to be more lengthy than usual, to gather his hearers in the local schoolhouse and preach to them with his back set against the door. He won a few inter-

ested friends, many disgusted enemies, and a slowly increasing throng of glorious converts.

His method of preaching, moreover, tended to antagonize rather than encourage the sympathies which he might otherwise have aroused; his favorite device was to trick his hearers into a promise to perform some Christian duty, a device which reflects the irrepressible Yankee in his nature. Lorenzo's travelling companion advised him to return home, especially as his fits of weakness were returning. At the next quarterly meeting the matter was decided for him by an order to go home; "two or three handkerchiefs," says Lorenzo, "were soon wet through with tears: my heart was broke, I expostulated with them, and besought him for further employment, but apparently in vain."

The mother and father were glad to see him return, and trusted that he had learned his lesson. The neighbors were unsympathetic. Lorenzo was only the more determined to succeed, and continued to hold meetings in the neighborhood. Coming before the Methodist conference in September, he passed the examination by the Bishop which would have admitted him as a licensed preacher on trial, but, on the advice of certain of the preachers, particularly Nicholas Snethen who became his bitter enemy in later life, he was again restricted to the vicinity of his home. He was soon on the road again, nevertheless, having obtained permission of a neighboring itinerant to travel with him. And while he was still so troubled with asthma as to be forced to sleep on the floor at nights, he met with some favor in his preaching and enjoyed many soul-refreshing "seasons"; here

he began in earnest his life-long polemical war on Calvinism in general and predestinarianism in particular. Many of the places through which they passed he recognized as those he had seen in his dreams, and this furthered the pleasant impression that it was indeed God's work.

"I never felt the plague of a hard heart as I do of late," he writes at this time, "nor so much *faith* as I now have that *inbred corruption* will be done away, and I filled with perfect peace, and enabled to rejoice evermore.

"I never felt the worth of souls so near my heart as I do of late, and it seems as if I could not give vent to it. Lord! prosper my way and keep me as under the hollow of thy hand, for my trust is in thee.

"October 20th. Satan pursues me from place to place: oh! how can people dispute there being a devil! If they underwent as much as I do with his buffetings, they would dispute it no more. . . .

"Whilst I am preaching, I feel happy, but as soon as I have done I feel such horror (without guilt) by the buffetings of Satan, that I am ready to sink like a drowning man, sometimes to that degree, that I have to hold my tongue between my teeth to keep from uttering blasphemous expressions; and I can get rid of these horrible feelings only by retirement in earnest prayer exertion of faith in God."

He continued to travel through the winter, which was filled with perils and hardships, and until June of the next year, when he was informed by Nicholas Snethen that the Presiding Elder was aware of his course and highly disapproved it. Lorenzo replied that it was not

the right of Jesse Lee or any other man to say whether he should preach or not, "for that was to be determined between God and my own soul; only it belonged to the Methodists to say whether I should preach in their Connection; but as long as I feel so impressed, I shall travel and preach, God being my helper; and as soon as I feel my mind released, I intend to stop, let the people say what they will. But said he, 'What will you call yourself? the Methodists will not own you; and if you take that name, you'll be advertised in the public papers as an impostor.' Said I, 'I shall call myself a friend to mankind.' 'Oh!' said he, 'for the Lord's sake don't; for you are not capable of it—and not one of a thousand is; and if you do you'll repent it.' I sunk into a degree of gloominess and dejection—I told him I was in the hand of God, and felt submissive; so I bade him farewell and rode ten miles on my way."

Lorenzo was advised by his friends to preach in his own neighborhood until he could acquire letters of recommendation that would outweigh his opposition at the conference. This he resolved to do, although it was actually the fourth time he had been sent home. Here followed new struggles and trials and again the temptation to end a life of pain. Again he was given a certificate of his usefulness in his home district and was again on a circuit, encouraged by a dream, and again he was rejected by the conference, being warned that if he travelled without a license he would be advertised as an impostor. He thought he might go insane. He publicly renounced the name of Methodist, and privately proposed to travel to some distant region, form societies

of converts and then return in triumph to offer them and himself to the Connection. This hare-brained scheme is only significant in that it may explain in part his later wanderings. In his confidence in Methodism, he declined to join with a dissatisfied itinerant in a new sect, and had soon re-established himself as companion to a travelling preacher, struggling heart and soul to arouse the revival which, it seemed, could only save his career and life. The result of his burning harangues and solemn visits from house to house, was that some accused him of being possessed by a devil, and others went away swearing and saying that he was "saucy and deserved knocking down," and that here he first acquired the nickname of "Crazy Dow"; there were many complaints to his travelling companion. He found some favor, to be sure, but notes that many "mocked and were unwilling to converse lest I should ensnare them into a promise."

One offended soul broke into history by a sudden attempt "to wring his nose in the meeting." Turned out of doors, he attempted to waylay the young gospeller for a similar purpose, but Providence brought Lorenzo safely past the place.

Lorenzo fully expected that the next conference would reject him as the others had done. Report of conversions under his preaching had come in, however, and on his recovery from another period of illness, he learned that he had actually been admitted on trial, and received his license from the Bishop. During his first ten months of circuit preaching about six hundred joined the society, while as many turned to the Baptists and Presbyterians. Lorenzo, as a spiritual father, was conscientious if noth-

ing more; on taking leave of his classes and congregations, it was his practice to take "them to record that I had spared no pains, either by night or day, in public or in private to bring them to good; and if they did not repent, I should appear against them at a future day, calling the sun, moon and stars, with the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field to witness against them, that my skirts were pure from all their blood." Here, despite recurring spasms of nervous illness, he gained much in experience, learning, among other things, the value of the title "Crazy Dow" in recruiting congregations.

It seemed to the young preacher that his health was still declining. While he could find refuge in the doctrine of devout sufferers that afflictions are "God's mercies in disguise," he was by no means resigned to a life of pain. He had a feeling that relief might be found upon the salt water, and addressed some such request to Bishop Asbury, who, probably seeing in it a missionary call, sent him to form new circuits in the Canadian wilderness. Lorenzo had not yet discovered for what particular purpose God had called him; nevertheless, he went to Canada. "However," he wrote in later years, "I was not commander of my feelings. My mind was still drawn to the water; and Ireland was on my mind."

CHAPTER V

IRELAND

WITHOUT permission I went. "Why without *permission?*" this rational youth inquires.

"Because I COULD NOT obtain it."

The call, aimless as it was, seemed to Lorenzo a matter of conscience, over which church government should have no control. He was always careful to test these guiding voices. If the impulse seemed impracticable, he rejected it at once as a temptation of the devil; if it persisted, however, as the most impracticable of them frequently did, and developed into an uneasy burden on his mind, he resorted to prayer until he felt the love of God drawing him towards the way of happiness—proceeding in this upon the theory that "the devil can shew light but not love." "When I feel an uncommon impression to do such and such things," he says, "if when I resist them it brings a burthen, and when I cherish them it brings love, I generally prosper in following it."

Thus it was with the call to Ireland. He saw that it was a difficult and dangerous undertaking and reasoned well against it in his mind; but while he resisted there was no peace. His health was sinking, and he hoped for much from life at this time. It was a period of mental anguish. "When God is about to make use of an in-

strument to some work," he tells us, "a little previous he permits them to pass through great buffetings of Satan, and deep trials of mind. Trials denote good days and good denote trials at hand; but the darkest hour is just before the break of day." It is a view of life that appears most vividly in loneliness and under anxious self-examination. God's purpose was shortly to be revealed: God was sending Lorenzo to Ireland that he might recover health and vigor; then some greater, more splendid purpose would appear. In the optimistic confidence of imaginative young men in their imaginings, he saw himself the conqueror of Romish Ireland, the spiritual father of thousands of newly converted souls, whom he would hand over in triumph to the care of a bewildered Methodist ministry.

And so, when the matter had been presented before the quarterly meeting, and the quarterly meeting had remonstrated, naturally enough, and had refused a certificate of moral character with a strict injunction that he stay where he belonged, Lorenzo sold his horse and saddle for a small sum, and, against the entreaties of all his friends, set out for Quebec, whence he proposed to embark. Part of the journey he covered in a leaky canoe, with a bush raised as a sail when Providence granted a favorable wind, the remainder he trudged, over road and trail, on foot. Chilled and weary, he reached the port in October, 1799.

It was at dawn, with the chill of night still in the air and the shadows of the surrounding forests reaching out across the river, that he came to the wharves. Feeling his mind drawn toward one ship more than the others,

he boarded her and asked of the captain where she belonged and whither she was bound.

"Belongs to Quebec," the man replied, "and bound for Dublin."

The divine Providence having guided him thus far, he persuaded the captain to come down more than half on the price of passage, without other remark than that he considered the boy "a devilish fool, for going from a plentiful country with peace to that disturbed island."

He went ashore again to buy provisions, and tried to preach to a river front crowd, but found them hardened beyond belief. Amid other discouragements there came soon his twenty-second birthday; and the voice of the prophet of his dream saying that he should live until two-and-twenty came back to him through many solemn hours, as the ship crept down the river. A woman passenger watched him sneeringly.

"I judge this man's a Methodist," she said.

"What do you lump me in with that despised people for?" Lorenzo turned away with an air of disdain.

"Because you don't drink and be jovial and cheerly as what the rest of us are, but are always gloomy and cast down."

"Well, well," said the sailors, "we'll try him over the ground and see what he's made of." With this they began to put tar on his face and ship's tallow on his clothes, to make his misery ridiculous.

Leaving Newfoundland snowbound behind her, the ship rolled out into a five days' hurricane. In this new woe, the captain took pity on the wanderer, and gave him a warm berth in the cabin and ordered the cabin boy to

wait upon him. And through sickness and loneliness and all the terrors of the voyage, there was always to comfort him the joyous confidence of a holy mission in this world and of Paradise beyond. "If I live to do good, I will bless God; and if I die, O God! thy will be done."

Lorenzo was full of hopes as his ship rolled along the shore of Ireland. He notes that "the captain said, 'When I sailed from Quebec, you was so weak and low, that I never expected to bring you to land again: I thought I should give your body to the sharks.' 'But now,' said the mate, 'you look ten pounds better.'" The captain, to be sure, was curious to know just what Lorenzo expected to accomplish in Ireland, and Lorenzo replied, with a youthful mystery and confidence, that if he stayed long enough, he should see.

The gaunt young preacher, ragged and soiled, with his pallid face and unkempt beard, with his gasping asthma and the solemn utterances thus feebly conveyed from God, was received by the Irish precisely as might have been expected. On entering Dublin, he inquired at once for Methodists, and was directed to a certain schoolmaster.

"Are there any that love God here or in this town?" asked he, with customary abruptness.

"My wife makes more ado about religion than all the people in town," said the schoolmaster, "come, walk in." But the man proved "an enemy to truth," and Lorenzo turned again into the streets.

With great difficulty, he gathered a small company of scarcely a dozen Methodists and held a meeting; he confesses that he "caught nearly the whole of them in

a covenant: which the greater part, I suppose, broke that night." The people, however, no doubt from curiosity, extended a much needed hospitality. His health was improving; forced one night to lie in a bed because his host's floor was of earth, he found that he could now sleep thus with comfort. His hope was firm and refreshed, and in this strange land of idolaters he meant to make a name that would be as great and loved as that of Asbury in America, as great, perhaps, as that of John Wesley, who had come to him in his dreams.

Yet the people, kindly as they often were, were also dubious. Considering his shabby appearance and lack of credentials, it is something to his credit that he was not rejected at once as an impostor. One frankly advised him to take the first ship and return to America, and offered money for the passage; but Lorenzo merely set his shabby hat upon his shabby head and went again into the street, sobbing into his red handkerchief. Dublin was full of disappointments; he was interrupted and forbidden to lead in meeting, and the Methodists with whom he lived began to tire of his company. Therefore he set out on foot into the country, harassed by doubts as to whether he had really done well in coming to Ireland; God set the doubts at rest by a dream, in which he saw his own body rotting in a coffin in the parlor at his father's house—the state in which he would otherwise have been.

In his rural wanderings Lorenzo was often questioned by the Methodists whom he met, and who generally deplored his ever having come among them. The magistrates, too, had questions to ask, and for a while he

was detained in prison. Lorenzo was grateful for the confinement, since it brought more people to his next meeting. He always posted public notices at a place on his arrival, and the word at once buzzed round, "The American's come, the American's come." Many solemn and tender meetings were held, large crowds coming to see the new curiosity. Sometimes they were kind and receptive; at others, cold. As usual, he took particular pains in the enlightenment of the "young beginners." He had, from what charity had come to him, printed some handbills and pamphlets to distribute as he passed, notably the "Rules for Holy Living"; he had also "a short sketch of the general run of my experience committed to the press, in order to give away for the benefit of mankind."

It was pity alone that brought him kindness. The severity of his creed, his bedraggled appearance, his irritating alien impudence, everything combined to prevent any mature sympathy with those who befriended him, much as he yearned for it. One itinerant, indeed, "strove to persuade me to accept from him a razor," says the hapless Lorenzo, "which something within had in times past prevented me from using, and forbid it still, as it was a guard, sentry or watch to remind me of my duty." Officially, the Methodists withheld their approbation, and warned him of the danger of imprisonment if he continued to travel without proper credentials. Only Providence, with hopeful voices and many little miracles, consistently supported him in his weariness and days of despondency. "My soul is pained on Zion's account," he writes, trudging back towards Dublin. "The sores on

my feet grow worse, and I have no one who can sympathize with me in my singular state."

In Dublin, there was Dr. Coke, an eminent Methodist from America, with letters from Lorenzo's family; he was kind to the young truant, and invited him, on condition of strict obedience, to accompany him upon a missionary tour in Canada. With many tears, Lorenzo refused this offer, because he could not believe that his own mission in Ireland was yet accomplished and also, perhaps, because he feared the loss of his free initiative. At this time, although he failed to connect it with his refusal to Dr. Coke, he was taken with the smallpox, and lay long at Death's door, half willing to die that he might be at rest among the saints. For three things, he says, he desired to live:

"1st. I wanted to attain higher degrees of holiness, that I might be happier hereafter.

"2nd. I felt the worth of souls, and an anxious desire to be useful to them.

"3rd. My parents I wished to see once more in this world, lest when they heard of my death, it would bring them to the grave with sorrow. But at length I was enabled to give them up, and leave them in the hand of God to protect and support."

In his illness, Lorenzo was attended by Dr. Paul Johnson, a man of no sect but of a conscience which demanded that he observe some of the Quaker forms, with whom he formed his strongest and most lasting friendship. Lorenzo had been firm in his resolve that no freethinking medico should attend him—"I being unwilling to have any physician who had not the fear of

God before his eyes." And in this quandary, Dr. Johnson was brought to him by some Quaker women who had been touched by his pitiable situation. There is little in the Journal to indicate the Doctor's character, but everywhere there appear expressions of mutual love and support. Letitia, too, the Doctor's wife, comes into the picture; in later years, it seemed that this was the only happily married couple he had ever seen. Dr. Johnson did not assume the patronizing attitude of the young man's other well-wishers; he found an importance and weight in his patient's opinions which others did not see; he could watch over and care for him, and be at one time teacher and at another disciple. And he was able thus to develop the young man's confidence in himself and to uncover the rich vein of sympathetic lovability which was always a part of his nature.

Dr. Johnson also diagnosed the cause of his "spasms" and "convulsions" for him—and for the American public, which was treated to full details and progress of the disorder. "Thou hast an ulcer or defect in thy liver, with which thou wast born into the world; and if thou livest high or intemperate, or bringest slight condemnation or burthen on thy mind, or dost not labor hard, &c. &c., the nature of thy disorder is such thou wilt be in danger of being suddenly cut off; but if thou are prudent, &c., thou mayest live as long as most others, unless some contagious disorder shall lay hold on thee." Experience convinced him, for the attacks continued for many years, of the truth of these remarks.

Weak and greatly changed in appearance by the scars of disease but with a new heart, Lorenzo set forth once

more into the Irish countryside. Many tender meetings were held and many handbills handed away, and even the suspicious magistrates and Methodists who had inquiries to make received answers especially framed to be of profit to them. But the result was always the same: crowds came to see the American; the people were everywhere doubtful of his true character and chary of lending their support. One morning, Lorenzo tells us, "I attempted to sell my watch, but could find none that would buy it. At length, I went into another watchmaker's, who looked at me and said, 'Tell me your cheapest price.' I said, 'A guinea,' it being not half the value. He asked me what countryman I was; I burst out crying; he then gave me a breakfast, a guinea and a shilling. He asked then my religion; and I gave him a pamphlet and paper."

There was only "religion" to comfort him—"that which the world can neither give nor take away." Yet the world could make matters very gloomy by its indifference to truth. "I sat down by the road side," he says again, "and reflected thus: 'Here I am, a stranger in a strange land; but little money, and few that shew me friendship; I am now going to a place; and I have no grounds to expect reception: I cannot walk much farther; I cannot buy a passage to a distant part; and what shall I do, seeing I have no way to get bread? Once I had a father's house and tender parents; and how would they feel if they knew my present case? Unless God works wonders for me soon, I shall surely sink.'—Then I lifted up my voice and wept."

The Journal contains a sketch of its bedraggled author, in the form of a conversation between a preacher

who had refused to allow the errant evangelist to preach to his congregations, and the bearer of a letter of protest from Lorenzo.

"Bearer: 'Sir, here is a letter from Lorenzo.'

"Preacher: 'Oh! He is in Kinsale? (reads the letter without changing countenance,) He is displeased I did not let him preach: did he preach in Kinsale?'

"Bearer: 'Yes, sir, to large congregations; and prospect of good.'

"Preacher: 'I'm glad there is a good prospect—he has been a zealous preacher in America and came away against rule, or order of his assistant—he follows his own feelings too much—he is Quakerized.'

"Bearer: 'I believe, sir, he is led by the dictates of the Spirit, for his labors are owned of God.'

"Preacher: 'Poor man, he fatigues himself—I told him he ought not to walk so much. I bid him call on me in the morning in order to give him some assistance; but was too ill to see him.'

"Bearer: 'I don't think Lorenzo would accept of it, sir! he is not a burthen to any of our societies.'

"Preacher: 'I hear he is abstemious, and will not take sufficient nourishment; he won't take clothes, and such a poor figure as he cuts! Why, when he went to Bandon and stood at the people's door, they could not tell what to make of him.' And so he concluded, with saying something of my heart and head."

What this something was needs no guessing. Bodily weakness, misery and worry and failure had worn upon his mind and robbed him of his confidence in himself. And he had already wondered pitiably whether he was

really "Crazy Dow." "Some thought it strange that I did not speak more than I did about religion: but I feeling my mind weak, and my thoughts sometimes to wander, was fearful lest I should speak amiss, and thereby perhaps hurt tender minds, as *some* had already said that I was better in my heart than in my *head*."

When the despondency had worn itself away, Lorenzo returned to Dublin, fired with a last resolve to give the inhabitants a general warning of their sins, a project which had been long in his mind. To this purpose, he had about three thousand handbills printed, and set out posting and distributing them through the town; one of these he had framed in black and addressed in gilt letters "for the Lord Lieutenant," sealed with black wax and paper and neatly tied with tape, and two others were similarly prepared to hang up in the Royal Exchange and the law courts for the benefit of the merchants and the lawyers. The general warning seems to have accomplished nothing more than a street fight between a Protestant and a Romanist.

But only after another weary round of blessed meetings, north to Belfast and back again, and renewed illness, did Lorenzo decide to return to his native land. He gratefully refused Dr. Johnson's offer to pay his passage, but the good man raised a generous sum among his friends and sent him away, in the spring of 1801, with many good wishes and a library of books, from the sale of which he might be equipped for new labors in America. His parting thoughts were melancholy. He was still guided by God's hand alone, but that he should be still without accomplishment, without health, without a defi-

nite purpose, must have been a confusing burden on his young mind. He had gained, at least, in experience and obstinacy, and was toughened for the trials that were to come.

Lorenzo was cordially welcomed by his friends at New York, who thought his truancy might be excused on the grounds of health, and urged him to return to the circuit. Lorenzo had come home, he says, "with a view to travel the continent at large for a season." Yet when the offer of reinstallment in his former position as a preacher on trial, was made, he found it painful to resist; he still feared to live without certain support, and he did not wish to appear wayward and wilful. In the end he accepted, and at once, he says, "an awful distress came over my mind."

CHAPTER VI

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

THE obvious failure of his first expedition had crushed the young man's spirit into a temporary obedience. That the experience taught him, as one would naturally suppose, that the Lord intended him for no spectacular mission, is extremely doubtful. He may have accepted the failure as a period of trial, a schooling for some great accomplishment. Lorenzo's ambitious soul, to his everlasting glory, could not surrender. He had in him the spirit of true greatness, he was not content with little things, he had hitched his wagon to a star. Had only his talents been a little broader and earlier developed, and circumstance more gentle in her dealings, had he cast loyalty aside and, false to his conversion, gathered disciples of his own, he might have found a permanent place in history. Perhaps no class of men has wrought greater convulsions and more lasting changes than these bearded neurotics, with their terrible earnestness.

His circuit was in Connecticut. He was received coolly and with suspicion by his co-workers, and, while crowds came to hear him when it was learned that "Crazy Dow" had come back from Ireland, he preached with little hope and scant success. By the end of the year, he was seeking permission to travel in a warmer climate,

for his health. Vaguely still, he visioned the working of some indefinite wonder for Methodism in a new and distant country. Ever, there was the inscrutable voice of the Holy Spirit within, urging him on. But the quarterly meeting had as little patience with Lorenzo's inward yearnings as Lorenzo had any thought of disloyalty to his church. The impulse, as usual, was carefully and painfully tested for its authenticity. His license had been designedly worded to apply only to his allotted circuit. Lorenzo must needs set sail for Savannah, in January, without even a shadow of authority. He might otherwise have received final ordination into the ministry at the next opportunity, but the possibility of this was now past, and it did not return.

The master of his ship, Lorenzo notes on their arrival at Savannah, hearty Captain Peleg Latham, saw an improvement in his health at once. And so, trudging through Georgia, things went on much as they had in Ireland—meetings were held and literature distributed, suspicion of the untidy wanderer was everywhere, and sickness, and sudden little presents of money or other small comforts coming as if from heaven; it was the same rise and fall from joy to woe and up again, interspersed with many adventures but never rewarded with broad accomplishment. By a miracle, he was preserved from a band of murdering Indians, a black woman fell roaring to the floor under the word of God as it issued from his lips—but still was the divine purpose unrevealed.

Lorenzo met Hope Hull, his spiritual father, who received him coolly and entreated him to return to the fold, "for," said he, "though it appears that Providence

hath been kind to you, yet you will not always find Dr. Johnsons in your travels," and he enforced the argument from Scripture. But when Lorenzo could find no inward voice to justify a return, the old preacher gave him some good advice to help him on his road, and so they parted.

If he did not find Dr. Johnsons, he was aided everywhere by the open-hearted hospitality of the people. In the loneliness of the scattered farms and the abundance of the soil, the stranger was always welcomed, and the wan and dishevelled young preacher was warmly grateful for their kindnesses, albeit his gratitude was addressed chiefly to the Almighty, whose instruments they were. Later, as he rose into the heyday of his fame and egotism, he was to take such attentions as a matter of course, without any sign of appreciation. It is related of this period, "from a gentleman of Wayne County, Ohio," of how Lorenzo came into his father's kitchen and asked humbly for a piece of dry bread. The men were in the fields, and the girl of whom he asked this small favor ran upstairs to her mother, who lay sick abed, to say that a strange man with long hair, a long beard and a book under his arm wanted a piece of bread. The mother told her to invite the stranger to stay until dinner time. But Lorenzo had an appointment before him, and declined. Taking the bread, he went out to a spring in the yard, where he sang a snatch of a hymn, prayed, dipped it in the water, ate it, and trudged away down the road. In the next county he was found by a gatepost, his head leaning against it as if he were weary and faint. The farmer came out to offer him food and a bed. Lorenzo thanked him, saying that he would like to preach that evening

if the neighbors could be called together. This being done, he chose as his text, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in; hungry and ye fed me."

The strange appearance of the wanderer, his convincing sincerity, his flagrant originality, brought him rapidly into prominence as he pushed restlessly from place to place. In 1802, he sailed north again, touring New England, New York, and Canada. It was in this eventful year that he found Peggy. The scene was the village of Western, on the Mohawk River not far from Fort Stanwix. Here he preached to the gaping farmer folk, who had heard, even this early in his career, many strange tales of "Crazy Dow," and was escorted home by a proud citizen to rest a night before he continued on his road to Canada. Smith Miller, the host, had a wife, Hannah, whose young sister, Peggy Holcomb, lived with them as his adopted daughter. The little family was compared by some to Martha, Mary and Lazarus; Smith Miller had been a man of sporadic sobriety and small success in life, but since caught in the gale of Methodism, they had formed a little class with some of the neighbors, had had many tender, soul-refreshing times together in their new found holiness. Peggy was but little over twenty years of age in 1802; like Lorenzo, she had never been well and had suffered spiritual trials. She was a simple-hearted, placid little woman, meek and sincere; in appearance, according to a candid contemporary, "plain as a pipe-stem."

Lorenzo had formerly resolved that nothing should ever rival God in his heart, but as he was preaching to the people of Western, he tells us, "I felt an uncommon

exercise (known only to myself and God) to run through my mind." In the end, he asked Smith Miller for Peggy's hand; Miller was not anxious to part with his charge, but his wife seemed willing enough, telling the visitor tactfully, "that *Peggy* was resolved never to marry unless it were to a preacher, and one who would continue travelling." Her description of Peggy's spiritual character, moreover, was highly satisfactory. As for Peggy, she had been full of curiosity to meet the famous preacher, of whose strange mannerisms and adventures she had heard so much, but without a thought that the matter might prove so serious. Leaning over the narrow stairway, however, she overheard the conversation below. Rather overcome by the suddenness of the thing, she walked down and into the room where they were sitting; the preacher rose in all his sallow, shaggy ungainliness as she entered, and asked, in his harsh and gasping voice, would she "accept of such an object as him." This was still more startling, and Peggy, unable to think of a word to say, turned and left the room.

"I made him no reply, but went directly out of the room—as it was the first time he had spoken to me, I was very much surprised. He gave me to understand, that he should return to our house again in a few days, and would have more conversation with me on that subject; which he did, after attending a meeting ten or twelve miles from where I lived. He returned the next evening, and spoke to me on the subject again, when he told me that he would marry, provided he could find one that would consent to his travelling and preaching the gospel; and if I thought I could be willing to marry him, and give

him up to go, and do his duty, and not see him, perhaps, or have his company more than one month out of thirteen, he should feel free to give his hand to me; but if I could not be willing to let him labor in the vineyard of his God, he dared not to make any contract of the kind; for he could not enjoy peace of mind in any other sphere. He told me I must weigh the matter seriously before God, whether I could make such an engagement, and conform to it; and not stand in his way, so as to prevent his usefulness to souls! I thought I would rather marry a man that loved and feared God, and that would strive to promote virtue and religion among his fellow mortals, than any other; although I felt myself inadequate to the task, without the grace of God to support me! Yet I felt willing to cast my lot with his; and be a help, and not a hindrance to him, if the Lord would give me grace; as I had no doubt that he would, if I stood as I ought—and I accepted of his proposal."

The matter having been arranged to the solemn joy of both, Lorenzo set out for the wilds of the Mississippi Territory and a tour through the southern states, whence, believing that there should be due time for reflection in these matters, he did not return for the space of two years.

In October, 1803, he was back in Georgia, jogging along in the rain on a lean horse, dirty and hairy as ever, his clothes a mass of rags, his toes protruding from his moccasins, his black umbrella bent and torn. Here, for the first time, he met with the "jerks," for the spirit of the Great Revival was still at large, and after several doubtful attempts, set a number of people to jerking. He

My Dear parents:

After I wrote my last on the 19th of April I in arrived to the settlements of Tom Bigby in 13 days was at much cost stad a fortnight some Good was done then I sot of for Mississippi which I drawed in 6½ more & spent 4 weeks in the Country visiting the ~~[illegible]~~ settlements at large & Expect to see the fruit of the same in the day of Eternity the two preachers & Governor was friendly I have received no harm by sleeping on the Ground — thees Southern Climes are much with my health — I have no Cough & but a small breaking out on my limbs

I have purchased a few akers of land in Washington about 6 miles from Natchez town where one day I hope to call my home though traveling for for life ½ aker 50 dollars house lot & 6 more akers nearly at 10 dollars per aker which I would not take 300 for the whole &c my horse which cost 150 dollars was taken lame so I sold him for 160 the man runing the risk of the lameness & the balance of the money more than land payable

Oct 1804 — so I bought me an other horse for 70 dollars & as I ~~have~~ have 100 due Nov 1st just the sum I owe in all &c

June 20th I sot of for this Country 500 miles through a howling wilderness & overtook a Company 23 miles on their way & a Lille before I over took them a

(From the collection of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania)

A Letter from Lorenzo to His Father, July, 1803

pushed his way westward through the trackless southern wilderness where the unfriendly Creek Nation held sway, coming, like a sudden apparition, on the lonely Tensaw and Tombigbee settlements, to preach the first Protestant sermon ever heard in Alabama. Reaping everywhere a harvest of converts to Methodism, he made his way back overland to the coast and sailed north again. He stopped at his home in Coventry, having learned of his mother's death a few months before. Thence, in the late summer of 1804, he passed through Albany to Western, and Peggy.

It would be as futile to attempt an explanation of Lorenzo's call to matrimony as it was for Lorenzo himself to understand the inscrutable judgments of Providence. But it may certainly be taken as evidence that he was growing at last into maturity. He was learning to see the world as it was, and to fit himself into it. Still a lonely wanderer, eager for any close sympathy such as he found, for instance, at the home of his "papa" and "mama" Hobson in Virginia, his peculiarities were solidifying with manhood, and he was finding his powers as a preacher—a new confidence which increased his independence. "I heard him preach a number of sermons," writes the Reverend Jacob Young of this period, "and spent several days in his company. His sermons and private conversation were rendered a lasting blessing to my soul. Whatever Dow may have been in the latter part of his life, at that time he was truly a man of God. He appeared to read, think and pray under the influence of the Holy Ghost. At that time, I believe he thought he was under the immediate influence of the Holy Spirit in

everything he did. I met him several years after, on the banks of the Mississippi; but, Oh, how changed!"

The change was much exaggerated in the eyes of loyal Methodists, but it was nevertheless taking place; it took the form of a gradual, unconscious loss of sincere spiritual fervor, as he gained in common fame and lost in hope of Methodist recognition, as the faith and zeal of his conversion, in the course of years, weakened with the failure to reach any higher goal. The tearful, wistfully seeking Lorenzo, was becoming the dauntless, incorrigible roamer, the soi-disant "*eccentric* COSMOPOLITE."

The change was hastened by the opposition of his enemies in the Methodist society. He generally anticipated a cool attitude from the ministry, and often received it, although Bishop Whatcoat and many others treated him with great kindness; he notes the contrast in the kindness of some to the contempt and ridicule which Satan stirred up in others. The more refined were disgusted by his appearance and rather overwrought holy tenderness, which might be interpreted as mere presumption. He was always ostensibly careful to refuse money where a regular circuit rider might be injured thereby, and always carefully led his converts into the Methodist fold. He seemed to be able to quiet hostile fears by personal contact; he mentions, for instance, meeting in Virginia the Presiding Elder from whose jurisdiction he had deserted to Ireland, the famous Jesse Lee. "As soon as I passed the gate," he says, "I saw *Jesse* standing in the door, and I sat still on my horse, though I was wet through (with a bundle of books under my arm); I had no outer garment on; and there was not a word spoke

for some time between us: at length, said he, 'Come in'—I desired to know whether it was war or peace? said he, 'Come in'—I made the same reply; said he, *'It is peace';* so I dismounted and went in, and he, after some conversation, went and procured me a large assembly that night, in the Methodist meeting-house. I spoke there several times, and God was with us. Oh, how different was I now received, from what I was formerly! Surely I was agreeably disappointed in my reception; and there must have been the hand of God in this."

The New York conference, after discussing means for hindering the path of such a bad example to young itinerants, had, in view of his successes in the South, abandoned the proposal. Until his last years, Lorenzo's loyalty to the church never changed; he preached her doctrines and made generous offerings for her support. The realization that his character was irreconcilable with an official standing had come to him early in his ministry, had been born into his conscious mind, as so frequently occurred, in the form of a vision. He had been in a solitary wood beside a brook, and had there beheld "a beautiful stalk, about eight feet high." It was covered with beautiful seeds of spreckled red. And then there had come a voice, "Shake the stalk that the seeds may fall off, and cover them up: the seed will be of great value to some though not to thyself, but thou shalt receive thy reward hereafter." He knew that there would never be a place for him in the Methodist system, but it was many years before he ceased to hope for some recognition of his services and power, some gratitude and co-operation from those who had launched him on his long career.

The controversy as to what should be done about this vexatious combination of disobedience and ministerial success only increased his fame. Those interested were apt to be violent partisans one way or another, the subject of their contention deriving as much benefit from one party as from the other. In general, the Methodists tolerated him while their missionary spirit and the war on the freethinkers were at their height, and turned against him in his more vulnerable later years.

Lorenzo was in the habit of giving out appointments to speak, by any who would carry them, a long period ahead, and he almost invariably kept them with exactitude, travelling with great speed and sometimes speaking four or five times a day. Where there was a newspaper, he inserted an announcement; in the villages, he posted notices at the two places where everyone was sure to see them—the tavern bar and the town pump; and in the country, if the people had not already foregathered in expectation of this treat, a boy would gallop from farm to farm to herald the coming of Lorenzo Dow. He calculates that he held from five to eight hundred meetings a year. Rebuked for the manner in which he wore out his mounts, he answered that "souls are worth more than old horses," and pushed on; Providence always provided the means for new ones. He would continue in one region until he felt his mind free to depart or felt a call to some other field. His dress and accoutrements varied with local generosity, but the Journal preserves an excellent sketch of his condition at this time.

"October 28th, 1803. After an absence of about seven months, I arrived back in Georgia; having travelled up-

wards of 4,000 miles. When I left this state I was handsomely equipped for travelling by some friends whom God had raised me up, in time of need, after my trials on my journey from New England. My equipment was as follows: My horse cost 40£, a decent saddle and cloth, portmantua and bag, umbrella and lady's shove whip; a double suit of clothes, a blue broad-cloth cloak, (given me by a gentleman,) shoes, stocks, cased hat, a valuable watch, with fifty-three dollars in my pocket for spending money, &c. &c. But now on my return, I had not the same valuable horse; and my watch I parted with for pecuniary aid to bear my expenses. My pantaloons were worn out; my riding chevals were worn through in several places.

"I had no stockings, shoes, nor moccasons for the last several hundred miles; no outer garment; having sold my cloak in West-Florida. My coat and vest were worn through, to my shirt: my hat case and umbrella were spoiled by prongs of trees, whilst riding in the woods. Thus with decency I was scarce able to get back to my friends as I would. It is true, I had many pounds and handsome presents offered me in my journey, but I could not feel freedom to receive them; only just what would serve my present necessity, to get along to my appointments, as I was such a stranger in the country; and so many to watch me (as an impostor) for evil; and but few to lift up my hands for good."

In his sermons, he largely retained his old habit of trickery, now, however, favoring the method of preaching Calvinism or blasphemy of some other sort till his hearers were deeply absorbed, and then suddenly,

by a clever turn, facing the whole argument about into orthodox Methodism. Or he might advertise beforehand some unusual attractions, such as "The Latest News from Hell," only to preach from an appropriate text. He catered more and more to his public. They came to see "Crazy Dow," and they saw and heard much that was legitimately crazy; he had learned the value of advertising. But he gave them also much popular wisdom, interspersing through his talks those fascinating morsels of uncertain erudition which always catch the interest of common folk.

His preaching was a joy to believers and a lash against all others. His humor and sarcasm were particularly effective; for Lorenzo was at his best in controversy—which in that day and sphere always required more wit than wisdom and aimed to drive the adversary from the field rather than to convince him. Against the Calvinists, above all, he was unmerciful. He seldom referred to the predestinarians save by the nickname of "A-double-L-part men." "A-double-L does not spell a part," he would tell them, the cutting edge of the expression being the contrast between the Bible's testimony that Christ died for sinners and the Calvinist doctrine that it was for a part only. Thereafter, he always spoke of them thus, just as he always referred to himself as "Lorenzo," and expected the world to accept both titles as he gave them. And indeed, the plebeian Dow was frequently dropped from his name—an earthly clod unbefitting his unusual character; but A-double-L-partism was a trifle too complicated for the public mind to absorb.

The controversial preacher, who denounced his ene-

mies, liberally whether they were present or absent, was always the most popular. Especially in the back country, moreover, there was a general sympathy for these harangues against predestinarians. The doctrine of Free Will and individual responsibility in salvation, emphasizing the equality of all, had here the strongest appeal. The loneliness and perils of the Frontier stimulated the imagination in a way favorable to highly emotional religion, and only such excitements could replace the uproarious western frolics which the devout must renounce.

The object of popular religious controversy was to make one's opponent so ridiculous in the eyes of the audience that he would have to desist. When a Universalist named Crow, apt and ready for argument, seemed to be winning favor at a camp meeting, the Methodist Elder rose and prayed, "Lord, stir up this crow's nest! Lord, the crow is a very ugly bird; it is all black; make it white. It has a harsh croaking noise; Lord, put a new song in its mouth, even praise to our God. Lord, give it wings, that it may fly away to the third heavens and get converted,"—and he scored a great triumph.

These Universalists, with their doctrine of ultimate salvation for all, were a great bane to the hell-fire preachers—to those who echoed with such a thrill of solemn pleasure the warning of St. Mark, ". . . into the fire that never shall be quenched: where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." Elder Swan never stinted himself in praying for the instant damnation of the Universalists. He used to lead his congregation about the streets of New London at midnight, shouting and praying before the houses, and on one of these expeditions gave utter-

ance to a characteristically ferocious supplication. "God Almighty, uncover the pit of Hell, and show these Christless, ungodly diabolians all the Universalists who have gone there from this city for the last ten years! Let them see them gnaw their chains and hear them howl! Hang up these ghosts of Hell in their bed chambers—haunt them day and night! Stave them up! God Almighty, *bust them up!*"

The Presbyterian, well equipped for sober discussion or debate, but helpless in the face of western argufication, was maddened by such an attack, and by the unscholarly interpretation of Scripture which the backwoods preacher offered to his flocks. Arminian doctrine, he asserted, being less Scriptural than his own, was therefore less distasteful to the unregenerate heart, thus accounting for its success. He found a favorite text in Mark, "For False Christs and false prophets shall rise, and shall shew signs and wonders to seduce, if possible, the very elect."

The Methodist, in turn, had nothing but contempt for the heartless doctrines of Calvin, and for a service where one could not pray aloud or say Amen above a whisper. He would point with pride to his own poverty and humble station, always a potent argument with the populace. His general attitude may be summed up in the favorite prayer of an old preacher, "O Lord, put a stop to Mohammedanism, Judaism, Heathenism, Atheism, Deism, Universalism, Calvinism and all other Devilisms." The Baptist, who would warn the people that the neighboring Methodist was an English spy and a horse thief was also a bitter foe, and he directed frantic fulminations against this "proselyting, sheep-stealing

preacher," who dogged his footsteps and ducked his converts—"hard-shell Baptists," he called them—"great advocates of water but loving it still better well mixed with whiskey."

But Lorenzo Dow despised these lesser foes and aimed his attack against the power and learning of Calvinism, whose logic had once driven him to the verge of suicide. Always fearlessly impudent, he could walk, for instance, into a Presbyterian Church where the congregation sat awaiting their belated minister, and speak for an hour on free salvation, distributing handbills as he left; at another meeting he takes a lighter vein, and tells us how "some were tender and some disputed, saying, 'All things are decreed and they hoped they were Christians, and no man can be a Christian unless he is reconciled to God's decrees.' I replied, 'If all things are foreordained, it was foreordained that I should talk as I do, and you are not reconciled to it and of course are not Christians; but deceiving yourselves according to your own doctrine.' The young people smiled and so we parted." He was inclined to blame all the practical jokes and violence attempted against him upon the A-double-L-part men, remembering, no doubt, his early trials and associating them, through Satan, with all that was evil.

Generous gifts which Lorenzo received attest the popularity of his preaching. His inclination for ventures in business appears with his first publications, put forth partly for the purpose of reaching a larger audience and partly to defend his character. The Journal first appeared in 1804 in answer to accusations of dishonesty from a Methodist conference while he was planning to build a

meeting house for the Church. For a number of years he continued to further such projects, despite the disheartening attitude of the organization.

Other efforts followed, chiefly enlarged from sermons. The style of his works is Lorenzo again, veiled by no literary polish, save perhaps an occasional tinge of King James version. "So off I ran as hard as I could pull," he says of his haste to meet Dr. Coke, and speaks freely of the "tight house" and the "big bugs." His style is not always clear—he was never methodical in his treatment of a subject—and his weakness for enigmatic terms is sometimes confusing. The Journal is as candid a record as any of the host of others which the period brought forth; like the others, it was begun as a testimonial to the marvelous experience of the conversion. In successive editions he bared his soul in print as he was exhibiting it in public, and through the pages it is not difficult to follow the growth of his unusual character. The typography of his writings, with its superabundance of italics and capitalizations, quaintly reveals his eagerness to reproduce his oratorical effects on paper.

What little he had written before had been given away, but now, with a reputation behind him, his works were being sold. There was a continuous demand for the Journal, and successive editions appeared, which were sold by Lorenzo, by his friends, by booksellers, and were carried by the peddlers as well. His famous and oft repeated "Chain" of five links, two hooks and a swivel, linking Calvinism, Universalism, Deism and Atheism, had brought five hundred dollars by 1804, which he gave to the Methodist Church.

"Let Us Pray —" (A Pennsylvania Meeting House)

Lorenzo Dow was a great and famous man, loved and feared and stared upon, a man with a future before him when he rode into Western village in the autumn of 1804, to claim the hand of his betrothed.

CHAPTER VII

PEGGY AND LORENZO

LOOKING backward from the whirling complexity of our modern age, the world which this young couple faced has a winning attractiveness in the quaint, whole-hearted simplicity of its ways. We find this in its essence in the grace and beauty of the houses in which these people lived, or in the clothes which they wore—those complex systems of personal adornment for gentlemen or "genteel females" against which the Methodist labored with such godly vigor. But the mass of the people were of course "plain folk," plainly housed upon their farms. Making an exception of the larger cities, where the pigs in the street were valued by public-spirited citizens, as scavengers, it was a cleanly place and, on the whole, free of the dirt and degradation which the conquest of the machine was to leave behind it. It was an age of opportunity and hardihood, of "every man for himself and devil take the hindmost," and the weak died. It was an age engrossed in the conquest of the fertile continent, in deep religious thought and fierce religious emotions, in loud-voice contempt for religion, in age-old superstition, and not infrequently, as with Smith Miller, in the imminent necessity of getting drunk.

It was an unsophisticated age, and, like this young

couple who were so thoroughly a part of it, reveals itself in its clean and earnest simplicity. To Peggy and Lorenzo there were only three things of importance in the whole wide universe—God—Man—and the devil. To them the road that leads through life, through death, across the Jordan and up the golden stairs to Paradise was open and well marked. Their problem was to show other souls this road to bring them into the joyous, invigorating confidence of those who trod it. And while they labored thus, there was ever the delicious conviction, in adversity or in success, that they were but instruments in the hands of God. Weak as they both were, there was always this sense of higher control, definite, vivid and unfailing, to bear them on in new strength and courage. To them, as to many another laborer in the vineyard of souls, the age of miracles was not past, the day of judgment was drawing near. The might of the Lord thus conveyed—mingled, to be sure, with his own Yankee guile—was responsible for the great deeds of the Cosmopolite. It made Calvin Wooster, a friend of Lorenzo and a famous old Methodist, a miracle-worker of the first water; so convincing was the presence of this man that the hardiest camp-meeting bullies went down before him. "My God! Smite them!" he would cry, aiming fiery glance and rigid finger at the astonished rowdies, and, screaming, writhing, or stiff as logs, they fell, smitten of the Lord. Another interesting manifestation of this power is to be found in Dorothy Ripley, an Englishwoman, Lorenzo's counterpart in the female—"DOROTHY RIPLEY," as the title-page of her Journal testifies, "Citizen of this world, but going above to the NEW JERUSALEM." For she also must travel ever

from place to place, alone, urging sinners to repentance and the conversion. Like him, she attached herself to a sect, the Quakers, which refused to accord her any recognition. Lorenzo was a great admirer of her charity and kindness, and her ability to travel anywhere "by faith." He tells how she once stopped him in Philadelphia, "saying, 'Lorenzo, has thee any money? I feel as if thee had none!' which," he adds, "was the case; I had been without any for several days." He may have been inspired by her autobiography, "The Bank of Faith," in his attempt to summarize his own life in atrocious rhyme.

From the prose of this literary offering her description of a voyage to America will serve to show how the Lord enabled a weak and helpless woman to face difficult situations. Her only fellow passenger was a young ship master whose command had been wrecked on the Irish coast. To this gentleman the captain explained the presence of the lady who spoke in thees and thous and spent most of her time reading Penn's "No Cross no Crown" and other Quaker works, by observing that he "thought she would do for ballast."

"Every morning, for a month, the youth who had lost his vessel, saluted me as I came out of my stateroom, thus, 'Here comes no Cross, no Crown,' which was the only title I bore in derision, occasioned by the opposition of Satan, who was enraged that I had embarked for the purpose of fighting in King Immanuel's service, against his base kingdom of tyranny. When I had strength sufficient, I would say, 'If thou dost not bear the Cross, thou shalt never wear the Crown,' and at other times, silently I would breathe out my soul to God to have mercy

upon this unthinking captain, who tried to provoke me if possible.' . . .

"At the end of the month, my captain was playing a game with the other captain, who gave him the lie, which I had been warned of five minutes before, in this manner, 'They are going to fight, rise up and go into thy room,' which I did the instant I had the intimation, that came from the voice of Jesus, my Omniscient Master, who is ever watching over his sacred charge. The curses, the oaths, and vile imprecations of those two ungodly men, I ever shall remember, for I expected the next morning our vessel would have been shook to shivers, by a hurricane, which made my captain damn the wind, and swear by hell-fire and brimstone to the sailors, to take down the yards; which made my knees tremble, and smite each other, as if we were going down into the pit every moment, that scared every one on board: but the Spirit of the Omnipresent God sounded in my ears, 'Judgment mixed with mercy, judgment mixed with mercy,' until we had a calm.

"Whenever the captain swore thus shockingly, I went and stood on the stairs in sorrow, and he would enquire of me thus, 'Don't you think, Madam, that you would be better down in the cabin,' which always brought this answer from me, 'Captain thou dost swear so much:' and my Master ordered me to tell him meekly, 'Thou might as well damn God, as damn the wind: for it is the breath of the Lord,' which made him silent every time I went on the stairs, and never damn the wind again."

Peggy was a golden exemplar of this unflinching faith. September found her waiting, with a joyful and submis-

sive heart, when the Cosmopolite returned. To her Lorenzo was a new religious experience. She knew what the marriage would mean for he had prudently told her at their parting. "I am in hopes of seeing this northern country again," he had said, after reviewing the likelihood that the southern climate would prove fatal, "and if during this time you live and remain single, and find no one that you like better than you do me, and would be willing to give me up twelve months out of thirteen, or three years out of four, to travel, and that in foreign lands, and never say, 'Do not go to your appointment, &c.' For if you should stand in my way I should pray God to remove you, which I believe he would answer, and if I find no one that I like better than I do you, perhaps something further may be said on the subject." But Peggy saw also a life of holy endeavor, of social prominence of a sort that was pleasing to her nature, leading to an eternity of celestial glory.

Her fiancé was twenty-seven years of age in 1804 and she but three years younger. There is no need to expatiate upon the somewhat obscure history of Peggy's family ties, save to record that in this solemn engagement two royal lines were reunited; for both the Holcombs and the house of Tabitha Parker, Lorenzo's mother, were descendants of William Rufus and the Conqueror. Passing over the lofty significance which this fact attaches to the happy event, there can be given no better account of the bride's parentage, and early years than her own. Peggy's Journal, the "Vicissitudes in the Wilderness," like others which these earnest untutored folk have given us, is a simple, unadorned record of herself. Its style is

graced by the clarity of one whose Bible was a cherished daily companion.

"I was born in the year 1780, in Granville, Massachusetts; of parents that were strangers to God; although my father was a member of the church of England; and my mother had been raised by pious parents of the Presbyterian order. But, whether she had any sense of the necessity of the new birth and holiness of heart I cannot say; for she was called to a world of spirits when I was but five months old; leaving behind six children, two sons and four daughters. My eldest sister being about fifteen years old—my father married in about six months after the death of my mother; and although the woman that he married was an industrious good house wife, yet he lost his property, and was reduced very low, by the sinking of continental money; and the children were scattered as a consequence. My eldest sister married when I was six years old—and she prevailed on my father to give me to her, which accordingly he did: and I was carried into the State of New York, and saw his face no more!

"My tender heart was often wrought upon by the Spirit of God—and I was at times very unhappy, for fear I should die, and what would become of my soul! I was early taught that there was a God, a heaven and hell; and that there was a preparation necessary to fit me for those mansions of rest, prepared for all that are faithful until death! My heart often mourned before God, young as I was, for something, I scarce knew what, to make me happy! I dared not to sleep without praying to God, as well as I knew how, for many years. My sister's husband

being a man not calculated to gain the world, although they had no children, I was raised to labor as much as my strength would permit; and perhaps more, as my constitution was very delicate, from my birth. But the Lord was my helper, though I knew him not by an experimental knowledge—yet I had a fear of him before my eyes. 'And he that taketh care of the young ravens cared for me.' "

By spinning and weaving, perhaps, and by hard drudgery, Peggy and Hannah maintained the household and the bibulous pastime of Smith Miller. Hannah was a strong, quick-tempered woman, the dominant influence in the little family, and had protected and mothered her sister since childhood. After a serious illness, Peggy had been brought at nineteen to seek religious comfort with her whole soul. Things had brightened too, for a while, when the head of the family entered the Methodist fold. Save for his unenviable society Peggy knew nothing of men. She had led a secluded life, a shy, unwelcome little soul, whose presence must have had small attraction for the lusty young pioneers or she would never have remained unwed so long. Like her husband, she was delicate in health, subject to fainting and periods of illness; she was eventually the victim of a lingering tubercular trouble, but there is no evidence of the time when it first developed. Surely, it was the all-wise Providence that brought these two together, for they were admirably fitted one to another: the frail but patient and trustful Peggy, the inspired, ungovernable Cosmopolite.

This was Lorenzo's own opinion of the match. He believed that for every soul there was a perfect mate, but

that, through folly and negligence, confusion occurred. His own experience, of course, must needs be turned to the benefit of mankind, and the world received a small volume of "Reflections on Matrimony," an elaborate literary effort which shows how deeply he had pondered the subject. Marriage, he states, is a sacred institution of the Creator, albeit much abused by the devil. *"Some people,"* he continues, "have an idea WE CANNOT be as *holy* in a *married* as in a *single state*. But hark! Enoch walked with God after he begat Methuselah, three hundred years, and begat sons and daughters. Gen. v. 22, Heb. xi. 5. Now if Enoch under that dark dispensation could serve God in a married state, and be fit for translation from earth to heaven, why not *another* person be equally *pious,* and be filled with 'righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost' under the Gospel dispensation? according to Romans xiv. 17? But admitting it is right for *common* people to *marry*—Is it right for the Clergy to marry?" Of course the clergy may marry; and this provides the cue for a clever slap at the Romanist. The work continues with a discussion of sins connected with marriage, not omitting a word as to the punishments provided for such offenders, a definition of the married state, reasoned with considerable liberality from Scriptural sources, and, finally, some sound and serious advice on the religious and moral qualities which the ideal mate should possess. The admonitions herein set forth may have benefited some, but they had little influence in the household of Smith Miller, as will in time appear.

Lorenzo felt all the responsibility which the acquisition of his devoted little charge incurred. His view of

life was incompatible with any deep friendship or communion of mind, with her or any other, save when joined in arousing religious ecstasies. He saw only God, controlling the persons and events of his life for his soul's trial, punishment or reward. What should have been natural human relations were clouded by this conception of a divine significance in everything. Peggy was but an adjunct to his ministry. The Lord would receive the thanks if she should be helpful in the work of salvation, and if she hindered it, as he had told her, he would rue the day of their meeting.

The Cosmopolite expected his "rib," as he commonly referred to the lady of his heart, to be graced by a humility befitting the faithful and obedient wife. Pains were taken, moreover, that this virtue should be made manifest as an example to other families. There is a story that the names of both appear upon a deed for land in the West which Lorenzo presented to the Church; his signature is larger and more dignified than usual, hers is written modestly beneath it, entirely in small letters from the initial p to the w.

The marriage of the young preacher, however, is not only significant as a mark of maturity, for it ended the desolate solitude of his early years. He had thenceforth a sympathetic companion, whose love for him and zeal in the Lord's work would always invigorate and bear him on. Loneliness tends to increase the intensity of emotional phases, leading to the depths of depression or the heights of exultation rather than maintaining a normal balance. And we find Lorenzo as the years pass settling into this normal balance: a clever and powerful preacher, able to

sway the crowd as he willed, but without the same deep spontaneous fire of conviction behind the words. Peggy, of course, was but a minor factor in the change, of which she was completely ignorant; for her part, she only increased in piety and fervent expectation. It was inevitable that the emotions of his conversion should dwindle with time and discouragements, and that the unquenchable Yankee in his nature should claim its own.

Among the godly, with their weakness for parables, life has been pictured most frequently either as a pilgrimage or as a battle. Lorenzo Dow shared the interest in this form of exposition, but strangely enough for one so disputatious, he saw only the "Journey of Life," "the Journey from Babylon to Jerusalem," as he called it in a pamphlet of admonitions and reflections on the here and hereafter. To wander was his life; he was consumed by the necessity of moving on. Always he was giving out, by any who would carry them ahead, appointments to preach in the territory toward which the inner voice had been calling him, and always, through rain or shine, the appointments were met unfailingly.

It is related that once, concluding a sermon which was none the less vigorous for the haste with which it was delivered, he seized his hat, leaped through the meeting-house window, sprang on his horse, and pounded away at a gallop to meet his next engagement.

And again, it is told, a farmer who was once crossing a field on some errand of the day, was suddenly attracted by the sound of a high-pitched voice, rising and falling as in ministerial exhortation. He followed it to a neighboring grove and there, to his amazement, beheld the gaunt figure

of Lorenzo Dow, standing beneath a tree and holding forth, his usual urgent vehemence no whit dimmed by the fact that there was not a soul present to hear him. His appointment had not been delivered or had been given so far ahead that the date had been forgotten. The farmer stayed to listen. One by one, others who had heard the voice arrived, until a small congregation was gathered. Having concluded his discourse, the preacher made another appointment a year ahead, mounted his horse and rode away. So wide were his travels that appointments had to be set at great intervals, and long anticipation often increased the eagerness to hear Lorenzo Dow when he should come.

Lorenzo was not alone in this missionary impulse to "travel the world at large," nor was he the only queer customer parading his eccentricities before the public. There were wanderers of every imaginable breed and character, from Johnny Appleseed to the disheveled carpenter, Matthias, or the more orderly and coherent Joseph Thomas, known as the "white pilgrim" from the color in which the Lord had commanded that he garb himself. And there were other strange beings from village nitwits to solitary hermits, men of some education, refugees, perhaps, from the intolerance of European governments for originality in religion, waiting in the wilderness on a diet of nuts and roots and herbs, for some divine fulfillment. Picturesque waywardness of this sort was the natural fruit of a too intense and imaginative concern for truth.

In the face of nation-wide competition, Lorenzo Dow's success as an exhibition is no small matter. Contemporaries could never classify him precisely; he was

always different and original. He not only stood in strong contrast to those about him, but could bewilder his audiences by affecting sudden changes of character. His confident, bearded presence alone defied classification. His tall and fragile, but ever alert body, his face with its quick blue eyes and the profusion of brown hair around it, was impressive. Except among the scoffers at religion, he was only ridiculous when he chose to appear so. Under the trees by candle-light he was truly a terror to the anxious-minded. "Lorenzo is tall," wrote William Colbert in his Journal, "of a very slender form; his countenance is serene, solemn, but not dejected, and his words, or rather God's words delivered by him, cut like a sword." To the more sophisticated "Peter Parley," that prolific literataster of the early republic, the impression was not so formidable. He first heard Lorenzo speak in Connecticut, standing "on Squire Nathan Smith's woodpile." The preacher, he says, "was then about thirty years of age, but looked much older. He was thin and weather-beaten, and appeared haggard and ill-favored, partly on account of his reddish, dusty beard, some six inches long—then a singularity, if not an enormity, as nobody among us but old Jagger, the beggar, cultivated such an appendage. . . . It is scarcely possible to conceive of a person more entirely destitute of all natural eloquence. But he understood common life, and especially vulgar life—its tastes, prejudices and weaknesses; and he possessed a cunning knack of adapting his discourses to such audiences." He admitted that Lorenzo possessed a memory stored with interesting facts and anecdotes which he used in illustrating his arguments, but then as now, cultivated people were re-

pelled by oddity in religion, and distrusted the sanity or sincerity of the preacher.

His unkempt appearance in many ways worked to the Cosmopolite's disadvantage. Both in Europe and America, he was suspected of being a spy. And in general, it aroused a prejudice against him, which he himself diagnosed thus: "Many people," he wrote, "from a spirit of *prejudice* founded on jealousy, *surmise* things about others—which amounts to a *reality* in their imagination; and hence *assume* the liberty to report and circulate it as *truth* founded upon *fact*, to the great injury of society, friendship and the *innocent*." It is an admirable statement of this common vice, with a delicious personal touch in the phrase "founded on jealousy."

To be veiled by a patriarchal beard, however, created about him an atmosphere of mystery, which he was well able to utilize. It inspired with awe the ungodly, who would certainly otherwise have taken every opportunity of inflicting the various popular torments upon him. In dress, public opinion made certain demands to which he acceded. He was once obliged to get rid of a lapel coat which had been given him "rather than hurt weak minds." Against the custom of ministerial black he rebelled, tracing its history back through Romanism to the false prophets. But otherwise, popular antipathy to any form of dandyism made care in matters of dress inadvisable. The minds of common folk were freer in the preacher's presence if his profession was less in evidence. The preacher seldom wore a coat in summer, and if he did, doffed it as he rose to begin the heated work of clarifying the messages of the gospel. Education, too, was frequently a hin-

drance to the Methodist preacher; many, as Peter Cartwright phrased it, "murdered the King's English at every lick," but their words went home. Among the humble apostles that were going to and fro among the people it was only the Cosmopolite's persistent, untameable originality that set him apart. The reader may not need to be told, moreover, that clever and original as Lorenzo Dow was, his brilliance was superficial. His mind was like a pool of water, which, from its very shallowness, glitters more brightly in the sun. Had there not been a remarkable store of wit and ingenuity in his composition, he would never have been able to hold his own, and had his reason been of a more expansive character he would have found some more substantial career than that of the wandering oracle.

The recollections of two other contemporary observers, of contrasting views, will fill out our picture of Lorenzo at this period. In the late fifties, John W. Francis, Doctor of Medicine and Laws, published his "Old New York" a volume of scattered reminiscences, which, like so many memoirs of the time, contains a record of the famous preacher. The doctor was a broad-minded man and his description is not clouded by the refined New England intolerance of "Peter Parley."

"He scarcely ever presented himself without drawing together large multitudes of hearers, in part owing to his grotesque appearance, but not a little arising from his dexterous elocution and his prompt vocabulary. . . . His weapons against Beelzebub were providential interpositions, wondrous disasters, touching sentiments, miraculous escapes, something after the method of John Bunyan. His

religious zeal armed him with Christian forbearance, while his convictions allowed him a justifiable use of the strongest flagellations for besetting sins. Sometimes you were angered by his colloquial vulgarity . . . like the disciplined histrionic performer, he often adjusted himself to adventitious circumstances in his field exercises, at camp meetings and the like; a raging storm might be the forerunner of God's immediate wrath; a change of elements might betoken a Paradise restored or a New Jerusalem."

One of his favorite and most subtle devices was inspired by the recurrent attacks of sudden illness to which he was subject throughout his life: in awful solemnity he would describe the nature of the disorders and the probability of a fatal result, thus presenting himself as one actually about to enter the Kingdom, where, to increase the significance of this momentous thought, he would be able to testify before the throne on the state of souls in Wallingford, or Bone Lick, or Skunk's Misery, or whatever the locality might be. This was at rare intervals reinforced by a "spasm"—probably an epileptic fit—in full view of the congregation. The Rev. Charles Giles, a Methodist, in his volume of memoirs which appeared over a decade before the worthy doctor's, was even more deeply impressed by the personality and presentation of the Cosmopolite.

"According to our expectations," he writes, describing a camp meeting at Western not long after the marriage, "we found the forest converted into holy ground, and, temple-like, consecrated to the worship of God. Rough seats, arranged with due design, were prepared to ac-

commodate the worshipping assembly. On one side of the ground an elevated platform appeared, built of logs and floored, which was designed merely for the sacred rostrum. The forest trees, like lofty columns, stood in the order in which nature had placed them, whose widespread arms intersecting, formed verdant arches high, over the holy ground, waving gently as the winds played among the branches. The place was delightful. And there, in accordance with my wishes, found, in company with other ministers, the Rev. Lorenzo Dow, who was looked upon as an oracle.

"Mr. Dow's physical appearance was in some degree forbidding; his frame was slender, flexible and spare; features small and pointed and he had a natural or affected stoop forward. His voice, though not loud, was nevertheless forcible; its tones were naturally adapted to the feminine key; while addressing assemblies he indulged in a habit of protracting some tones in his voice to a painful length, which was truly disgusting to a delicate ear: still it passed for perfection in him, because it was an attribute in his peculiar character. His tufted, sable hair hung forward over his shoulders and there came in contact with his beard, which grew unmolested by a razor. His countenance was stamped with gravity, while his small piercing eyes glanced reproofs wherever he looked. His appearance was altogether very singular.

"Though the bodily presence of the man indicated weakness, still, he possessed the hidden power of endurance. Independence and perseverance were prominent traits in his character. He had a strong mental sagacity, by which he often penetrated deeply into the arcanum of

spiritual things. His discourses were in keeping with his general appearance, all perfect examples of singularity: systematic rules he did not regard as essential to the right administration of the gospel—to alarm sinners and save souls. He could reason clearly and often did so in his discourses: yes, he could preach and appear as other men did, but he would not—probably from conscientious motives. His style was plain and tolerably good, except his frequent use of low vulgarisms which seemed to lessen the sanctity of his discourses.

"He evidently studied to be singular in everything; and, by the influence of these intentional oddities, he was thrown into an orbit distinct from all others, and left to move alone in his glory. So he became a wonder and a spectacle for the world to behold. In this way attractions were thrown around him which drew multitudes to hear him preach; and by these means he became universally known, highly respected by many, and revered by some as an oracle inspired. Like other men in bodies of clay, he had many bright spots in his character, together with some shades of imperfection and human frailties. He styled himself a citizen of the world and made the continent his circuit. His toils and ministerial labors were amazing; and his privations and sufferings were as great as his labors. It is truly wonderful how such a slender frame, with an asthmatical disease at the vitals, could endure so long. He was evidently a child of Providence, called by the Holy Ghost to preach, and made an instrument, through abounding grace, of doing much good."

To cultivated people his affectionate assumption of bonds of sympathy was repellent, his approach too often

accompanied by an intolerable, explosive joyousness. But to those of a more godly humility who knew him personally, he was always sympathetic, "tender," as they expressed it. He was always an invigorating influence in depressing circumstances, for at intervals in the war with Satan's hosts the victory seemed very far away: when the people of a neighborhood refused to do aught but scoff, or when the excitements of a glorious revival were succeeded by a period of drunkenness and "camp-meeting babies." As Dan Young and others of the frontier ministry bear witness, he was very intelligent, if not learned, and, because of his fund of curious information, always interesting in conversation. They found his company "very edifying," and his friendships, ever increasing in number, were sincere and lasting. And this brings us again to Peggy, with her sweet, homely face, and the hectic existence which she faced with such eager resignation.

This precarious, hand-to-mouth life, however, was the lot of almost all the travelling preachers. They must live as much as possible on the hospitality of the faithful; the Methodist must collect his salary from the people of his circuit, it being paid chiefly in "dicker," that is, old clothes and odd bits of equipment. Some followed trades as they travelled; many ceased travelling altogether after acquiring families, and became "stationed preachers." Lorenzo's income from chance generosity increased with his fame, and in addition, his writings were selling well and he had realized a considerable sum dealing in real estate at Coventry.

At the time of his return, Lorenzo had been feeling his mind drawn more and more toward a second visit to

Europe, and was considering the advisability of postponing the marriage until later. But the presence of Peggy, with the fear that the matter might become known, for it had been kept a secret lest opposition arise, determined him. The wedding was performed unostentatiously, on the night of September 3, 1804.

Very early in the morning, Lorenzo rose and dressed. One can imagine him bending solemnly over the patchwork counterpane to kiss the face of his bride, blinking at him from a scattered mass of dark hair; and then he rode away for the glory of God and salvation of souls, Smith Miller accompanying him.

By natural inclination and the extent of his peregrinations, the Cosmopolite was admirably fitted for the calling of a land speculator. But as this profession was regarded on the frontier as the most venomous form of human degradation, was everywhere in bad odor, and was hardly in keeping with the character of a poor apostle of Christ, his ventures were necessarily limited. They were certainly remarkably well concealed considering the rapacious appetite of the people for scandal, in the absence of a magazine literature. It was undoubtedly Lorenzo who had persuaded Smith Miller to join him in his tour of the Mississippi Territory and see if there was not a favorable farm site on which to begin life anew. Yet even the sagacity of his new relative failed to make a success of Miller.

They rode south, through Pittsburgh, through Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee, to the sparsely settled forests of the Territory. They carried a small tent, before which they built their fire at night. From the wilderness, with

its roving Indians and outlaws and struggling farms, they moved eastward and north to Western after about eight months of travelling. As usual, there were the assaults of Satan: the Cosmopolite's clothes were taken one night and strewed about the neighborhood; and he was assaulted by illness and had for a while to be carried from place to place. As usual, there were happy conversions, and all opposition was borne triumphantly down. When a letter ridiculing his efforts was printed in a Washington paper, he turned it to good advertising by inserting just below the notice of his appointment to preach. When the A-double-L-part people "strove to kick up a dust," they were confounded by God's power. Among the conversions, that of a saucy, yet inwardly anxious country girl, is well worth quoting from the Journal, in illustration of the procedure when this delicate operation was undertaken out of meeting.

"Friday 29th. Camp-meeting began at Ebenezer; the inclemency of the weather retarded many; however we continued the meeting, and God sent off in some degree, the clouds which threatened us: being invited to a local preacher's tent, I at first hesitated, till they agreed to give me their daughter, to give to my Master, which greatly mortified the young woman, and prepared the way for conversion. I found two young men and another young woman in the tent, with whom I conversed about their souls; the young woman was turbulent; I told her *Old Sam* would pay her a visit, which reminded her of my description of a character some months before, pointing to her and saying, 'you young woman, with the green bow on your bonnet, I mean.' Here conviction ran to her

heart; her shrieks became piercing, and the three others also, which gathered the Christians around to wrestle with God in prayer, and he set their souls at liberty; prejudice had been conceived in the minds of some, which was removed by my relating in public the particulars of my marriage. I bought me a new horse for 45£ and continued my journey."

When it was noised about Western, also, the news of the marriage "caused a great uproar among the people." But Peggy was full of joy, and Lorenzo, as she testifies, "very loving and attentive," and the world soon learned to think of them together.

CHAPTER VIII

ENGLAND AND IRELAND

THERE was one last tour of farewell before the departure for Europe. In spite of the renewed assaults of his asthma, it was a glorious time, and his holy zeal carried the Cosmopolite forward with such rapidity that his rib was unable to keep pace. To be away from home, wandering at the Lord's will in the wide world was new and terrifying as well as wearisome to Peggy. He left her, therefore, at New York City and pushed on. The tour, which brought him as far south as North Carolina, was another far-flung triumph. Again there were shrieking conversions and Presbyterians confounded, and when unfriendly Methodists failed to give out his appointments, he was inwardly warned of the fault. He read Weem's "Life of Washington," and was cheered by finding a similarity, duly noted in his Journal, between himself and that great man. Many affecting sermons were delivered, moreover, emphasizing the fact that the Cosmopolite might never return, and a "Farewell to America" was published, that the nation at large might reflect upon the matter.

The national mind, however, faced the danger of losing this grotesque career unperturbed. Indeed, gossipping tongues had spread a malevolent notoriety about his

name more rapidly than he could travel and preach it down. He found obstacles thrown in his way in an abundance that would a few years before have shattered his last hope. But his natural cleverness, armed with confidence and fortitude, was now swiftly replacing a passive trust in Providence. He relates an amusing adventure in the South which shows how fearless he was becoming at this time. He had been borne in a chair to the meeting house at which he was to preach, and was seated thus, enthroned in hairy mystery before the wondering eyes of his congregation, when a short log of wood was flung suddenly in through the window. Before the startled people on the benches had recovered from their surprise Lorenzo, fired into strength by the wrath of the Lord, was out through the window at a bound, and after the man who had flung it. Taken utterly by surprise, the culprit fled for his life, while the Cosmopolite followed hard at his heels, his beard and hair streaming behind him as he loped over hillocks and through the underbrush. As he ran he shouted, "Run! Run! Old Sam is after you!" The terror-stricken wretch, who probably never doubted the assertion, escaped, and the next morning Lorenzo cut the name of Old Sam in the offending block of wood and nailed it to a tree, publicly pointing it out as "Old Sam's Monument." And he records that when the young bloods of the neighborhood chose one of their number to pull down this humiliating symbol of ministerial victory, "such were the inward workings of his mind that he forbore to do so."

Peggy, when he rejoined her at New York, was offered a free choice of remaining in the care of friends,

or of accompanying the proposed spiritual raid into foreign territory. The choice was simple, for her path of duty followed Lorenzo's. He now saw, dimly, the purpose of the expedition, and of his ministry: it was to "lay a foundation for Zion's borders." Great things, he reflected, even the Kingdom of God, came from small beginnings. His faith in the belief that a great mission, to be gradually revealed, was prepared for him remained undaunted. And the English campaign certainly accomplished things, and gave to Lorenzo a place in the religious history of Britain, although the results, characteristically, took the outward form of mingled amazement and dispute.

This time, the invader wisely armed himself with testimonials of character. His passport, in an excellent bit of official realism, describes the wanderer: ". . . do hereby certify that on the day of the date hereof, personally appeared before me the said Notary, the *Reverend Lorenzo Dow*, whose person by me particularly examined, appears to me to be of the age of twenty-eight years or thereabouts; of the height of five feet ten inches; rather light complexioned and much marked with the small-pox; having small light eyes, dark brown hair and eyebrows, small features, and a short visage, a scrofulous mark under the chin, on the right side." Nicholas Snethen, who, be the reader one of those unfortunates who has lost faith in the existence of a devil, is the villain of this narrative, was asked for a brief letter of identification. This he granted, but immediately after dispatched letters to prominent Methodists warning them of the approach of the Cosmopolite. The letters were very unkind.

"New York, November 16th, 1805.

"MY UNKNOWN FRIEND,

"Having received information from Mr. Kirk, respecting your situation, and supposing you to be a proper person, from your influence in the Irish Connexion, I take this opportunity, the earliest that offers, to write to you by the way of Liverpool, on a subject in which our brethren are deeply interested. Mr. Lorenzo Dow has embarked again for Europe, better furnished perhaps for success than when he was with you last. His confidence of success must at least be very considerably increased, having succeeded so well in *deceiving* or *duping* so many of the preachers in the American Connexion. I hope that our brethren in Europe will unanimously resolve to have nothing at all to do with him. There is the greater necessity of this, as it appears to me, that if you should suffer him to have any access to our people, it would not only do us an injury, but him also: for such is the nature of his *plan* or *system,* that he estimates truth and right, not so much by principle as by success. If he should not make immediately for Ireland, please to use your ability to put the English on their guard. I expect he embarked for Liverpool. If he did not take such grounds as to lead our people into an acquiescence, and even approbation of his measures: if he did not affect to act as a Methodist, I should say nothing about him. But as an itinerant plan may directly lead to imposture, it stands us in hand to be very cautious to distinguish between the true and the false itinerant: the lines of distinction should always be kept very clear between the Methodist preacher and his *ape.* I am sorry, my dear friend, that we can give you no better

specimen of the fruits of Methodism in this country. Alas! Alas! shame! shame! Shall it be published in the streets of London and Dublin, that Methodist preachers in America, have so departed from Wesley and their own discipline, as to *countenance and bid God speed such a man as Mr. Dow*; the last person in the world who should have been suffered to trample Methodism under foot with impunity or countenance. His manners have been clownish in the extreme; his habit and appearance more filthy than a *savage Indian*; his public discourses a mere rhapsody, the substance often an insult upon the gospel; but all the insults he has offered to decency, cleanliness, and good breeding; all his *impious* trifling in the holy ministry; all the contempt he has poured upon the sacred Scriptures, by often refusing to open, and frequently choosing the most vulgar saying as a *motto* to his discourses, in preference to the Word of God—all this is nothing in comparison. He has affected a recognizance of the secrets of men's hearts and lives, and even assumed the awful prerogative of prescience, and this not occasionally, but as it were habitually, pretending to foretell, in a great number of instances, the deaths or calamities of persons, &c.

"If he makes converts as an apostle, he will not meet with your interference; but I have this confidence in my elder brethren, that as the disciples of the great Wesley, whom they have known in the flesh, they will make a public stand against this *shameless intruder*; this *most daring impostor*.

"Grace and peace,

NICHOLAS SNETHEN

"TO THE REV. MATTHIAS JOYCE,
Dublin, Ireland

Lorenzo was warned of this treachery by a certain "Daddy Blades," an Englishman, who came secretly to his lodging and informed him, with a great air of mystery, that unfavorable letters were being forwarded. He did not know the particulars until Matthias Joyce, proving friendly, gave him a copy of the letter. This attack, with the manifest injustice of its insinuations, was the cause of much wordy warfare when the Cosmopolite returned. But in the meantime he faced bravely forward.

The departure is prettily described by Peggy in her ingenuously earnest narrative. "Lorenzo came into the cabin," she writes, "and told me to go on deck, and bid farewell to my native land! I did so—and the city began to disappear! I could discover the houses to grow smaller and smaller; and at last could see nothing but the chimneys and the tops of the houses; then all disappeared but the masts of the vessels in the harbour. In a short time nothing remained but a boundless ocean opening to view; and I had to depend upon nothing but the Providence of God! I went down into the cabin, and thought perhaps I should see my native land no more!

"The vessel being tossed to and fro on the waves, I began to feel very sick, and to reflect I was bound to a foreign land; and, supposing I should reach that country, I knew not what awaited me there. But this was my comfort, the same God presided in *England* that did in *America!*—I thought if I might find one real *female friend,* I would be satisfied.

"I continued to be seasick for near two weeks, and then recovered my health better than I had enjoyed it in my life before."

The vessel docked at Liverpool after a tempestuous passage, during which the rudder was badly damaged; but Peggy and Lorenzo needed no guide but Providence, and took refuge in their berth where they weathered together this arduous trial of faith. On entering the harbor they received the news of Nelson's victory off Cape Trafalgar, and the shores about them seemed pleasant and "like a garden," although it was Winter. As they were being rowed ashore they heard the solemn tolling of a bell, which awed them "with a sense of mortality." And a man-of-war's boat came by, bearing a white coffin. The ancient buildings on the shore, and the tolling of the bell, caused his thoughts to run upon the littleness of human life within eternity, and his own melancholy career, ending in the "consolation of the prospect by and by of a better world to me unknown."

The young couple went with the captain of their vessel to a boarding house for American ship captains. To the infinite distress of Peggy, in her desolate want of feminine companionship, the ladies of this house cursed and swore with the gusto and fertility of their husbands. Peggy was with child, and the future seemed very dark. Rather than pass the days in this place of wanton desecration, however, she spent the day afoot with Lorenzo who had letters of introduction to deliver in the town.

They soon crossed to Dublin in the eager hope of meeting Dr. Johnson. But the doctor was away and his house closed, and they spent a long day trudging through rain

and mud seeking hospitality. Peggy fell into great doubts and trials of soul, and to her "the prospect seemed gloomy beyond description, but my Lorenzo cheered my spirit, by telling me, the Lord would provide, which I found to be true!" Sure enough, in the evening, they stumbled by chance upon friends who gave them a welcome shelter. Thence the Cosmopolite hastened away to London with further letters of introduction, leaving his hapless little rib behind him in mortal fear lest he never return.

Lorenzo was establishing himself with remarkable rapidity. His name was remembered, or had been wafted across the Atlantic, for on two occasions, chance strangers, learning that he was an American, asked whether he was acquainted with Lorenzo Dow. His honest zeal for the welfare of mankind, moreover, penetrated his shaggy exterior, for he won the confidence of many on first acquaintance; they frequently changed their opinions on hearing him preach, however, chiefly because of the effulgent spirit of American democracy, which in his eyes was the very breath of true religion, and with which he now seasoned his sermons, dislike it who would. Most of the cultivated men with whom he came in contact snubbed his advances from the first. In Dublin, however, he was made much of by Lord and Lady Belvedere, staunch Methodists apparently, rare as such a phenomenon was among the upper classes. He rode with them in their coach to meeting, and stayed afterwards to tea. One can visualize the hairy wanderer in these decorously affluent surroundings, munching the dainties and quaffing the tea in the vigorous American manner of dining, chuckling to himself when a Presbyterian minister who was present po-

litely inquired the meaning of "A-double-L-partism" in his Journal.

There was furthermore a legal obstacle; for the government required that every preacher carry a license, to obtain which he must swear allegiance to the crown. Lorenzo's conscience bound him to preach, but forbade him to take the oath. It was not long before he was arrested and fined a considerable sum, the first of a series of adventures between the Cosmopolite and the Kingdom of Great Britain.

One event on the road to London was significant. Two young women, their minds distressed by the usual "doubts and fears," came to the strange newcomer to be prayed for. A crowd gathered as the voice of the American was lifted in solemn petition to the Deity, and four people soon lay stretched on the ground, "under the power of God," as Lorenzo describes the scene, "which some thought was faintness and used fans and called for water, whilst others thought they were dying and were frightened, thinking we should be called to an account; but I told them to hush, it was the power of God: and they soon came through happy." This was the "falling exercise" of the western frontier brought into the English countryside. Well might the confident Cosmopolite hope to raise among this alien people a storm of holy fervor, a new Great Revival with its falling and holy laughter, jerks, barks, shrieks and other manifestations of the presence of divine power.

London reminded him, as it had done many another, of the Babylon of the Book of Revelations, but fortunately he was not drawn to predict its downfall. Instead, he returned to Ireland. Irish methodism was much nearer to

the buoyant American variety, and it was the natural place to begin a revival campaign, just as the frontier had been the natural crater of the Great Revival.

With his return to Dublin and Peggy, there was an auspicious beginning. In a flurry of embraces and kisses, there was a happy reunion with the "dear doctor," and "mama Letitia," or "mammy Letty," as he calls the doctor's wife. These were his closest and dearest friends. They were open, tender-hearted people, who had taken pity on his miserable plight before, and had been led by his sincerity and undaunted faith to take an interest in his work. Having a house and servants, they were obviously moderately well-to-do and the doctor had already begun to tour the country in the adventurous labor of the regeneration of souls. He had an attractive, commanding presence, by the accounts of his co-workers, and was an effective speaker. Together they were well equipped and prepared for the field, and it was not long before the first campaign was launched.

With the coming of one so skilled in the hypnosis of susceptible minds into the battlefield of Irish Methodism the signs of revival began to appear. The missionaries who were already at work among the benighted Erse, and whose attempts at camp meetings were encouraging evidences of American influence, welcomed this new ally. He was kept busy making excursions to and from Dublin, holding meetings everywhere. "The Missionaries attacked *Popery* in the streets twice or thrice a day," Lorenzo records, "and I attacked A-double-L-partism in the preaching house, which caused a considerable uneasiness in the town; the Mayor had a potatoe flung at his head,

and also received a letter without a signature, threatening that if he did not put us three out of town, his house should be pulled down on his head." The Cosmopolite soon learned that the Papists were here more dauntless and powerful enemies than any Calvinists he had ever encountered; his first intimation of their power was received one day when most of his congregation fled in abject terror on the arrival of a priest. Lorenzo was greatly shocked by this experience, which was but an earnest of what was to come.

From a preliminary expedition to England, Lorenzo returned to Dublin to welcome his first-born into the world. The meeting occurred on the sixteenth of September, 1806. When Lorenzo was permitted to see her, a few hours after the birth, Peggy tells us, "he had a white handkerchief on his head, and his face was as white as the handkerchief. He came to the bed, and took the child, observing to me, that we had got an additional charge—which if spared to us would prove a blessing, or else one of the greatest trials that possibly we could have to meet with. I expect Lorenzo passed through as great a conflict in his *mind,* as he had almost ever met with. The Lord was my support at that time, and brought me safely through. . . .

"My little 'Letitia Johnson,' for so was my child called, grew, and was a fine attracting little thing. I found my heart was too much set upon it, so that I often feared I should love her too well; but strove to give myself and all that I had to my God."

When the child was but five weeks old, its parents, accompanied by the devoted Dr. Johnson, carried it to

England. The trip was hastened by the inhospitable conduct of the Hibernians, who were not content with a merely verbal expression of their indignation. He persisted at this time in wearing a white hat, of the broad-brimmed, Quaker variety, which made him an easily recognizable target. "The devil viewing the danger of his kingdom," he recorded, "began to work in the minds of the people, and to raise confusion and disturbance." After barely escaping with his life from a mob that ran howling at his heels through the narrow streets, crying "Now for the life of Lorenzo!" and "Mind the white hat!" he abandoned this inconvenient headgear and, greatly to the relief of the police who came in the evenings with swords and pistols to guard him to the meeting house, was more cautious in moving about. "This exhibits to view," he considered, "why it is that the common Irish have the name over the world for wicked, disorderly conduct, being kept in ignorance, and trained up in bigotry and prejudice, without the fear of God." He therefore increased his distribution of handbills and pamphlets, and, despite occasional hard knocks and volleys of stones, spoke frequently in public. Both the Irish and English Methodist Conferences denied him any official recognition, but he was already selling a third edition of his journal, and popular interest in him and in his mission was increasing. Before leaving Dublin, he had called a special meeting of the Methodists to confide his converts to their shepherding. He accompanied this magnanimity with a speech expressing his abhorrence of a personal following. He enjoyed his unique position. Even with his weakening loyalty to the Church in the face of cool treatment,

to have founded a sect of his own, as so many rebellious evangelists had done, would have been out of keeping with his original character, the world-embracing, world-astonishing soul of "the *eccentric* COSMOPOLITE."

The passage to Liverpool was tempestuous and cold. Peggy, endeavoring to shield her babe from the raw weather, took cold, the beginning of a long illness. They found lodging in the town of Warrington, not many miles inland, where Lorenzo was soon joined by the doctor and set forth on a preaching tour to London.

The tour found expectant congregations everywhere and was blessed with many hearty conversions and miraculous providences. Lorenzo was now applying his peculiar genius to the problems of firing these chilly British hearts with the spontaneous gusto of "religion." They did not even understand the meaning of the word and took offense at the question, which in America opened every personal discussion with the ghostly adviser, "Have you got any religion?" They replied that of course they had religion; did he think he was among the heathen? That they had the good old religion of their fathers before them. To Lorenzo this unhappy condition, if not positively pagan, was little better. Religion as he saw it was a thing which must be continually reborn and reawakened, a flame which must be kept burning. The services of the established Church seemed mere "sham" to this ardent spirit, and he sneeringly observed that he now knew the difference between praying and saying prayers. Even among the Methodists there seemed to be something mechanical and aloof. "There seems to be a hardiness over these meeting houses in England," he

wrote, "so that I don't have such good times in them as in Ireland and America." As those who take their religion in more sober mood are apt to suspect the enthusiast of hypocrisy, so to the warm-hearted of Lorenzo's breed it seemed hypocrisy to sing or pray or say "Amen" without an unrestrainable soul-deep emotion behind the words.

Instead of trusting entirely to his oratorical gifts and the natural contagious quality of religious exhilaration, however, Lorenzo fell in with a new movement which, in England at least, was thoroughly artificial. Certain eager-souled English Methodists were at this time attempting to introduce the camp meeting into the alien atmosphere of their own country, in the hope of kindling the fires of revival. Lorenzo failed to realize that this was a part of that very formalization which he abhorred, and joined heartily in the attempt. His action was probably motivated, as much as by any other consideration, by his firm belief in the invincible supremacy of everything American.

The camp meeting, therefore, began to receive publicity as only Lorenzo Dow could create it. The British public was given vivid descriptions of the glorious effectiveness of this method of invoking the Almighty, and, for those interested in the theology of the subject, pamphlets defending it on Scriptural authority, not a very difficult task from the literature of a semi-nomadic people. Popular curiosity regarding the proposed innovation, for which so much was claimed, spread rapidly. As usual, the shepherds of the sheep divided into factions and an ardent controversy was begun, and as usual the contro-

versy only stimulated the common interest in the experiment.

But the meetings were arranged and conducted in too mechanical a manner by the native leaders; everything was prescribed beforehand, and the spontaneity of the frontier gatherings was lacking. Through it all, of course, there raged the theological dispute regarding God's opinion of the innovation. Here the Cosmopolite was at his best, and blazed forth gloriously, slapping argument and witticisms right and left into the teeth of the conservatives, and dealing blows from the thick of the turmoil at the Pope and the A-double-L-part people as well. At the time he did not foresee the obvious result of the movement, which came in the following year. The divergence on camp meetings was but the last campaign of a long internal war between the conservatives and a minority party clamoring for the old, informal spirit of Whitefield and Wesley. The outcome, therefore—there were already half a dozen different kinds of Methodists in England—was the birth of a new sect, the Primitive Methodists, or "Ranters," as they were popularly dubbed from their peculiar method of approach. Lorenzo was not in England at the time of the separation; it no doubt chagrined him greatly, as he did not wish to be accused of encouraging dissension within the Church. Later, he adopted and preached a doctrine of periodic reconsideration and change. But while he was in the heat of the battle for Americanism in British religion, there came to him a warning dream that all was not well at Warrington. Distressed by the force of this impression, he and the doctor hastened their return.

The Cosmopolite's woe-begone little rib was in a sad plight. Since the cold and stormy crossing from Dublin to Liverpool, Peggy had steadily declined in health. She was confined to her bed with a slowly rising fever, happy at times in the support of her placid faith, and at others sunk into depths of gloom. The incessant din from a chair-maker's shop next door was a miserable strain on her nerves, although such was the patience of this resigned soul that she endured it for about a month without complaint. A fear lest her love for the child should lessen the intimacy of her relations with the Deity distressed her; and she worried for Lorenzo, whose indefatigable labors from place to place would bring dangers of renewed illness and further retribution from the British authorities. She prayed God to take the life of her child, or her own, but to spare Lorenzo.

Through these pathetic vicissitudes, however, she was kindly treated by those around her. Her shy helplessness and unblemished purity of heart always awoke a pity and an interest in her behalf. The most faithful of her many friends was Mary Barford, a young lady of some wealth, who had been converted to "religion" under Lorenzo's preaching. She "used to come every day two or three times to see me, and administer to my necessities," Peggy wrote, "and many others came also. She was a precious girl, and although she had been raised in the first circle, would go into the houses of the poor, and supply their wants and nurse and do for them like she had been a servant." Mary Barford hired a girl to care for the baby, which had declined in health from being nursed too long by a sick mother. Peggy's only complaint was of a sense

of heaviness and continual sinking, and her fever remained unchanged. She herself and those about her had almost despaired of recovery when Lorenzo at last arrived.

Dr. Johnson at once replaced the "unconverted *Apothecary,*" who had formerly been in attendance. The doctor was at first hopeful, but on finding the fever inflexible before the usual remedies, shook his head in solemn apprehension. According to his diagnosis, the trouble, like Lorenzo's, proceeded from a disordered liver. To modern eyes, his methods of combatting it seem a trifle medieval. Peggy grew continually weaker and the fever did not abate despite the vigorous attempts to relieve it. She was a little delirious, and when her husband returned one evening from gospel labors in the neighborhood, could only ask in a faint voice, "Where is my Jesus?" "I observed the doctor," Lorenzo recorded in his unfailing interest in medicines and bodily ailments, "to make use of the *oil of tar* (not the spirits of turpentine), externally on the feet, and a preparation of camphor and opium internally, which produced such a copious sweating that her clothes were necessitated to be changed twice in a night, and this successively for several days; we also used a large stone bottle filled with hot water, kept constantly to the feet: these had the desired effect, and were the only means that seemed to give any relief to the *sinking* (as she called it) which the doctor said proceeded from the disorder in the liver approaching towards a mortification; the poisonous corrupt humor of it operating upon the heart and nervous system, and producing this sensation; and he since has added, that

he never before saw any one in a similar situation, who did not either die, or fall into melancholy, madness or despair."

Night after night, Lorenzo watched by the sickbed. There was a candle among the bottles on the table, no doubt, a dim and wavering light where the Cosmopolite, his bearded chin resting on his hands, his long hair hanging forward, watched the breathing and the pale face. The doctor shared his vigils, compounding oils and lotions in the next room, perhaps, and tiptoeing in at times to note the progress of his charge. Sometimes the baby in its cradle on the floor would begin to whimper or wail, to Peggy's infinite distress. For almost two months things continued thus in weary uncertainty. Lorenzo grew very weak from fatigue and want of sleep, for of course he could not abate his holy endeavors to bring souls to the knowledge of truth. Mary Barford, the helpful, eased the strain by pressing upon him, "as doing her a favor," the loan of a carriage.

To relieve Peggy's fears for the emaciated and noisy baby, it was sent away to be nursed by a woman in the country. "To be separated from my child was very painful to me," she wrote, "but as my life was despaired of by my friends, and as I myself had not such expectation that I should recover, I strove to give it up, knowing it would be best for the child, and for me also." Taking the industrious chair-maker into consideration, she herself was next carried out of the town to the home of some of Lorenzo's friends. This was at the Christmas season, 1806. In the new surroundings she began slowly to recover her strength. She was very eager to be taken home

to America, but the Cosmopolite was too deeply engrossed in his turbulent ministrations, and his conscience forbade it. And shortly, furthermore, the Lord summoned him to Ireland.

Peggy was still too weak to rise from her bed, and the call filled her once more with the dread of being kept alone in a strange land. After he had delayed a week, she bid him at last with wifely humility, "to go and blow the gospel trumpet." Through the lonely days that followed his departure, she felt an ever-increasing concern for the safety of her child, which she had not seen since it was taken from her. Little Letitia's journey of life was but a short one, for she died in January and was carried past the house where her desolate young mother lay. "Consigned to the dust, food for worms," reflected Peggy in her misery, and bravely "strove to sink into the will of God." When her mind had at last been brought into harmony with the heavenly decree, and fixed upon the joyous prospect of an immortal reunion, she wrote to her husband of the sad news. Lorenzo replied with sentiments of consolation and granted her at last a welcome promise that they should return to America in the spring.

This farewell tour in Ireland needs no description, save only a word on the Cosmopolite's ingenious method of getting about, for he was continually under suspicion and only by the barest margin kept ahead of the pursuing arms of the law. It is probable that had it been merely a case of preaching without license he would have passed more easily, but since his residence among the Irish invariably brought riot and general furore, the police were

naturally anxious to capture him. Moreover, martial law had been declared over part of the country, and he was travelling without a pass. "When on my last tour in Ireland," he wrote in later reminiscences, "I hired a horse and gig for ten weeks, for which I gave twelve guineas. In this time, 67 days, went about 1700 miles, and held about two hundred meetings. Drive to a town—tell the boy to feed the horse and be ready for a start—would mount a stone or pile—sing—collect—remark I was an American—arrest their prejudice—finish my public talk —jump into the gig, which by most would be supposed to belong to some gentleman and his servant, in the neighborhood—with such expedition move off as none could follow my windings and turnings; and of course would not know what I was, where I came from, or was gone to. Thus ignorantly I escaped those pursuers a number of times."

On his return to England Lorenzo found his disconsolate Peggy well enough to accompany him on the farewell tour. The tour, as she describes it, was a succession of affecting scenes. "We left Warrington for Lynn, where Lorenzo preached, and bid the people farewell! They were much affected. We parted with a hope of meeting in a better and happier world. From thence we went to Preston Brook; where Lorenzo preached again another farewell. It was a precious time to many. From there to Frodsham—the people flocked around him with the greatest affection, for there the Lord had blessed his labors in a peculiar manner to the souls of many. He preached to them for the last time, and bid them an affectionate farewell, while they were bathed in tears,

seemingly as much pained as though they were parting with a parent."

Lorenzo had undertaken to bring a number of poor Methodists to the land of opportunity on his return, and for this purpose engaged the entire steerage of a swift-sailing American packet, the *Averick*. Naturally enough, however, there was difficulty in getting his own passports. He finally left without them, effecting a very narrow escape when, with Peggy and the emigrants on board, he rushed down to the dock, barely in front of his pursuers, and his captain ran out to sea under cover of a fog. There was soon trouble in the steerage. Lorenzo's emigrants charged that he had received a commission from the shipmaster for bringing them over, which the Cosmopolite emphatically and sorrowfully denied. That Lorenzo had always an eye for a bargain is certain, albeit one can never accuse him of wanton cupidity and the matter must rest in doubt.

The ship touched at New Bedford, where the Cosmopolite landed. Peggy proceeded by sea to Richmond where they met again. "It was about the time that the *Chesapeake* was fired upon by the *British!*" says she in her quaint way. "We sailed from New Bedford about the first of July, and had tolerable pleasant weather, though we were lonely, not having any company but us three women. We got into *Chesapeake Bay* at evening, and passed one of the armed vessels belonging to the *British,* and expected them to have stopped us, as it had been reported that they were in the habit of requiring the captains of American vessels to pull down their colors to them, or else firing upon them. However, we past un-

molested, except that they hailed us; but it being dark, we got by. Sister *Wade* was very much alarmed: but I felt so much the spirit of *Independent America,* that I did not wish my country's flag to be disgraced in our own waters. In the morning we came into *Hampton Roads.*"

The day was delightful, and the scenes that surrounded us were truly pleasing. The river seemed by the bends to be inclosed in on every side; and the banks to be covered with all the beauties that summer could produce, which gave my mind a pleasant sensation, when I reflected that it was my native country—my beloved America! But little did I know what awaited me in my native land!"

CHAPTER IX

THE ECCENTRIC COSMOPOLITE

LIKE all great and wonderful things, the ministry of Lorenzo Dow falls naturally into three parts. Gone now was the bilious solemnity of his conversion; and as yet but faintly stirring in his nature, that fierce pessimism of his latter years which broke forth in lurid prophecies of coming woe. He was now the man of miracle and mystery at whom the people stared in fear and wonder —the holy man. From the time of his return and the close of the ensuing battle with Nicholas Snethen, he trod swiftly to a glorious pinnacle in this most adventurous of human careers. In the dispute with Snethen, as was his invariable practice in all controversy, his injured soul was laid bare to the public, that they might judge for themselves its innocence. He entitled this breast-plate of truth, "A Short Account of the 'Eccentric Cosmopolite' "; it is chiefly narrative, and he subsequently inserted it in his Journal. There may have been a touch of irony in the word "eccentric," but he was nevertheless proud of the title. As before he had occasionally dropped the first person and spoke of himself as "Lorenzo," thereafter he used in addition this new and distinguished epithet, "Cosmopolite." In 1807, Lorenzo was thirty years of age. His youth he had left far behind him on the dusty roads and forest trails. Fatherly old preachers no longer sought

to reform his erratic course. Least of all could his own mind have entertained the slightest flickering desire for a surrender to convention.

From the intimate knowledge of man's ever-credulous soul which had been rubbed into him in his wanderings, from his oratorical deftness in using it, he had acquired power. Throughout the land, now, there was the growing multitude of his converts, men and women, who, as they saw it, owed him not only the greatest happiness that life can experience, but an eternity of bliss. He was their spiritual father, and they, with a loyalty that seldom failed, his grateful subjects. He had power to impress the sheep of other shepherds with the belief that the Divine Providence wrought through his personality, and to inspire awe and anxiety in the hearts of the ungodly. And tradition, enlarging everywhere upon his deeds, awoke a universal interest in his antics or accomplishments. Everywhere the newspapers, with controversy, news and anecdotes, resounded his fame; the memoirs of men who lived in the whirl of popular thought and fancy almost unfailingly hand down some record of this perambulating demigod to an unappreciative posterity. Here, there and in every odd corner of contemporary literature one comes upon the scattered sparks struck out by Lorenzo's fame.

His willingness to cater to the religious appetites of the ignorant, the taint of a vulgar popularity, brought upon him the thorough disfavor of men of greater cultural pretensions. They joined with the outraged lions of Methodism in seeking to hamper his progress by closing the meeting houses against him or by filling local

papers with abusive expressions, of contempt. Even over these, however, the dauntless Cosmopolite possessed a very definite power. For he never hesitated to publish to his vast audience, by word and pen, the facts of each particular incident as he saw them. His attackers found themselves held up to the scorn of God and man on a scale of which they themselves were totally incapable. It was his custom to print the documentary evidence in the case, if it was obtainable, appending caustic retorts of his own, or perhaps a shy poke in the ribs, such as,

nor

"☞ B not yy nice, lest u c how A fool u b." * Worthy follower of "Old Hickory" as he was, the Cosmopolite basked in the same unwavering confidence in the utter justice of his own cause. His faith in a divine guidance necessarily postulated that all who disagreed were allies of the devil, fuel for the everlasting fires of damnation. "CHICHESTER," he notes, for instance, "proclaimed *war* against me, before I came, asserting as the reason: 'ORDER!!!' But they who are not confined to moral order in the Divine government, will not be able to stand in that day when all hearts shall be disclosed!" Lorenzo's own assurance of that day's reward never faltered. It is not unlikely that he thoroughly enjoyed the sense of injured innocence, as the editor of a Mississippi paper noted after inserting a denunciatory letter: "We have very much mistaken the character of Lorenzo if this oppugnation does not afford him more satisfaction than chagrin:—he is fond of 'parsecution.'"

* "This perhaps deserves a word of elucidation: "Be not too wise nor over nice, lest you see how big a fool you be."

As the temporal power of this unusual man of God rested on his great fame, so he himself was dependent, if he would maintain his position, on homespun notoriety. Great monarchs of the past and statesmen of our modern day have at times met with the necessity of playing some ephemeral little part to retain the reliance of their people; with the Cosmopolite, everything depended upon this regal art. With him, moreover, it was no mere side-play or empty gesturing; it was inherent in his character, and a corporate part of his Heaven-directed ministry. At first a device for attracting audiences to his discourses, it had become, before he knew it, the mainstay of his whole career. As controversy followed controversy, as reproaches and abuse were flung at him in volleys, and all hope of any friendly recognition of his power by the Church of his conversion faded away, he depended more and more upon the treacherous support of plebeian fame. Popular whimsy is a dangerous horse to ride, but the Cosmopolite could not be thrown.

The growth of a character is always a slow development; it is only in such cataclysms as the conversion that sudden changes are wrought. The basic structure, moreover, but rarely undergoes a change; it may clothe itself in new colors or turn to new aims, but fundamentally it is the same. Even after conversion there is ever the possibility of a gradual relaxation of the religious, and resumption of the normal self. Thus it was with Lorenzo Dow; imperceptibly and inevitably, the Yankee came into its own. It was not an abandonment of religion; even had not sickness kept him on the brink of eternity, or without the compelling force of publicity, he could not

have completely relinquished his calling. The change was much the same process of formalization by which religious movements are drained by time of the eager sincerity of their inspiration, and, taking its presence for granted, carry on the forms—the process which Lorenzo himself so heartily deplored. He, as they, never suspected any deterioration. While his enemies were pointing to his lack of dignity, humility and other attributes of saintliness, and even comparing him to their standing example of such decay, the Roman Church, he himself saw only new and greater aims, and broader vistas of accomplishment.

His ambitions broke from the limits of Methodist evangelism. He soared. He was, as he had threatened to become in his despairing youth, "a friend to mankind." The world was his circuit and he obeyed none but the Almighty. Everything was on a grander scale. Controversy with mere individuals had lost importance. "The CONTROVERSY with the NATIONS is not over," he wrote in conclusion to one edition of the Journal, "nor will it be, until the Divine Government be reverentially acknowledged by the HUMAN FAMILY." Claims of this sort from a free-lance preacher were not extravagant in Lorenzo's day. People, indeed, were deeply impressed. Thousands readily accepted William Miller's computation of the date of the Judgment Day. Common folk did not become actually sceptical till they heard of Joseph Smith's translation of the golden plates by means of magic spectacles, or of Jemima Wilkinson's dead body being reanimated by the spirit of Christ to preach His gospel, or heard the Shaker missionaries preach that the Sec-

ond Appearing had at last been consummated in the birth and ministry of Ann Lee. They detected no windy presumption in the Cosmopolite's attitude. It was from busy hearsay that they learned of his marvelous powers.

From the spiritual and temporal greatness of our hero, it seems petty and irrelevant to turn to his weaker side. Even Moses and Solomon had their vulnerable moments. Despite his revolt against Puritanism, he flaunted a true New England pedantry, a delight in mouthing out sonorous weighted facts; his declarations bulged with exaggerated urgency and importance. His combination of an exhibitionistic ministry with financial pursuits that were hardly apostolic, moreover, required a measure of hypocrisy, undermining his holiness. His frequent conflicts reveal a more obvious frailty—a ferocious temper. The slightest restraint or interference brought a violent outcry and a cutting retort from the ungovernable Cosmopolite. At least once, in the midst of an angry tirade at a crew of camp meeting rowdies, he swore, that is, if calling them "a pack of damned cowards" is swearing, which he indignantly insists that it was not. It was a simple declaration of fact, he explains, adding with satisfaction that the "young coxcombs were mightily grated" at hearing it.

Busy legend had always prepared his hearers for the wonderful, but Lorenzo was in no wise dependent on this. His tall and fragile figure, shabbily clothed and draped in a long cloak, the long hair around his sharp, pale face, the quick eyes, the firm under lip, protruding from the wind-blown beard, and finally, in sudden contrast, the thin, high voice—this was sufficient. A still

more striking contrast in the setting of his stage, must have been the presence of Peggy, sitting as close as might be to the preacher's stand, the picture of simple devotion and homely transparency; sometimes she was privileged to rise and close the meeting with a prayer, her thin voice trembling under the weight of her piety. Complete the ensemble with the popular belief, reinforced by occasional spasms and convulsions in public, that the Cosmopolite lived on the brink of eternity, and it is truly impressive. Lorenzo's public was not particularly adverse to advertising in religion, and as his was of a subtle nature, it passed very well. Others were cruder in their devices; one, for instance, in making his approach to the difficult problem of sermonizing to the godless southern planters, inserted the following announcement in the local paper.

"*Religious notice.*—The Rev. Mr. Blaney will preach next Sunday, in Dempsey's Grove, at ten o'clock, A.M., and at 4 o'clock P.M., Providence permitting. Between the sermons the preacher will run his sorrel mare, Julia, against any nag that can be trotted out in this region for a purse of one hundred dollars." The purse was made up by the planters, and the affair, we are told, a complete success, resulting in the establishment of a flourishing, religious society.

Lorenzo's style was aggressive and recklessly declaratory, and he never succeeded in being consistently methodical in his treatment of a subject. Like so many other speakers on solemn matters he had fallen into the habit of a sing-song tone, although it was universally admitted that he ran upon a different scale of notes from any other

offender. He could muster at any time a contagious spiritual fervor. There is a story from the South that he once stopped for the night at a house where the neighbors had gathered to enjoy, as he once called it, "the important art of hopping and jumping about, at a signal made by a BLACK MAN, who, as their captain, with his noisy instrument, directs their movements whilst they turn their backs and faces to and fro, without either *sense* or *reason.*" His host invited him to join the dance, and to this he agreed if he might open it with a prayer. The prayer, with its vivid and blood-curdling solemnity, scorched the last jot of frivolity from the company's souls, and the evening was passed, no doubt, in the equally thrilling excitements of "religion." With a vast amount of political and church history and illustrative anecdotes at his finger tips, he was ready for any occasion.

One of Lorenzo's most hackneyed devices was the choice of an unusual text, to fix the sermon in the minds of his congregation. His announcement of a favorite text is thus recorded by one who heard him preach in the courthouse at Brooklyn, Connecticut.

"We shall omit singing," he began, "for brevity's sake, and as for praying, it is impossible for me to do your work—you must pray for yourselves—therefore we shall omit praying; and now, as to preaching, we shall see about that. But first I don't know whether I shall stand or sit. The Jewish doctors, when they taught the people, sat, and our Lord, when he taught them, sat, and I think I shall sit." With this appropriate introduction, he seated himself on the judge's bench. "My text you will always remember. There is not a man, woman or child present

who will not remember it as long as they live." Hereupon he drew out his watch and, suddenly stretching a gaunt arm above him, held it high in the air. "Watch! Watch!! Watch!!! That is my text."

The reader can easily imagine the sin-withering reflections derived from this text. They will be found incorporated in one of Lorenzo's best circulated works, "A Journey from Babylon to Jerusalem: or The Road to Peace." This belongs to that most interesting class of literature, the handbook guide to salvation. The soul is systematically followed from eternity through childhood and the cautious Methodist existence to eternity again. And all the blessings and curses of the here and hereafter are elucidated, from analyses of swearing and cheating to scholarly descriptions of Heaven and Hell, death and the Judgment Day. The following sample is typical of his pompous exposition.

"OF THE NIGHT OF DEATH.

"Death! What is it? Dying, simply considered, is but the changing of states! To leave the Prison and prison-yard; the body, the house of clay, which confines man to the Terraqueous ball through the power of gravitation. The Laws of Nature being reversed, what scenes present to view! Man, who was an inhabitant of time; is now disembodied and become an inhabitant of eternity! How great those realities now, which once was viewed but darkly through the glass of Faith!

"How dreadful and terrific to a guilty mind!—What awful horrors must seize the condemned soul, who hath sinned against a righteous God!

"Those who 'Love the Lord,' and feel the powers of the world to come, whilst inhabiting the house of clay, and live for eternity, by denying themselves and taking up their daily Cross, and so follow after him in order to be his disciples.—How soon will all the scenes of life be over, and their eternity commence!—Then those important realities will be more fully understood which now at best are faintly known! But soon we shall be unveiled to see as we are seen, and know as we are known.

"At it relates to the agonies of death at the time of our departure—pain of body is generally gone, at or near the last moments. The greatest pain most universally subsides, some few hours if not some days before the dissolution. In scripture the DEATH of the *righteous* is called SLEEP.—Hence *'Stephen fell asleep,'* &c. &c. Now the last sensation in slumber, before the senses are *locked* up in sleep, are very sweet and agreeable; and by the same party of reason, if we have the due *preparation* in the MIND, why not possess an agreeable exit, at the hour of death?

"Death is called the king of *terrors,* and is justly said to be a terror to Kings. But why? The *sting* of death is personal SIN! And the strength of sin is the Law. For sin is the *Transgression* of the Law, which is the revealed will of God; and hence the soul comes under the divine displeasure; and the person is afraid to appear before a Righteous *Judge*; being conscious of self-condemnation.

"A person with a *Bee* in his hand might be afraid of it; but if the *sting* be pulled out and is gone; why should the man fear? So if the sting of death be removed by the *Pardon* of all Personal *sin;* then being restored to the

favour of God, as one of his Family; dread must be removed and terror be gone; what then should one have to fear? There must be a joy in God, and a rejoicing in the prospective hope of Eternity, from possessing an earnest of their inheritance in the kingdom of God.

"Thus the Lord gives suffering grace in a suffering day; and dying, or *supporting* grace in a dying day!"

It was Lorenzo's practice to enlarge and combine sermons into pamphlets. The vivid imagery of his earlier years, alas, has here given way to scholarly discussion; Hell and Paradise and the Judgment Day are no longer seen with the emotional intensity and distinctness of the conversion period, with its burning hopes and fears. As is inevitable with one almost perpetually before an audience, great or small, the same discourses were repeated over and over, and thus, no doubt, worked into final form for publication. The most oft-repeated of all was the famous "Chain," the great bludgeon with which he belabored the ribs of Calvinism.

Jacob Young describes his oral presentation of this instrument one night, at a camp meeting near Natchez. The trumpet had been blown and the people had come through the woods from their tents, lighting their way with blazing hickory bark. When the benches of the preaching ground were filled with the dim and murmuring concourse, the Cosmopolite emerged from the forest and moved slowly toward the preachers' stand, where his solemn-faced colleagues were gathered, and the Bible lay on the hand board and the torches flared in readiness for the word of God. He had just recovered from a

long illness, his beard very long, his clothing ragged and dirty, a miserable object, observes Young, to appear in a pulpit. But to the frontier folk crowded under the dark trees he must have made a weird and striking figure, by the light of the fires around the encampment, as he mounted the stand, and then leapt, suddenly and lightly, upon the hand board. There he stood a moment, with his back to the people, and after scrutinizing them carefully over his shoulder like a quizzical old crow, opened by saying, "There is a notable robber in this country who has done a vast deal of mischief and is still doing it; and, in order that the people may be on their guard, I intend to give you a full description of his character, and the instrument by which he carries on his wicked works." The congregation took this as preface to a denunciation of an eminent fellow citizen who had come to the Territory under a cloud, and there were signs of an approaching demonstration in his behalf, while the preacher continued in a horrified, mysterious tone. The thief, of course, turned out to be the devil, and the Cosmopolite gave his name in Hebrew, Greek and English—a typical display of curious wisdom. Then the instrument by which the robbery had been perpetrated was described, namely, the short chain of five links, a hook at one end, a crook at the other, and a swivel in the middle. The first link was unconditional final perseverance of the saints, the second unconditional election and reprobation, and the connection between the two was established. Lorenzo had descended from the hand board by the time he added the third link, universal salvation. The fourth link was infidelity, for if the threatenings in the Bible were false,

the promises were equally so, the Bible was worthless as the rule for any faith, and the Cosmopolite picked it up and threw it away. The fifth link was atheism. The swivel was the unanswerable argument, "it is so, because it is so, because," the hook was presumption and the crook despair. The preacher then proved that there was a God, and showed that infidelity was founded on atheism. He then undertook to show that the Bible was the word of God, picking it up from the ground and laying it upon his breast. He finally proved that when infidelity fell, universal salvation and the other links fell also, finishing in grand style with Calvinism. Here he put forth all his powers, says Young. "By this time his shrill voice might have been heard nearly half a mile. The congregation were on their feet and pressing toward the stand as if to press each other down." In the end, he called for objections, and although there were five Calvinist preachers before him, we are told, none ventured to oppose.

Lorenzo acted his sermons as he preached them, and it is vastly to his credit that he could one moment capture the attention of all by his antics and in the next transfix them with that inspired and awful solemnity which was responsible for so many of the Methodist triumphs. He knew the tricks of his trade, and, in his ingenuity, carried them further than others dared. Perhaps the most effective of these was the sudden change. An example of his use of this startling weapon is described by G. W. Henry, a Yankee peddler who turned preacher after going blind, and who heard Lorenzo preach while he was yet unconverted and inclined to sin.

"When I was about sixteen years old," runs the narrative, "I heard Lorenzo Dow preach at a camp meeting, from Eccl. xi. 9; and the text was stamped on my mind, never to be forgotten. It was on a Sunday afternoon that Dow presented himself on the stand, and, after looking around upon the congregation, exclaimed with an audible voice, 'There are seven thousand persons within the camp circle, besides rag-tag and bob-tail that are on the outside.' This eccentric remark made him the center of all the eyes on the ground at once. He then read a part of his text: 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart and in the sight of thine eyes.' He then proceeded to tell the young people to let their heart cheer them. If they preferred gambling, horse-racing, getting drunk, to coming to the altar and worshipping God, they should go on, if this conduct cheered their hearts, and walk in the sight of their own eyes. 'Certainly you have Scripture to support you.' And to the young women he said, 'If your heart is cheered more in the ball-room than in the prayer-meeting, go on —let it cheer you. Or, if you love the vanities of the world more than religion, my text tells you to walk in the sight of your own eyes.' So he proceeded, till all eyes were fixed upon him. I was delighted with him, as well as all the wicked that had gathered around. 'Ah!' said I, 'this is the kind of preaching to suit me; and the best of all is, that he has got Scripture to prove it. There is no harm for the youth to indulge in all these things.' While the old professors looked strange at him, all the wicked were delighted.

"Here he stopped short, took up a chair that was on the stand, dashed it down two or three times on the board before him, and then set it in its place again. Candlesticks, preachers' hats, etc., were knocked off on the ground or floor. Then he called out, at the top of his voice, two or three times, 'Hark!' Then there was a breathless silence in the audience, to hear what was coming. 'Now,' says he, 'comes the remainder of my text: "But know that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." ' "

So the sermon ended in an unsparing flourish against the wicked, a thorough recounting of all the succulent details of damnation, till it was interrupted by the "mourners' " cries of "What shall I do to be saved?"

Those who attempted to imitate the method of this master at the art of bringing the unregenerate to a realization of their wretchedness, failed. And as they failed to re-enact his daring originality, so even the efforts to reproduce his soul-harrying technique on paper are incomplete. Peter Parley has recorded parts of two sermons as he remembered them, adding the Yankee tang of Lorenzo's speech. One was on "falling from grace," the other a defense of the Methodists against Presbyterian attack. In the discourse on backsliding, preached from the first verse of the second chapter of Hebrews, he took as his object lesson a character who was well known in the neighborhood.

"Now, my brethren," he continued, after introducing his text and enlarging the argument, "let me take a case and a very likely one to happen. Nay, I'm not at all sure it hasn't happened, and not a hundred miles off. Well,

here is Major Smith, who becomes convarted. He joins the Church and is safe as a codfish, pickled, packed and in port. Of course his calling and election are sure. He can't let 'em slip. He can't fall from grace—not he! Don't be too certain of that, my brethren! Don't be too sure of that, Major!

"I say nothing ag'in the character of Major Smith, mind you. He is a very fair sort of man as the world goes. Nevertheless they do say that he was in the habit of taking, now and then, a glass or two more than was good for him. He was fond of a warm gin toddy, especially of a cold day, for he was subject to wind in the stomach; and then in order to settle his toddy he would take a glass of flip, and then to settle his flip, he'd take a glass of toddy, ag'in. These he usually took in the afternoon and in Northrup's Tavern.

"But as I say, one day Major Smith was convarted, and taken into the church, and so he must reform. He must give up toddy and flip at Northrup's Tavern, and he has given them all up, for he is perfectly sincere, mind you. Well, some six weeks later on the afternoon of a cold blustering day in December, he happens to be passing by Northrup's Tavern. Just at that time, as the devil will have it—for the devil is always looking out for a chance—his old friend and bottle companion, Nate Seymour, comes to the door, and sees the Major. Well, the latter rides up and they shake hands, and talk over the news and finally Nate says, 'Won't you come in a minute, Major?'

"Now as I tell you it's a cold winter's day and the Major says he'll just get down and warm his fingers.

He won't drink anything of course, but he thinks it best not to break all at once with his old friends, for they may say he's proud. Perhaps he'll have a chance to say a word in season to someone. So he goes in, and, as it happens, Nate just then puts the red hot poker into a mug of flip. How it bubbles and simmers and foams. What a nice odor it does send forth into the room. And just then the landlord grates in a little nutmeg. What a pleasant sound is that to poor, shivering human nater, on a cold day in December!

"Well, Nate takes it and hands it to the Major. The Major says to himself, 'I'll just put it to my lips so as not to seem frumptious and unreasonable, but I won't drink any.' So he takes it, and it feels mighty warm and nice to his cold fingers. He looks at it; its fumes rise to his nostrils; he remembers the joys of other days; he puts it to his lips!

"Well, and what then? Oh nothing, my brethren, only I tell you, that elect or no elect, that is a very slippery moment for the Major!"

From the accusation, brought forward at a camp meeting, that the Methodists were mere enthusiasts like the New Lights, an offshoot of Presbyterianism and the Great Revival, the Cosmopolite defended his church with another familiar illustration.

"Now, my friends, you all know we are called New Lights. It is said that we have in us a false fire which throws out a glare only to deceive and mislead the people. They say we are actuated by the spirit of the devil instead of the spirit of religion. Well, no matter what they say; no matter what they call us: the question is, whether we

have the real fire or the false fire? I say we have got the real fire and the old church-and-state Presbyterians have got the false fire. That's what I say and I'll prove it.

"There is in Nater, no doubt, as well as in religion, both false fire and true fire; the first is rotten wood which shines in the night. You often see it among the roots and stumps of old decayed trees. But you may pile it as high as a haystack and it won't make a pot boil. Now ain't that like the old sleepy decayed Presbyterians? But as to the true fire, if you take a few kindlings, and put 'em under a kittle, and put some water in the kittle, and then set the kindlings on fire, you'll see something, won't you? Well: what will you see? Why the water begins to wallop and wallop and wallop! Well, suppose you had never seen water bile before—you'd say the devil was in it, wouldn't you? Of course you would. Now, it is just so with this carnal generation—the old-school, the rotten-wood, the false-fire people—they see us moved with the truth fire of religion and they say the devil's in it—because they never saw it before and don't understand it. Thus it is they call us New Lights. No wonder, for they have nothing but false fire in their hearts."

With such unanswerable arguments as this, the Cosmopolite was ready for any emergency. Jacob Young also tells of another difficult situation met with triumphant skill, and in which his ardent devotion to Methodism and American liberty were displayed side by side as his highest ideals. It was at a camp meeting, on a hot summer day. The crowd in the grove was growing restless, and the deluge of doctrine and exhortation from the preachers' stand failed to arouse a sign of any emotion

in their blank and perspiring faces. There was an undertone of murmured conversation, broken but rarely by the sudden "Hallelujahs" and "Amens" of attentive saints. Babies wailed miserably. The impromptu police, which every camp meeting organized against the inevitable alcoholic and amorous amusements, stood in various attitudes and places, eying uneasily a group of mounted ruffians who were riding slowly and ominously around the encampment. From the grog stand beyond the surrounding huts and tents and wagons there were heard sporadic outbursts of unholy revelry. A young dandy, in a bright blue coat and white trousers, no doubt, a tall beaver hat on his well-oiled locks, a whip in his hand, left his place among the men, and, in defiance of all decorum, strolled over and sat among the ladies. There were exclamations of indignation or jocose encouragement. The police advanced. A large and truculent squire, florid and self-important from the habitual exercise of his thirst, arose and angrily interrupted the preacher. The congregation was rapidly becoming excited and beyond control.

"Lorenzo Dow was lying sick in his tent," as Jacob Young relates the event. "When he saw the congregation was beyond my control, he rose and came into the pulpit. After standing and looking over the people a few moments, he ordered them, with authority, to hush and take their seats. In less than five minutes they were all quiet, and he began to talk about the American Revolution. This led him to take a summary view of the British colonies in North America, their first settlements and their long prosperity. He then touched handsomely on the relation between the colonies and the mother country.

This led him to explain what gave rise to the American Revolution. He then gave us a concise history of the war and its final termination, showing at the same time what we had gained by the Revolution, saying we were now the happiest people on the globe. Here he became animated, enlarging upon our civil and religious liberty. He proceeded to remark that when God confers great privileges on a nation, he holds her responsible for all that she enjoys, and that where the privileges are abused, sometimes they are turned into the heaviest curses. He stated many facts to show that we were abusing the Divine favor —he repeated the Constitution of the United States and showed that there was a bright analogy between the Constitution and the sun. As the sun keeps every planet and satellite in its orbit, so the Constitution keeps every state and territory in order and harmony. He described the prerogatives and duties of all officers, from the President down to the justice of the peace. He repeated the oath of office—that which binds each to support the Constitution of the United States and of the state or territory in which the officer lives. Turning to the Methodist Church, he showed what it had done and was doing for the United States. He showed the wonderful doings of Methodist preachers, their lives and sacrifices; that they were good citizens, always prompt to obey the laws of the land and were doing more now for their country than any other body of men in the United States; and that any man who would interrupt a Methodist preacher while in the discharge of his high office, was a mean, low-lived scoundrel, and that any Esquire that would do so was a perjured villain. He then repeated the oath of

office and then referred to the circumstance that had just taken place before their eyes, and asked what was the prospect in the Mississippi Territory, while they kept perjured villains in office." So the enemy was abashed and confounded and Methodism raised aloft in the triumphant conclusion.

Lorenzo, fearless and self-possessed, was always the master of such a situation. Feeble as he was, he could manage the rowdies and grog sellers who gathered at camp meetings. This class could almost always be kept from showing violence to preachers by a dignified and resolute bearing on their part; and Lorenzo knew the secret well, walking among them "like a lion among the beasts of the field," outwitting them on all occasions and often indulging in practical jokes at their expense. Every large camp meeting organized its police, but this body was too often little more than an enticement to the minions of Satan to try their strength. On one occasion, when the bullies had gathered under a leader and threatened not only to break up the meeting, but to lynch the Cosmopolite, Lorenzo went to them in person, with Peggy on his arm. He mounted a stump and preached them a short sermon. And whether from his own eloquence or the softening presence of his little spouse, he won over the leader and several others, who escorted him safely back to camp.

The Methodist preacher was of necessity exposed to all sorts of sudden disorders. The "Recollections" of the Rev. Henry Smith records an amusing instance. A drunkard, sitting near the front, had been annoying the meeting by his loud groans and "Amens!" Finally, he ad-

dressed the preacher: "Sir, can you tell me whether a bumble-bee is a beast or a fowl?" At this crowning offense, he was seized by the guardians of the peace and hurried away to the village jail, not far distant. They had no sooner opened the door to drag him in, however, than the two prisoners inside dashed through and headed for the woods. The whole town was at once in an uproar, but the preacher continued undismayed, although only a a few of the faithful were left to hear him. A common torment devised by the wicked was to drop burning brimstone down the meeting-house chimney, to the great distress of the saints assembled within. As the preachers saw it, of course, all this was the immediate act of the devil, which vastly increased their feeling of self-importance and responsibility; if the disturbances were violent, it proved that Old Nick was more worried than usual for the safety of his kingdom. "*Satan* was very angry," Lorenzo wrote, "and by means of a few drunkards strove to make a rumpus or uproar." To be thus bedeviled was both a challenge and a compliment. Lorenzo was as versatile here as on the preachers' stand, and repeated his stratagems, like his sermons, with unfailing success. Remembering the triumph of his "Old Sam's Monument" after the block of wood had been flung at him through a window, further monuments were erected to the same worthy, and, with taunting wit, his minions defied to tear them down.

His unusual appearance, together with the common belief in supernatural events and powers, greatly assisted him in these encounters. This belief was further reinforced by the remarkable exercises of body and mind ac-

The Jerks, Lorenzo Leading the Demonstration

companying the Methodist conversions. Peter Cartwright was once observed, while mounting the preachers' stand, to take a small pill from a bottle. During the meeting that most common manifestation of the Divine interest in a soul, the jerks, appeared in a young lady, to the great anger and embarrassment of her two brothers. As soon as the service was over, they confronted Cartwright with horsewhips, for, said they, they had seen him eat the magic pill by which he gave their sister the jerks. Peter Cartwright, whose ready wit had saved him from many predicaments of this sort, at once produced the bottle, and threatened to set them both to jerking, at which they retreated with black looks on their faces and terror in their hearts. To those who, as Lorenzo put it, had never seen the "true fire," it seemed truly the casting of diabolical spells when Calvin Wooster or Benjamin Abbott or some other mighty man of Methodism—having wrought his congregation to a pitch of emotional excitement—could make them drop stiff and senseless one by one with a pointed finger or all together at a sweep of his arms, or set them suddenly jerking, barking, dancing and laughing; could fell them at a word when they sought to run away; could revive them to a joyous sense of salvation when they lay screaming, cursing and foaming at the mouth in the agonies of demoniac possession.

A lad who had been unable to speak from early childhood had once been miraculously cured, bursting into enraptured song, under Lorenzo's preaching, and many similar wonders accomplished. "I can do all things," he had once announced as his text, reading it solemnly from the open Bible before him. "No, Paul," he went on, wag-

ging his head as he addressed the sainted author of the words, "you are mistaken for once, and I'll bet you five dollars on it." With this Lorenzo drew a five dollar bill from his pocket and slapped it down on the book. After a pause, he read the remainder of his text, " 'through Christ which strengtheneth me.' Ah, Paul," he cried, snatching up the bill and poking it back into his trousers, "that's a very different matter. The bet's withdrawn." Although Lorenzo was not as formidable a master of hypnosis as many others, he could use the ready credulity of the people with startling effect. While jogging along a country road in South Carolina, it is related, his meditations were suddenly interrupted by the sound of a tin horn, the familiar camp-meeting assembly call, although there was no meeting in the neighborhood that day; yet the rendition had been given with such force that it echoed back from the surrounding hills. Bye and bye, he came upon the source of the disturbance, a small pickaninny sitting by the roadside, rolling his eyes and puffing his cheeks as he wound out another tremendous blast on the horn. Lorenzo asked the little imp its name, and was told that it was Gabriel. At this, a plan immediately formed itself in the fertile brain of the eccentric Cosmopolite.

"Well, Gabriel," said he, "have you ever been to Church Hill?"

"Yes, Massa, I'se been dere."

"Do you remember a big spread pine tree on the hill?"

"Oh, yes, Massa, I knows dat tree."

"Do you know that Lorenzo Dow has an appointment to preach under that tree tomorrow?"

"Oh, yes, Massa, eberybody knows dat."

"Well, Gabriel, if you'll take your horn and climb into that tree tomorrow morning, and hide yourself among the branches before the people begin to gather, and wait there till I call your name, and then blow your horn as you blew it a minute ago, I'll give you a dollar. Will you do it, Gabriel?"

The sermon, of course, was devoted to the stirring subject of the Day of Judgment. Christ was described upon His throne, an endless glory of angels round about. He told of the demons of hell that would be grovelling in chains, and the vast concourse of human souls kneeling before the awesome majesty of the Judge. Then would the witnesses appear and the four great books be opened. Step by step, the procedure of the great court of last appeal was followed through.

"Then suppose, my dying friends," he cried at the culmination of the scene, "suppose that this should be the very hour. Suppose that at this moment you should hear the sound of *Gabriel's* trumpet!"

And at that moment, from the tree beneath which the preacher stood, a re-echoing trumpet blast rent the air. Amid howls of fear and screams for mercy the congregation went down as if a charge of dynamite had been exploded above them. When they had recovered to a realization of the hoax, men hastened with whips and belts to give the nigger his flogging.

"I forbid all persons touching the boy up there," the Cosmopolite shouted above the clamor for revenge. "If a colored boy with a tin horn can frighten you out of your wits, what will you do when you hear the trumpet thun-

der of the archangel? How will you be able to stand in the great day of the wrath of God?"

An old lady of Connecticut, who remembered the wanderer, has added her mite to the records of his fame in the brief statement that he "looked like the very devil." Lorenzo was aware that the holy beard which held him apart from the world might be thus unfavorably regarded, and used the impression to his purpose. It is related that a wagoner, urging his long team up a hill, was adding to the creak and grinding of his wheels, the stamping of hoofs and crack of his whip, a most blasphemous outpouring of profanity, after the manner of teamsters in all generations. In the midst of a cataract of venomous and diabolical imprecations, there suddenly appeared from behind his wagon the lank and bearded, black-cloaked figure, mounted on a lean horse which, considering its condition, was travelling at an unnatural speed. Without a trace of any emotion upon his face, the stranger as he came alongside reached out and offered the wagoner a dollar if he would continue to curse and swear in the same manner for the rest of his life. This was easy money for the wagoner, and he took the silver at once. In a few minutes the man on the lean horse had vanished over the hill. Then upon the blasphemer came a terrible apprehension: *Who was this black hairy man?* What mortal would come as from nowhere, pay money for such a purpose, and vanish again like a shadow? Thus in one soul, otherwise forever foreign to religion, was installed that heart-shivering dread which led into conversion.

The public, bewildered by the skill of this nimble downeaster, could not imagine the scope of his wizard-

ries to be confined to affairs of the soul. His holy calling merely raised him the higher, in their eyes, above the common level of witch doctors, with their peep stones and hazel rods and herbs and muttered charms. A familiar story tells how Lorenzo was roused from his bed in a tavern in western Virginia by the landlord, who explained that one of the crowd of men in the barroom below had lost his purse. With Lorenzo Dow in the house, he of course ran upstairs to fetch him down, begging him to hurry and pick out the thief before the drinkers turned to violence. The preacher entered the barroom, but his quick eyes detected no guilty face.

"Have any left the room since you lost your money?" he asked.

"None," replied the man who had been robbed.

"Then," said he to the landlady, "go and bring me your large dinner pot." This he set on the floor in the middle of the room.

"Now bring me the old red cock from the roost." Turning the pot upside down, he placed the rooster beneath it.

"Let the doors be fastened and the lights blown out."

"Now every man in the room must pass and rub his hands against the pot, and when the guilty man touches it the cock will crow." They filed past in the dark, each reaching down as he passed the pot, but not a sound did the bird utter. Someone had cheated, said Lorenzo, and he examined all their hands. On one pair there were no traces of soot, and this man was proclaimed guilty, as a search and confession proved true.

On another occasion, while the holy man was travel-

ling through Maryland, a poor man came to him saying that his donkey had been stolen, and would Lorenzo find it for him? Lorenzo protested that he had no such power, but as the man obviously did not believe him and only begged the louder, he finally said that he would do what he could. He asked whether anyone was suspected, and learned that the man who was probably guilty would be sure to be at his next meeting, for all the neighborhood would attend. This assurance was all that the godly detective required.

On the morrow, when he rose to preach he carried with him a stone, handy in size and shape for a missile. This he laid on the hand board beside the Bible. When the sermon was ended, he announced that a donkey had been stolen and that, after turning around three times, he would throw the stone at the thief's head. He then turned slowly twice around, and the third time with great fury and a threatening gesture of his arm. At this, the thief ducked his head below the pew.

"Now," said Lorenzo, "I won't expose you any further, but if you don't leave that donkey where you got it I will publish you tomorrow." and the kidnapped animal was forthwith returned.

This is similar to the adventure of the stolen axe. An axe had been stolen, and of course there were few who doubted that Lorenzo could find the thief if he would. After the sermon, the preacher announced the theft and the fact that the guilty man was in the congregation, and who, he observed as if in substantiation of his knowledge, had at that moment a small feather on his nose. The quick eye of the Cosmopolite readily detected the thief's motion

to brush away the feather. Despairing of escape, the man confessed.

The Cosmopolite never deliberately put himself forward as a magician, but he was already beginning to dabble in that insidious hobby which had ruined the career of many an inspired itinerant—prophecy. His dabbling, indeed, began early in his ministry, as one must assume that there was some basis for the assertions in this regard in Snethen's warning letter to the Irish. To one who listens to inward voices and notes eagerly every little sign that might have foreshadowed events, it is difficult to believe that Providence does not throw a beam of light into the future for the guidance of the faithful. The Bible, too, affords substantial authority, and finally, there is the obstinate refusal of human nature to believe that chance is chance. Lorenzo was an interested student of dreams. He had come to the conclusion that some were from God, through the medium of His angels and saints, some from the devil, and some were echoes of past events or offshoots of a disordered body or a troubled conscience. Through the first, he was almost continually in touch with the Director of the universe.

His mind, apparently, worked largely through the subconscious; fears and memories he could not consciously recall formed themselves into prophetic dreams. And the rest was chance and imagination, for he dreamed much. Turning back again to the Cosmopolite's return to America in the spring of 1807, it was then of all times in his life that he most needed an inward guide and comforter.

CHAPTER X

FROM CHICIMAW TO THE CITY OF PEACE

ON the voyage," as that person confided to his Journal, "Cosmopolite frequently felt a *foreboding* of approaching *trials*—and a secret conviction as though all was not well at the Mississippi—which he expressed more than once or twice." Before his departure from Ireland, moreover, a lady had come to him in great perturbation and related a dream in which she envisioned, Lorenzo tells us, "that I had wings, and could roam at pleasure where I pleased: at length I lit down on a *certain* place, and the more I strove to get out, the deeper I sunk down in the black mire. Then she waked up with a degree of horror." God does not send warning angels for nought, and trials indeed awaited this forlorn minister of His word. Only three things carried him through the ensuing tribulations: his faith, his Peggy, and his Journals, which were selling remarkably well.

Dark omens, however, and gloomy forebodings haunting the mind of the Cosmopolite failed to shake his zeal of Zion's kingdom. He had been greatly weakened by his illness in England, but rather than abandon his "element and Paradise," he buckled himself into a stiff leather jacket, that he might ride on horseback; and when this failed, he bought a small buggy. For several years there-

after, his strength often failed him in the middle of a sermon, and he had to lie down for a while before he could finish it.

In this abject condition, Lorenzo joined his rib at Richmond, and they set out together in the buggy for New England. One can picture this curious couple bouncing side by side over the rutted country roads as fast as their skeleton of an old horse could stagger, holding meetings here and there where little congregations had gathered in answer to an appointment. Their destination was Coventry, where Peggy was introduced for the first time to Lorenzo's father, and where they dwelt for a short while.

Immediately on his return, Lorenzo had plunged into the fray with the arch-enemy, Nicholas Snethen. He published a history of the whole affair, from the mysterious warning of Daddy Blades to the unfortunate outcome of Snethen's effort to hinder the course of religion, and the ultimate triumph of truth. His attack was reinforced by the opinion of a large number of "official characters" of the Irish Methodist connection—chiefly of the lesser ranks—that the letter "was written in a bad spirit by a wicked man." Snethen was then a rising power in the Church. He was also a convincing speaker. Jacob Young "thought he was one of the most interesting gospel ministers I had ever heard." Even Lorenzo, in 1804, had admitted his ability. "Oh! what an alteration in the man for the better!" he observed. "He once was a pleasant speaker to the ear, but little energy to the heart, until God knocked him down twice at a camp meeting, and gave him such a baptism as he never felt before; however, spiritual bless-

ings may be abused through unfaithfulness to the Divine Spirit, and what we need there is of our practicing the apostle's caution, *'if any man think he standeth, let him take heed lest he fall.'* "

When the dispute had become a public matter, the Bishop appointed a committee to investigate, "persons that had *never seen me*, nor never saw the letter," complains the agrieved wanderer; "of course incapable of forming a correct judgment." The Committee exonerated Snethen from any guilt and scolded Lorenzo Dow for publishing the letter. Furthermore, it was ordered that the culprit be excluded from all Methodist meeting houses. This ruling as in England was not effective everywhere; some preachers remained friendly and invited Lorenzo to preach to their congregations, at other times he merely usurped pulpits for a day—even his friends had to admit that he lacked any sense of common courtesy —taking it for granted that people were more anxious to hear the eccentric Cosmopolite than their regular pastor. The significance of the Church's act was that it ended forever the truant's hope of official recognition. He only was still blind to the utter impossibility of an accord between himself and any organization.

"The *Discipline* had prevented my being a local preacher and given up to the work," he complained. "And my heart expanded beyond the bounds of a *circuit*; and to a *Missionary* life in the bounds of a Conference, it was objected to, as being a bad precedent; although they afterwards adopted it, and admitted others, after refusing it to me!"

His confidence in all that he had held sacred vanished.

That individuals within the Church could do wrong he had believed, but such injustice from a Conference had seemed inconceivable, although he had been long used to the disapproval of this body. "My sleep was gone," he informed the world, "and my desire for food was fled."

"Here the *enemy* of souls took the opportunity to reason me out of the belief in all religion whatever; and had it not been for past enjoyments, and the *witness* of God in my own soul, I think it is possible that I should have become an established Deist." He would have made a better Deist than Methodist, but the temptation could have been but a slight one.

Angered at the contemptuous attitude of the Church and her attempt to restrain his course, he took refuge as usual in publicity. But he was now matched not only against a man of high standing and influence, but the leaders of the Church as well; he might possibly command a larger audience than they, but his statements would carry infinitely less authority. For the first time in his life he faced the fact that eccentricities could be a hindrance as well as a source of strength. Besides excusing as much of his singularity as could be laid to ill health, however, he did not attempt to retrace his steps. With a sermon on the Golden Rule which, he notes with satisfaction, "gave great offense," he began a long and venomous assault on the whole Methodist Church, in the course of a few years striking the most damning blow of all, a close comparison, in parallel columns, to the Roman Catholic system. He continued to preach Methodist doctrine, with a few additional flourishes of his own, but proudly disclaimed any sectarian tie whatever; it was a good position to take, for

people were growing weary of petty, unendable quarrels among the sects.

While this momentous dispute was still in its initial stages, he set out from Coventry for the land of dim foreboding, the Mississippi Territory. Peggy, finding the journey too wearisome, took the sea route, and arrived considerably later than her husband. His destination was the new home of Hannah and Smith Miller. Miller, whose congenital hankering for a trade had always been graced by an utter inability to get the best of a bargain, had built a sawmill on land which was not his, although the owners had given their consent. Complications arose, and the mill seat, together with a large tract of land about it, was bought by Lorenzo for several thousand dollars. The whole affair is greatly obscured by his air of discreet mystery and his anxiety to prove that he bought the land not for worldly gain, but to assist ungrateful friends. The outcome was the loss of all the profits of his books, heavy debts, a mill with a broken dam, and a nation-wide reputation on the verge of complete ruin.

One last calamity completed this tale of woe, and disgrace. Like the others, it had been mysteriously heralded in his sleep. The much-enduring Hannah, albeit more than forty years of age, had been tempted into sin by a young man who had been taken into the family. The neighbors at this time frequently took an active part in dealing with affairs of the heart that were considered too informal in character—laid a plot to discover her guilt, and succeeded in doing so. Miller, however, having always been more or less supported by his wife, and perhaps moved by the scarcity of women on the frontier,

forgave her readily enough. But on the approach of Lorenzo, whose stern morality would have ended the affair forever, the lovers fled together into Spanish territory. When Lorenzo found the lady obdurate in her apostasy, he sternly advised her "to read the counsel of *Jeremiah* to Zedekiah, on their *last* interview, and look at the sequel, and make the *application*, at which she wept as we parted." Within a few months of this solemn separation, she died. Hannah had always had the reputation of an unusually pious woman, and her downfall was considered a great victory for irreligion. Peggy goes so far as to assert that the affair was engineered for this very purpose by a combination of Deists in the neighborhood. The bulk of the ignominy, nevertheless, fell upon the Cosmopolite's far-flung name.

To accentuate the burden of these many woes, he was attacked by "spasms of a remarkable kind"—his old disorder with a renewed fury. For a while it was thought that he was dying. But besides his devoted rib, only a family of unbelievers who lived nearby had come to assist him. Peggy, too, was unwell. In this distressing situation, for the first time in his twelve long years of wandering, the Cosmopolite made himself a home. Their Journals quaintly describe the novel happening. Lorenzo could only present the harrowing tragedy of the adventure.

"Thus after spending the bloom of youth in the service of others, for Zion's welfare—and now, in the greatest time of affliction to be forsaken of *friends,* was a feeling that cannot be well described—turned out as an old dog who hath lost his teeth.

'But where *reason* fails, there *faith begins*—
'For man's *extremity* is God's *opportunity*.'

"As the last retreat Cosmopolite retired into a *Cane Brake*, at the foot of a large hill, where was a beautiful spring, which he named *'Chicimaw spring'**—by which he got a small cabin made of split poles, where the bear and wolf, *tyger,* &c. &c. with all kinds of serpents in N. America, abound. This was an agreeable retreat from the pursuing foe—there to await and see what God the Lord would do!

"Once he met three animals, when going to a neighboring house, upon a by-way, which he hacked out through the cane—he told them to get out, and chinked his tins together—one took to the left and two to the right a few feet, and he passed between, when they closed behind—he enquired if Mr. *Neal* had bee nthere, having seen his *bull dogs*. The family, on hearing their description, replied that they were WOLVES!"

Much as she adored her Lorenzo, the roving life was not for Peggy. All her mundane hopes and joys were domestic, and to be his housekeeper, even in a hut in the southern wilderness, was a joy to her heart.

"There was a tract of land," she wrote, "lying in the midst of a thick *Cane-brake,* on which was a beautiful spring of water, breaking out at the foot of a large hill, which some person had told Lorenzo of: the soil belonged to the *United States*, and the cane was almost impenetrable, from thirty to forty feet high; and likewise it was inhabited by wild beasts of *prey,* of various kinds, and

* Good spring.

serpents of the most poisonous nature. Notwithstanding these gloomy circumstances, Lorenzo got a man to go with him to look at it, to see if it would do for an asylum for us to fly to, provided we could get a little cabin erected near the spring. After he had taken a survey of the place, he concluded to make a trial, and employed a man accordingly to put up a small log *cabin*, within ten or twelve feet of the spring, which he did, after cutting down the cane for to set it—a way was made through from a public road to the spot, so that we could ride on horseback or go on foot. We obtained a few utensils for keeping house, and in *March* we removed to our little place of residence, in the wilderness, or rather it appeared like the habitation of some *exiles*;—but it was a sweet place to me—I felt I was at home, and many times the Lord was precious to my soul."

"The wilderness appeared almost like a paradise to me!" she wrote. Later, they moved to the cabin of a backslider from religion, a Philadelphian, who, with his wife and child, had found refuge in the wilderness from an angry host of creditors. The burden of the household fell on Peggy's shoulders, although Lorenzo eased the weight a trifle by persuading the defaulter to return and face his debts. The man, after accomplishing about half of the long journey, lapsed again from grace and turned back. At this time, however, as the cup of his sorrows brimmed over, matters began to mend.

In the first place, the Cosmopolite dreamed a dream. During a last attack of his peculiar disorder, which those about him expected would be fatal, an auspicious vision lightened his long distress of mind.

"A *gathering* in the side of Cosmopolite for some time, now began to ripen, and finally burst in the cavity of the body, between the bowels and skin, and he expected to die; but falling asleep, he dreamed that he was in a mill-race, below the wheel, and the water was as clear as crystal—but the bottom and sides were a *quicksand*, so that there was nothing to seize hold of or to stand on for the possibility of relief: thus situated he drifted with the stream toward the ocean nearby, where was a *whirlpool* of vast depth. People were sitting on the banks, merrily diverted to see him drift, without offering any assistance. However, a little man in *white* raiment, ran down to the stream, waded in up to his chin, between the current and whirlpool in the *eddy*, and stooping over, reached as far as he could, seized him by the edge of his garment and dragged him to shore, where a gentleman opened his house, invited him to the parlor, where the lady made the necessary arrangement for his relief in food and raiment, &c., then he was shewn a convenient room where he was left to compose himself to rest;—in the mean time those people on the bank merrily diverted themselves, saying 'he has *lost* one *shoe* in the river, and will never be able to *travel* and preach again'—but in the morning to the surprise of all, *both* shoes were found safe in the dining room, though the doors were shut and locked all night."

Not many weeks thereafter, Jacob Young came to the Territory, through Natchez to Pine Ridge, where the Cosmopolite had made his hermitage. Like many another, he had been unfavorably prejudiced by the joust with Nicholas Snethen and the reproaches which Lorenzo had

cast upon the Church. They met, and Young was not only completely convinced of the justice of the Dow side of the case, but a lasting friendship was established between them. To the Methodist preacher, the meeting seemed a special act of Providence, for he and his colleagues were hotly engaged in argument with the Presbyterians of the locality and had as yet found no able champion. "In conversation," wrote Young of his new friend, "he reminded me of a fast running horse that had been long used to the track. They had thrown down the challenge, and Lorenzo took it up." And the devil, in a campaign of three months, was completely vanquished. All was peace and harmony in the Methodist ranks, and when the victory was won, the local brotherhood gathered to help Lorenzo rebuild his mill dam, so that ere long this lean and shaggy hewer of Calvinists was busy sawing timber.

Although he had been travelling almost continuously in the Territory, he had now at last a temporary home. And indignant as he was at the current rumors of his having acquired great wealth, he had nevertheless found a hankering for a settled life and a career of worldly but thoroughly unapostolic gain. As he regained stability and confidence, his shattered ambitions were reforming on a grander scale than ever before—partly toward temporal riches, partly toward a greater importance and grandeur in religion than he had ever envisioned theretofore. In support of these swelling aspirations, his confidence rose higher than ever before; there were no longer doubts as to the divine justification of his acts, nor any test to prove the authentic inspiration. He felt what he called "a sweet inward peace of mind," but it rarely manifested itself in

outward calm. Feelings and desires of the moment were confused with ideals; his defensive position, instead of a return to spirituality, brought only a more irascible complacency.

He had dreamed much during his period of tribulation in the South, but only one prophetic vision remained unfulfilled. Time, with her customary neatness, was to fit it to his career as a whole. He noted it later in his Journal:

"More than a year ago, I dreamed that we were on the shore in the Low Lands—where about twelve o'clock at night the great ocean presented to view *before* without bounds, and the awful cavalry pursuers were in the *rear*, and destruction to the uttermost awaited us if we staid there until day. I saw a batteau, without sails, oars or rudder, in which I said we must embark as the only alternative, and leave the event to God; and putting in our trunk, for it was present with my papers, and all we had: Peggy stepped in, and as I shoved it off stepped in myself; the *motion* of which, with the *wind* and *tide*, took us out of sight of land before day. A porpoise rose and struck the gunnel of the boat and broke in a part, which admitted the waves to dash in, and the boat began to fill. I said, 'We are lost—there is no hope, but to commit ourselves to God, and hang our *souls* upon him!'

"Just then a fine large ship presented to view, and was immediately alongside; and seeing our danger, flung us a rope, to which we fastened the trunk and so were drawn into the ship, as the boat just then filled and went down! There were three ladies in the cabin who served us with

a dish of warm coffee or tea; for we were wet and very much chilled. I could eat but little, from the gratitude to the great Disposer of all events for our late deliverance from the danger of the sea, and our dreadful pursuers. I asked the captain where he was from, and bound to? He said, 'From *Ireland*—have been to the *West Indies*—am sailing to JERUSALEM.' While reflecting on the subject, and the probability that my pursuers would not hear of me for years, if ever, I waked up all in a flood of tears! What it means, I know not, time must unfold it!"

Eventually, the Cosmopolite was again on the long road, leaving Peggy behind him. As far as the folk in homespun were concerned, he found it easy to live down his past misfortunes and to recover most of his old ascendancy. They had to confess that whether the rumors of his wealth were true or false, he did himself proud in the pulpit, was a prime hand at praying with the mourners and smart as a steel trap in handling the camp-meeting crowds. He was now but rarely "Crazy Dow." For them, his foreign conquests had added a new glamor to his name, and they were pleased by the fiery invectives against popery which his Irish experiences had inspired. And from the mere fact of his great fame, he was assisted from place to place, given generous presents, and always found a welcome at night. So much was he plagued with personal questions, however, that he published all the most frequently committed interrogations, with answers, in a pamphlet entitled "A Dialogue between Curious and Singular." There were many preachers, moreover, in all the creeds, who were kind to him still. Jesse Lee, the great

champion of the Methodist invasion of New England, who for many years was chaplain to Congress, allowed him to preach in the capital. To his surprise, some of the Presbyterians opened their meeting houses to him, and "appeared like very pious men, with the spirit of liberality!"

One sees Lorenzo's fearless dexterity at its best in the famous incident of Sister Fidelity and the keg of West India rum. This notable encounter took place in the state of Kentucky and at about this stage in his career. It shows the subtlety and cleverness of the Yankee in contrast with the blunt straightforwardness of the pioneer. John Barnard has left an admirable description of the backwoodsman as he found him in 1800. "I must say," he wrote, "that when clad in their green hunting shirts, with deerskin caps and leggings, their muscular altitude fully displayed in the free handling of their long rifles, they presented the most picturesque appearance I had ever seen. I soon perceived in them some decided characteristics, such as sharp insight into character, a ceaseless suspicion and a quiet humor. They had a mode of leaning on their guns and surveying a stranger which struck me as singularly intelligent. It had nothing of the common vulgar vacuity of the seashoreman; it implied conviction, not inquiry; a look that said not 'Who are you?' but 'I know you!' "

Lorenzo's, however, was a complex character which this youthful insight of the frontiersman could not always comprehend, even when his unusual appearance did not arouse prejudice against him. The Westerner's conclusions, moreover, were acted upon as quickly as they were

formed, as with the lean buckskin who, within half an hour of the meeting at which James Finley had given his wife the jerks, was lying in ambush with a silver bullet in his rifle to shoot the preacher who had bewitched her. As wary and as ready to act was the Kentuckian at whose cabin the shaggy downeaster found hospitality before the occasion of Sister Fidelity and the keg of West India rum.

Fidelity was an antiquated slave woman, a great worker in religion and magic among her people. The ceremonies at which she presided were invariably at night and of a highly tempestuous nature. It was after Lorenzo had made himself comfortable on the best bed of the cabin, the children, the dogs, the pet lamb and the sick calf disposed around him among the crude furniture of the place and his hosts about to retire to their corner, that the man of the house jocularly remarked that it was too bad he wasn't going to the big nigger meeting down in the grove.

Lorenzo sat up in bed with a rustle of straw and oak leaves, unwound his blanket and reached for his coat and shoes. He often found solace and pleasure among the "people of color," and not only preached to them, but had defended them against the whites at the risk of his own skin in such strongholds of southern aristocracy as Charleston and Savannah. If there was a big meeting nearby, he meant to attend it. Without a word, he twisted a torch of bark, lighted it in the coals under the kettle, and set out through the woods, guided, as he neared the place, by the wailing and shouting of the worshippers.

The strange, flame-lit apparition emerging from the shadows of the forest, however, struck such immediate

terror into the hearts of the excited blacks, that, save for the crackling of underbrush and the grunting and groaning of fugitives on the far side of the grove, Lorenzo entered to find himself alone—alone in the presence of Sister Fidelity and a newly broached cask of West India rum. Within a few moments the silent embarrassment of this picturesque trio was relieved by the arrival of two persons, the tall, lean figure of Lorenzo's host, rifle on arm, and a neighboring slave owner, whom one may imagine as a short, stocky man in coarse boots and watch coat, with long hair, a bristly beard, a very red nose, a lantern and a whip. One had come to keep an eye on his guest and the other to see what his niggers were up to, and the interest of both concentrated at once on the keg of West India rum. They advanced on the barrel, examined, smelled and tasted from the tips of their fingers. West India rum, if only by virtue of its long journey from the coast, was a rarity in the land of corn liquor. How it came to be in the negro meeting was one question and what to do with it was another. The Cosmopolite became the center of dark suspicions. Sister Fidelity rolled over on her back in a trance.

"Well," said the stocky man, "you're a dodger, ain't ye?"

"Tarnal cute, for a preacher," drawled the woodsman. "He's a sly old he-biddy, he is." Lorenzo's mouth hardened and his eyes narrowed.

"The all-firedest impudent cuss I ever seen," said the stocky man, cracking his whip, "and drot my skin if I don't try him for a cool dig or two."

"Impudent as a wolf," said the woodsman. "Sucks his

jug with the niggers, I guess." Surveying them closely with his sharp little eyes, Lorenzo spoke.

"Down in the Mississippi Territory," he observed, "they say you can tell a man, good or bad, tolerable well by what he carries. Now here is a man with a gun and a man with a whip. Which is thinking of fair play and which is thinking of a long swig of black strap?"

"I mean fair play," said the man with the gun, "and I want to know where in creation you and the niggers came by that kag?"

"He's a low-living scoundrel, this here," said the man with the whip. "The sooner you and I lays him under the better. He's a horse thief, he is, and a liquor thief, and a squaw man from the injun country, by his face. What in tarnation does *he* carry under his coat?"

"A Bible," said the Cosmopolite, solemnly drawing one from his pocket, "but I reckon that doesn't mean much to you. Now you tell me just what you and this particular friend of yours are going to do."

"Oh, this ain't no particular friend of mine," drawled the man with the gun.

"I ain't, ain't I?" said the other, "and what in tarnation are you to me? I reckon I could grease you for fair if I let myself."

At this the woodsman squared himself and sot his triggers for an argument, allowing that he came to see fair play and he wouldn't knock under to no man nohow. Thus Lorenzo applied himself to the delicate task of kicking up a ruckery, till his two accusers were flinging curses back and forth, swearing by all creation to slit noses, clip ears and skin one another alive. The stocky man was

backing away from his brawny opponent, shaking his whip and clutching his lantern.

"You with the whip," Lorenzo inquired, "let me ask you this: 'Who scared the blacks away?' "

"He done it, I reckon," drawled the woodsman, accusingly. "He's the nigger driver. There weren't none here when I came."

"*He* done it!" yelled the stocky man, pointing at Lorenzo. To this the Cosmopolite placidly agreed, as he did so raising his leg and in one long kick tilting the barrel over on the prostrate form of its priestess.

"That's what I came for," he said, "and now I calculate I'll go back to bed."

While her Lorenzo was touring his northern and western dominions, Peggy continued peacefully at Pine Ridge. She "joined society," in order to share her hopes and fears with the neighboring Methodists, and seldom left her home, save to attend one of their meetings. It was while she was recovering from the ague and fever which had attacked her every summer in the Territory, that Lorenzo, from an absence of twelve months and six days, returned to her.

The Cosmopolite brought his rib north to the hot springs of Virginia, where, whether from the climate or the waters, her health rapidly improved. Peggy's relation of the journey eastward out of the Territory shows how fearless and capable a traveller Lorenzo had become. The country was wild in the extreme, much of it uninhabited, save by Indians and half-breeds. At night, when there was no settler's cabin to shelter them, they hobbled their horses, supped on coffee and biscuits by their fire

and slept in their blankets with only the forest foliage above them. Through miles of gloomy wilderness, across a great slough called "the hell-hole," the Tombigbee River and Murder Creek, they came at last to Georgia in December. He had intended to buy a small house for her at Lynchburg, still intending to travel himself as long as strength permitted, but, greatly to her disappointment, abandoned the project, giving as his reason the fear of new rumors that he was seeking wealth. Leaving her in the salutary atmosphere of the Virginia highlands, he turned north again into New England, gathering everywhere trophies of his homiletic prowess.

That he should have been in the North in 1812 must have been a cruel disappointment, as this was the year of the great earthquakes in the southern Mississippi Valley. The first shock, indeed, came in December, 1811, but a few weeks after his departure from the Territory. Little actual damage was done, and the upheaval, moreover, was not solely topographical. There was a tremendous rush of all the inhabitants into religion, for it was firmly believed that the mighty rumblings and shakings and the peculiar behavior of the great river were but the forerunners of God's approaching judgment. Preachers flocked to the stricken area to gather in the sheep and to taste for themselves the thrill of a divine manifestation. Wild excitement prevailed. The Rev. James Finley was lodging in a cabin filled with frontiersmen hardened in sin, when another thunderous convulsion set the earth to trembling beneath them. He leapt to the table crying, "For the great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?" Not one of those about him surely,

for they fell groaning or unconscious to the floor. Valentine Cook, when the tremors began one night, fell from his bed and made for the door, and when his wife seized his nightgown and besought him not to leave her, rushed on, shouting, "If my Lord is coming, I can wait for no one!" It was a glorious time while it lasted, but one can only imagine what might have passed had Lorenzo's solemn figure been upon the scene.

The other great disturbance which broke forth in that year, the war with England, confirmed his fear for the safety of American democracy and his horror of warfare, and presented him with a new hero, later to become the center of all his hopes—Old Hickory, the victor of New Orleans.

The next two years the Cosmopolite passed in hurried rovings through the North and West. In the autumn of 1814, he brought Peggy from Virginia to Philadelphia, where they passed the winter as the guests of Benedict Dorsey, a china merchant. In the late spring, he brought her to his father's house at Coventry. Peggy loved the old man, and as her waning strength made it impossible for her to keep pace with Lorenzo's rushing progress from appointment to appointment, it was here that she could live most happily without him.

Leaving this pious little housekeeper in the care of Humphrey Dow, the Cosmopolite pushed southwestward to the Mississippi, taking ship at New Orleans for the West Indies, and thence returning to Philadelphia early in the fall of 1816. Of the adventurous proceedings of this fateful autumn and winter, the journals contain but a few hints. For men were engaged whose reputations,

like their souls, were bound to the cause of religion, and the matter was buried in secrecy, lest the world should misconstrue. Insufficient to solve the whole of the mystery but clearly and candidly enlightening, a few documents remain, buried in the Recorder's office at Philadelphia. The matter, in the word which the vulgar tongue would have chosen, was speculation, the contagious passion and besetting sin of young America.

Still worse, it was land speculation. This form of finance was as despised and as prevalent as horse-stealing. And although the pious souls united in the venture had undoubtedly some higher motives than mere gain in mind, yet it was dangerous ground on which they trod. The eccentric Cosmopolite, who was obviously the leader of the enterprise, was also foremost in temerity. He had been cheated so persistently in small matters that, without his buoyant, indomitable self-reliance, he would surely have been cowed into a permanent distrust of the delicate art of trading. The following is a typical tid-bit from the Journal:

"In *Abingdon* I spoke three times. Exchanging my poney for another, as she was with foal, which had been kept a secret from me by the seller; I got imposed on again, as the latter had not been corn fed; and in two days she tired. Hence I was obliged to exchange for a third, to be able to keep up with my appointments—but this also was so rough in his gates, that my state of health would not admit of keeping him; hence I exchanged for a fourth, having expended eighty-three dollars—I obtained one worth about forty, having but one eye."

Providence, moreover, ever since his purchase of the mill at Pine Ridge, which he had now relinquished, had become interested in the economic condition of this favored instrument; there was a warning dream for each successive misfortune. One night in Washington, for instance, he dreamt that a rat crept out of the dark and began to suck the blood from his finger. "Next day came a *swindler* to Cosmopolite," he wrote, "and ingeniously duped him out of thirty-eight dollars which he desired never to reimburse! This was also a *school*, and taught him the lesson—'He that shall be *surety* for a stranger shall smart for it.'"

And ever since his purchase of the mill, he had been eying the possibilities of Western real estate, noting, in his travels along the frontier, favorable sites for settlements. One paragraph, written about a year before when he was preaching to the soldiers gathered near Louisville, is significant.

"This river is a gentle *stream*, and by no means so rapid as is commonly supposed—it is rising fast. This branch of the army is going up the Mississippi to build a *fort* near CARVER'S Claim, which by purchase and transfer from Carver's heirs belongs to Benjamin Mun—one hundred by a hundred and twenty miles from the Falls of St. Antina to the mouth of *Chipewa* river—east."

In Philadelphia, Benjamin Munn made the solemn but not unprofitable acquaintance of the great Lorenzo Dow. One can imagine their interviews. The man of business was no doubt respectfully impatient when the un-

kempt Cosmopolite, appearing, from his shaggy head to his travel-worn shoes, like nothing but a penurious fanatic, entered and began to speak earnestly of that vast domain beyond the northwestern frontier. One wonders with what demeanor and in what phrases Lorenzo explained that his interest was founded on an ability to purchase the value of several thousands of dollars. And then Benjamin Munn, who may have been expecting a sermon on unchristian influences of wealth, realized, perhaps with a trace of a smile, that there were greater possibilities in religion than he had hitherto suspected. From an exchange of information on the qualities and history of the tract, one can imagine them turning to a discussion of possible developments. Munn would expatiate on his willingness and his unwillingness to sell, concluding, possibly, with his readiness to place this valuable territory, the future home of millions of human souls, in the keeping of one who held himself responsible to God and considered the welfare of future generations. At this there would be an exchange of pious invocations. But they would talk most of the exciting possibilities in view. And the dealer, no doubt, suggested the formation of a company, of some informal sort, that a larger area might be developed at one time, and ventured advice on the best ways for handling the enterprise.

Then there followed consultations with Benedict Dorsey, and Benedict Dorsey's partner in the China business, Samuel P. Stackhouse, and Amos Stackhouse, another China merchant. Theophilus R. Gates, a writer and apostle of "religion," although never a licensed preacher of any church, took a small part. And there were a few

others, among them Daniel Burrows and George Colver, merchants of Hebron, Connecticut, and Joseph L. Dickerson, a tanner of Gloucester, New Jersey, also shared in the interesting task of planning pioneer settlements on the promising locations of Carver's four million acres. But the Cosmopolite, Yankee and dreamer of dreams, was the dominant spirit of the venture. Most of the land purchased was deeded to him in his right alone, and it was natural, since he was bearing most of the financial burden and was best acquainted with the territory, that the plans for development should be primarily his own. And as it will appear, his plans did not involve an abandonment of his religious character, although his travels would inevitably be somewhat limited. His break with the Church may have promoted a desire for such a glorious retirement from public life. In October, 1816, he brought that year's edition of his Journal to a close with the following significant announcement.

"Whether those INFIRMITIES with which I am AFFLICTED may necessitate and compell me to leave the field for want of BODILY POWER to continue—I know not: to 'lay up *treasure* on EARTH is not my *desire*'—nor yet to be a BURTHEN to my FRIENDS: but the prayer of *Agur,* 'for neither RICHES nor POVERTY'—for

> Man *wants* but little *here,*
> *Nor* wants that little long.'

"In a few weeks I expect to start for the WEST again, but where I may be this time twelve months, is very un-

certain with me; whether in England, Sierreleone in Africa, West Indies, or New England—or ETERNITY."

On the second of November, Lorenzo purchased a tract of something over forty-six thousand acres on the Mississippi and Chippewa Rivers, in what is now western Wisconsin, for the sum of thirteen thousand and ten dollars. Here, where the Mississippi widens into the island-filled Lake Pepin, he planned to found the metropolis of his new realm. He called it "Loren, or the City of Peace." The copy of the deed at the recorder's office is accompanied by a plan of the town-to-be, which corresponds in almost every respect to the Philadelphia of that day, even to the central square, where he intended to erect the public buildings, and to the naming of the streets.

What a story of brave, tumultuous ideals is enthroned in the name—Loren, the City of Peace. He would renew the Great Experiment of William Penn and found a haven of impartial justice and true American democracy in this virgin wilderness. Here we see the influence of Dr. Johnson and his "Quakerizing" of the youth whom he had befriended in that first lonely enterprise to Ireland. After his break with Methodism, and probably in part from the influence of Theophilus Gates, he had cast all affiliations aside and cried out against the wanton bigotry of men—bigotry, of course, to an inspired soul of this sort, could not include his own flagellations of the devil. He opposed the petty quarrels of sects, but preached the necessity of successive schisms, that the missionary fire of young religion might ever be rekindled, as when Methodists broke from Anglicans, and Primitive Meth-

odists from these. So, in this land of his, the fires of religion and democracy were to rise in new freshness and vigor.

And here there appears again the paradox in this unusual character. At one moment he is the witty, matter-of-fact expounder of the truth as he saw it, clinging to hard common sense; at another, the dreamer of glorious visions. Commonly, he denounced and exposed the dreamer. There is a story—and probably a true one—that he was once obliged to listen to the opinions of a gentleman in whose beliefs, as he expounded them, facts were not facts, nor things things, but all was the mere force of imagination. After listening for a while to the enlargement of this philosophy, Lorenzo pointed at the window.

"There," he observed, "is a wagon, as I imagine—but it is all the force of imagination." The philosopher had laid his pipe upon the table, and while he was gazing through the window at the imagined wagon, Lorenzo emptied the burning tobacco into his shoe. He met the ensuing outburst of wrath and pain with iron coolness.

"Nothing but imagination, nothing but imagination," and rose to go about his business.

The explanation of the paradox of course is clear. Lorenzo—enviable heart—did not slip away from reality into the land of vision and fantasy. To him, all was sober fact and clear possibility. He no more doubted that he should be founder of a forest paradise than that he should ford the River Jordan and climb the hill to the golden city. In this praiseworthy spirit, matters progressed.

Ten days later, at the expense of nineteen thousand

two hundred and fifty dollars, he added about seventy-seven thousand acres to his dominions. This tract, the deed states, is to be known thenceforward by the name of "Beulah Ethiopia." Call "thy land Beulah: for the Lord delighteth in thee." From the word Ethiopia there is only one inference to be drawn: this was to be an asylum for the benighted Africans. Persecuted by white pastors and congregations, Lorenzo enjoyed the heedless responsiveness of the negro to enthusiastic religion. He had included in his defiant rebuke of the Methodist Conference a vigorous defence of the African Methodist separation, against what he considered the bishops' vainglorious assumption of power. If he actually designed such a refuge, it is evidence that his aim was not wholly mercenary, for the negroes could pay little for their land and might even need help in the journey thither.

On the twenty-first, a third tract was added at a cost of seventeen thousand five hundred dollars. This was the "Cosmopolite's Mount Sinai Domain," seventy thousand acres, "including the scite wherein the Sioux village now stands and the great council cave." This cave was one of the notable features of the region, extending an unmeasured distance into the earth; the soft stone of the interior was covered with the picture-writing of the Indians, who regarded the place with a religious awe. These and three later purchases made in conjunction with his associates brought the total to four hundred and fifty-two thousand acres at about ninety thousand dollars.

The extent of these resources is an interesting revelation. It was impossible that he should be both openly wealthy and continue in his holy calling. Wisely, there-

fore, he concealed his temporal prosperity until the time should be ripe for a change. It is easy now to see how Peggy longed to settle down upon a little homestead of their own; but the eccentric Cosmopolite, spurning the commonplace, must act upon a grander scale. She had asked for a cabin in the hills of Virginia: he was giving her what might be one of the states of the Union in time to come, and a city for their dwelling place.

Lorenzo's foremost source of income was undoubtedly his Journal and other writings. These were priced at two dollars a set at this time, and were sold at shops, by the peddlers, and by himself. When he did not carry a load of these plump little calf-bound tomes in his baggage, he was circulating announcements and subscription papers. At the same time he was dealing in land in Connecticut, and probably in other parts of the country as well; Orelana, for instance, had mortgaged some of her property to her brother, and his father, in June, 1816, sold him thirty-six acres which he disposed of three months later at a profit of over a hundred dollars. In addition, he occasionally accepted presents, small and large, from the faithful. It is unlikely that the mill at Pine Ridge brought him anything more than experience and a taste for water power ventures.

There had to be of necessity a long delay before the actual settlement could begin. Even before the business of opening and populating the territory could be started, the original claim of Indian cession must be ratified by the government. This difficulty must certainly have been known to Benjamin Munn, it is probable that the astute Cosmopolite was aware of it. There were no visible com-

plications in the title. Munn had purchased the tract from the heirs of Captain Jonathan Carver, and Jonathan Carver, adventurer and explorer, on the first of May in the Year of Our Lord, 1767, had received this vast domain from the Indians of the Nawdowissie Tribe. The deed of relinquishment, with the names and totems of the chiefs concerned was at that time at Washington awaiting the official ratification, together with a number of reliable testimonials of its authenticity. Actually, however, the decision was much more delicately balanced than appeared on the surface; the Government would not, without absolute proof of the validity of the cession, undertake to move out the Indians and protect the newcomers in so vast an area, all for the benefit of a few speculators. Lorenzo may have had some qualms, as in November of the following year he sold the hundred thousand acres purchased in April, 1816, for ten dollars, and over twenty-five thousand more for a hundred. It is most probable, however, since the recipients were old friends, that these disposals were a part of some arrangement with his subordinates.

By the time the preliminary business of 1816 had been completed, the winter was too far advanced for the journey to the West which he had planned, for the mud and swollen streams of the spring season made the forest roads impassable. He set out, therefore, for Coventry and Peggy, but was taken sick in New Jersey and passed the winter there. In March, his faithful rib set out to find him, but was unable to complete the journey. Not long after, to her infinite relief and joy, the Cosmopolite, though pale and weak from his illness, came jogging over the frozen road to the little farmhouse at Coventry.

CHAPTER XI

A STROKE

IN her loneliness, Peggy had striven to fix her mind on eternity, to rise above the petty worries that assailed her, and fit her own to the divine will. The world was God's laboratory for the testing of souls and the selection of His Heavenly Host. But for this innocent soul, the trials were many and severe. Surely, she must have thought, the Lord was sending her through a great ordeal that she might be made worthy of a seat beside Lorenzo in the high places of Paradise. A blessed opportunity—a glorious witness to the bountiful mercy of the Savior.

"My mind," she confided to her Journal, "hath passed through singular and deep trials of late; what is the cause, I know not, but I pray God to give me the power to withstand the enemy of my soul, and enable me to be a comfort to my companion and a blessing to myself and others." And again:

"This morning my heart longs to sink into the will of God—may he show me the evils of my heart, and all its intricate windings; that I may seek and find full deliverance from all my sins."

Peggy, like others who have combined a highly developed conscience with simplicity and utter innocence,

The Morning of Life is gone—

We are Journeying to that Land
PEGGY DOW, Aged 35.

the Evening shades appear

from whence there is no return!
LORENZO DOW, Aged 39.—(1816.)

Lorenzo and His "Rib"

lived in mortal terror of the devil. When Lorenzo was absent, she clung to her religion as one shipwrecked would cling to a floating spar. And in the authoritative presence of the Cosmopolite, where no ill could befall her, she strove as religiously to be perfect in wifely duties—to reconcile herself to the will of an inspired husband. He, of course, had been careful to teach her what place and manner it behooved her to assume. Lorenzo had a stern eye for vanity in the female sex. When the ladies of Connecticut adopted the fashion of knotting their hair on top in a seductive manner, he at once took up the gauntlet. His campaign against this insidious concession to Satan culminated in a fiery sermon from the text, "Top-knot, come down!" The consciences before him were smitten as by a sword thrust; only one doubt lingered: where in the Bible had he found the text, "Top-knot, come down." Lorenzo, that most astute scholar in the Holy Word, was ready enough to clarify this point: from the twenty-fourth chapter and seventeenth verse of the Gospel according to Matthew, "Let him which is on the house-top not come down."

To Peggy, a great part of the shock of Hannah's elopement had been its revelation of the suddenness with which those assured of salvation might be tempted into sin. She piously expressed a hope that the terrible event would serve as an example for herself. The horrid consequences should the wife of Lorenzo Dow, the world-famous Cosmopolite, the author of the "Reflections on Matrimony," fall a victim to the wiles of Lucifer, probably greatly exaggerated her dread. And then, through all the encumbrance of her religious longings, she loved her Lorenzo,

so haggard and hairy as he was, tenderly. He, too, had seen enough of the world to know the value of meekness and devotion in a wife. As far as was possible, she had fitted her nature to his, and religion's fire had welded them together.

One can only conjecture whether Lorenzo confided his great schemes of western dominion to his rib. He had a general distrust of the sex's weaknesses, and it is probable that she was kept in ignorance of her husband's affairs of the purse. He may have told her, as her Journal states, that his proposed trip to the West was for the purpose of supplying subscribers with copies of his works; this explanation killed two birds with one stone, since some of his patrons had been overlooked and were beginning to raise a clamor.

Lorenzo tarried at Coventry for about a month; late in March, 1817, he set out on a long tour through New England and far into the South "to sound an alarm to the fallen race of Adam," as Peggy phrased it. Not long after his departure the little family, Humphrey, Peggy, and one of Lorenzo's sisters, moved to a new home, a small house at Hebron, a few miles south of Coventry. The old man was very feeble and much depressed. One hopes that he had made the change simply to surrender the labor of his farm and not because its sale was necessary to enhance the resources of his ambitious son. Peggy brought him every Sabbath to the Methodist meeting at Burrows Hill, and no doubt read him Lorenzo's letters as they came in, and her Bible as well, but in spite of the oratory of Mr. Burrows—a relative of the one engaged in Lorenzo's western development—and the writings of the

inspired, his mind remained much "under a gloom." Lorenzo's letters, indeed, were in his usual rather melancholy vein, a recounting of bodily ailments and surrounding difficulties. "The prospect appears gloomy," Peggy wrote, "my body is somewhat borne down with pain and weakness, and many trials of mind; my dear Lorenzo's gone . . . but I am too apt to look on the dark side and forget mercies in dwelling on troubles."

It is an inconsolable little household which the picture shows: the old man pottering about the place as the days grow warmer, maundering complainingly to unwilling listeners, and ending with a sigh. The two women do the cooking, the washing, the many little chores, and at times go out for calls in the neighborhood, to market, or to meeting on the Hill. There is the strained atmosphere which surrounds those who are seeking a spiritual retreat and comforting. At evening they gather in the kitchen, Humphrey Dow lounging near the embers, with cushions in his chair and a reminiscence on his lips. Peggy might have been sitting by the window, pale and meditative, her sewing in her hands and the Bible on her knees, and her sister-in-law, perhaps, intently rattling out a thread from the spinning wheel.

There must have been at least one occasional visitor to the house to bring them a breath of healthy unreligious cheerfulness—a tall, broad-shouldered, sharp-faced man, dressed with scrupulous neatness and care, his stiffly erect bearing and punctilious formality relieved by a whimsical, kindly smile and a quaint, unfailing humor—Lorenzo's elder brother, Dr. Ulysses Dow. Dr. Dow had abandoned a lucrative practice as a physician because

the futilities of contemporary medicine depressed him, and seeking a more congenial service, had become Master of the Grammar School at New London, an office which he filled with unique distinction for more than forty years. While in bad odor in some parts of the country, this was a profession of high standing in New England, certainly more highly esteemed, in general, than that of Methodist preacher. In all Lorenzo's writings, with their innumerable personal references, there is no mention of his brother; it is hardly probable that they were on intimate terms. Yet for all their outward dissimilarity, the two were fundamentally alike. Ulysses was what Lorenzo might have been had he developed normally, clever, witty, often eccentric and always tolerant and level-headed. He was, like the Cosmopolite, a thorough Democrat, and had reached the same liberal attitude toward religious groups, but without following any such long and tedious path as his brother's Methodist years. One of the virtues which he most impressed upon his scholars was respect for the aged, and he must have called frequently at the house in Hebron, to offer tender encouragement to the disconsolate old man, listening reverently meanwhile to Peggy's pious exclamations, and chatting more lightly with his sister. For all his learning and still more impressive reputation for learning, the doctor never assumed the oracular tone of preacher or pedant. He was loved and respected by hundreds to whom his brother was a mere object of wonder and curiosity.

In July Lorenzo returned from his New England tour and stopped a month before turning southward. He

was in unusually good health and spirits. It may have been on one of these summer nights that, leaning in his nightgown from the window, he conducted the marriage of a man who had come in haste and sat outside on his horse, his bride clinging to his coat tail behind him. From his last tour, which was one of farewell before a third expedition to Europe, the Cosmopolite returned in the winter of 1818, tarrying until the early summer. The days passed more happily at Hebron with the wanderer at home. Peggy had the distinction of going to meetings in the neighboring towns with her famous husband and the comfort of his watchful care over her soul. Whenever they rode together from their home to Hebron village in the family wagon, a little lesson against pride would be enacted as they passed the house of Dr. White, an Episcopalian. Peggy would get out and walk up the gentle slope to the village, while Lorenzo drove on ahead. By this little drama she was enabled to stand forth as an example of wifely humility and simple sincerity in religion. This pleasant life was interrupted, however, late in May, when the Cosmopolite departed for New York and two years of travel abroad.

The voyage to Liverpool was flavored by an ominous foreboding. And apropos of the appearance of some icebergs, Lorenzo related the harrowing facts one evening to the two mates—how a Mr. Gibbons of Baltimore while on his deathbed had suddenly swooned away, and, on reviving a little, observed, "I have seen Lorenzo Dow shipwrecked, and cast away on a rock on the western coast of Ireland, and can obtain no relief," and uttering these fateful words expired. Lorenzo added that "he

had been esteemed a pious man and died happy." This awful forewarning was soon noised about the ship, and all hands professed great anxiety. The Journal's description of their emotions suggests that they were having a few good laughs at the expense of Mr. Gibbons and Lorenzo Dow.

"This relation caused an alarm on board, being whispered among all hands and some shed tears. Mr. M., the first mate, afterwards observed he could not sleep—he had once felt happy, but it was otherwise with him now; but as he lay down, and lifted his heart to GOD, the circumstance of Hezekiah's sickness and recovery, and the ship in which Paul was at *Malta,* though there was to be no loss of life, only the ship; yet said Paul to the soldiers, except *these* (sailors) abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved—which impressed his mind with a belief, that by due attention they might escape."

By due attention they did escape, and the Cosmopolite landed to face the wrath of the authorities from whom he had so narrowly escaped eleven years before. The prospect appeared rather gloomy and he faced it with some trepidation. It was only with slight difficulty, however, that he acquired a passport and permission to leave the country; England being no longer at war, he was not regarded with the same suspicion. The last formality involved a call on Major Sirr, whose officers had last seen Lorenzo from a Liverpool wharf, with a widening stretch

of water between them. "So I observed to him, having understood he wished to see me when here before, I thought proper to present myself before him to know his pleasure and to present to him my papers." The Major merely dismissed the subject with a laugh, and placed his seal and signature on the documents.

He had not been able to give any English address to the officials because, as he told them, he was never in one place for longer than a week. Having written to Dr. Johnson as soon as his ship docked, apparently in the hope that the doctor would join him in England, he had plunged immediately into the camp meetings and battles of his friends, the Primitive Methodists. This glorious body had grown and flourished in his absence. The legal measures taken against them had failed, and they now amounted to several thousand members and about a hundred and fifty preachers. Like so many other religious societies, the name applied to them in derision had become generally accepted. They were called Ranters.

"The reason why they were called *Ranters,*" Lorenzo explains, "was their peculiar mode of proceeding. A few of them would go through a village singing the Praises of GOD, then take some convenient stand to address the People so as not to stop up the road for travellers. And the places were designated by 'The Ranter Stand.' Inquire for 'Primitive Methodists,' and you could not find what you wished, but on inquiring for *Ranters* any one could tell you."

England brought a renewal of sad associations and marvellous providences. Miraculous dreams heralded

bright outbursts of God's glory, and in chapels, churches, warehouses, taverns and the streets, crowds gathered to experience the flaming harangues of the strange American. When the aldermen and constables led him away to "his Majesty's tight house, the *jail,*" he was soon released, to find streets and windows filled with gaping throngs as he went by, and his meetings crowded farther than his high, impassioned voice could reach. The instrument of one manifestation of the divine watchfulness was no less a person than Dorothy Ripley.

While crossing a dreary moor between Manchester and Sheffield, the Cosmopolite had been taken suddenly ill, and obliged to leave the coach at a small inn. The landlady, however, refused to let the shaggy stranger into her house, and he could find no other refuge than a miserable little grog shop, where he laid his aching body on a bench by the wall. Night soon fell, and with the darkness, three ugly ruffians came in to drink. They soon fell to discussing the possible wealth of the stranger on the bench, deciding from his beard that he must be a Jew, and therefore carry a good deal of money. Lorenzo was listening to this perturbing conversation from his uncomfortable repose, waiting, as he tells it, "with a heart raised to God, when *Dorothy Ripley,* having felt a concern come upon her mind for my safety, now arrived at the door with a post-chaise and *called* for me!" After this providential rescue, the two travelled and held meetings together for several hundred miles. It would have been an interesting study had these two children of inspiration been wed, and shared the trials and adventures of the long road. Lorenzo left her at last when he crossed

to Dublin to meet Paul and Letitia Johnson, who were eagerly waiting his arrival.

He found the Irish Methodists enjoying a schism of their own. He did not enter very ardently into the fray, however, finding it all that he could do to hold his own against the animosity of the good people of Dublin. From the true Hibernian fervor of his tormentors, he retired to England. The doctor wrote, urging him to visit him again some time before his return to America. While the Cosmopolite was cogitating on this difficult situation, a sentence from Exodus suddenly entered his mind with great force, "They are dead which sought thy life." The impression persisting, he sailed again for Dublin, and discovered, on his arrival, that the two men who had most striven to block up his way had suddenly and unaccountably died under great distress of mind. Sudden deaths of this sort were considered the most striking of the judgments of God; the truly regenerate sank gently and peacefully to their eternal rest, with eyes upturned and a prayer on their lips.

The devil, however, when defeated at one point, attacks with tenfold fury at another. His unusual appearance made him instantly recognizable, and it became extremely dangerous for him to be seen on the streets. The Anglican clergy combined with the harassed civil authorities in attempting to discourage the stranger. The Journal provides a vivid description of the Cosmopolite's unpopularity.

"The Roman Priests at the *Altars,* had cautioned their people against me also. Thus the 'HIGH PRIESTS,' in dif-

ferent orders, seemed to combine to proclaim war. Mobs also became so dreadful and noisy, that it gave the *Police* a plenty to do to guard the place, or assist me home, while the stones, brickbats, slush, mud, sticks and dead cats, and whatsoever came to hand, at times seemed to fly like hail, while the yells of the people seemed to cut and jar the air, as if the *imps* of the lower regions, had broke loose and come up crying—"impostor,' *'Heretic,'* &c. &c.

"The Calvinists remembered me of old, and conducted themselves accordingly."

Captain Cole, of the Dublin packet, rescued him from his lodging, where he seems almost to have lived in a state of siege, and brought him to his ship, on which, in May, 1819, they set sail for home. This sudden departure, a year earlier than expected, was dictated not by the necessity of escaping the frenzied Erse, for he could easily have fled to England, but by an inward concern for Peggy. Peggy's letters had reflected her declining health, and much as she strove to think only of her Lorenzo's holy mission, she longed for his return. "I think yesterday, my desire to God was if it would be more for his glory, for you to return in a few weeks, if you might, if not, so let it be—GO, MY LORENZO, THE WAY YOU ARE ASSURED THE LORD CALLS; and if we meet no more in this vale of tears, may God prepare us to meet in the realms of peace, to range the blest fields on the banks of the river, and sing hallelujah for ever and ever." Others of the faithful, too, had expressed some uneasiness regarding the health of this devout creature, and, fearing lest he

should never see her again in the mortal sphere, he passed the days in fervent anxiety as the ship rolled westward. He had quite probably intended to return with a band of settlers for his colony—it was always easy to attract the English peasantry with offers of landed holdings—but all temporal concerns were hurriedly postponed for Peggy's sake.

"My life's cleaving to the dust," Peggy had written in the last entry in her Journal; "Lord, give me more of divine life. I feel the seeds of mortality in my dying body; Oh, that I might improve more diligently and carefully my time." Peggy's journal had been one of her duties to Lorenzo. It had originally been intended as an appendix to his own, but, the waiting public had been informed, was of sufficient length to be published separately. In 1813, the first "Vicissitudes of Life" was followed by "Supplementary Reflections to the Journey of Life"—the titles were undoubtedly her husband's—a work in the form of a journal, but overflowing with descriptions of spiritual joys and anxieties. It slowly degenerated into a succession of periodic outbursts of grateful surprise that the divine favor still permitted her to live. She was in the grip of tuberculosis when Lorenzo returned in June.

He found her with a cough and a painful tightness about the chest. On inquiry, he discovered that she had attended a writing school in February, and, being caught in a winter rain, had been chilled and taken cold. This he believed, despite Peggy's melancholy fears, to be the full explanation of her trouble. Hoping perhaps that her recovery might follow a change of atmosphere and the

stimulus of a little religious excitement, he took her with him on a tour through New England. The reader might consider it evidence of a somewhat ascetic restraint that so devoted a husband never contracted the disease himself. But Lorenzo apparently had not escaped the contagion, as he had been suffering from scrofula, generally an accompaniment of tubercular trouble, for many years. That he loved her as dearly as she loved him is doubtful, but he felt a genuine affection for her. She of all mortal creatures was the only one for whom the ingrained selfishness of his impetuous soul ever willingly relented.

Peggy had begged him never to leave her until she either recovered or succumbed to her ailment. While they were in Providence, one day, he found her in their room, weeping. He asked the cause, and after hesitating a little, she replied sobbingly, "The consumption is a flattering disease!—but I shall return back to Hebron and tell father Dow that I have come back to die with him." They returned in September. The Cosmopolite, with admirable self-restraint, refrained from travelling that he might remain at her side. Her strength waned as the days grew shorter.

In December she asked Lorenzo if he thought her death near. He answered that she would continue until spring, or longer. "She replied that she thought so too," Lorenzo tells us; "but the following night she woke me up and enquired the *time* of the month?—and being informed, she said she thought she was bounded in all by the month of *January*."

From that time forward, she counted every day. On

the morning of the fifth of January, she asked Lorenzo if he "had been to bespeak a *coffin* for her." He replied that he had not. And when in the evening she asked had he been to call in the neighbors, he also answered in the negative. At about two o'clock in the night, she asked him to call up the family. Solemnly and tearfully, they gathered at her bedside—father Dow and his daughter, Brother and Sister Page, "with whom we had spent many happy hours in days that were gone by," and others, perhaps, who had gathered in expectation of the sad event. The Cosmopolite sat upon the bed and held her in his arms, his eyes fixed on the wan face. Someone asked if she felt any pain. "She answered in the negative—and that but one thing attracted her here below—pointing her finger towards me as supported in my arms. When I replied, 'Lord, Thou gavest her to me! I have held her only as a lent favor for fifteen years! and now I resign her back to Thee, until we meet again beyond the swelling flood!'" Her response was a heartfelt Amen, and soon after, she gently breathed out her life.

In such appropriate simplicity went Peggy to her eternal rest. And with the going of the one creature who had wholly loved him, success and the joy of unfearing hope passed from Lorenzo's life. Into her grave, the star of his peculiar destiny had fallen, and there only remained a last vainglorious flourish to end his strange career, a last attempt, futile but magnificently grotesque, to capture the wonder of the nations and wield it to his glory.

If the glamorous—but thoroughly unhygienic—compassion which was soon to become fashionable around

the bedside of the fair consumptive, had been lacking, the bereaved husband made up for the fault by the care and originality which he lavished on the funeral. It took place in the little meeting house on Burrows Hill, in the burying-ground of which she was laid, and the Rev. Mr. Burrows officiated. Peggy had been laid out in her best meeting dress, and instead of the usual linen shroud, there were woolen blankets, and the coffin was of an unusual color, probably white. The purpose of the blankets was to resist decay; for the same end, and to prevent the body's being disturbed by subsequent interments, the grave was made deeper than usual and filled up with stone and cement.

"Many had said L. D. was eccentric," wrote that much-abused individual in his explanation of the arrangements, "and that it was now exemplified! But such still admitted that the *dress* became impressive on the occasion; and also the color of the coffin too. It was a solemn, serious and impressive time." There is a persistent but unfounded rumor that Peggy was buried in a sitting or upright position, to be in better readiness at the sounding of the archangel's trumpet. It is even related that when Lorenzo lay on his deathbed, he asked for a similar repose. In 1830, he placed a stone at her grave. And although the meeting house has long since vanished, one can still climb the Hill and cross the meadow to the little cemetery, lying in one corner in a tangle of briars and overhanging shrubbery. The stone stands out in contrast with its gray slate contemporaries and the carven marble about it. Pure white and simply squared at the top, with no other adornment than the epitaph, it stands, modestly

and sufficiently—the highest tribute that could be paid to his long-suffering rib:

PEGGY DOW
SHARED THE
VICISSITUDES OF
LORENZO
15 YEARS &
DIED
JAN. 6, 1820
AGED 39 YEARS

To Lorenzo, who had not seemed to miss her greatly on his travels alone, to have her thus unexpectedly taken from him forever was a terrible blow. "What God said to *Ezekiel, 'Behold I take away the desire of thine eyes with a stroke,'* January 6th, 1820, were exemplified, as with a sword through my soul." He remembered all their last conversations on the state of her soul, and how she had told him again and again that there was but one thing here below which she loved and could not willingly resign. That he married again within three months does not disprove his sincerity; the sense of his loss was so keen in the mind of this earnest wanderer, that it seemed he must find a new companion to fill the aching void and enable him to face a glittering future as he had faced it before. His own diagnosis of this paradoxical state of mind is a trifle incoherent: "The loss was too sensible in contemplating in my feelings. Hence, my *judgment* dictated the departure from usual custom, and to change my

condition again upon the journey of life." At least, it was his *judgment.*

The lady thus favored was Lucy Dolbeare, daughter of a well-to-do farmer of Montville, a few miles southward from Hebron. The date of their union—and indeed most appropriately—was the first day of April.

CHAPTER XII

A DYING WORLD

TO further the confusion of Lorenzo's historians, there is a conflict of testimony on his second wooing. Although Lucy was the precise opposite of the lamented Peggy—a handsome, healthy woman, with a strong arm, a strong voice and an inexhaustible flow of language—the Cosmopolite's method of approach was similar; to both the ladies of his heart, the first words that he uttered were in proposal of marriage. The most conservative account relates that, having felt attracted to her as she sat before him at a meeting, he sought her out immediately afterward and proposed, and that she reciprocated by an equally abrupt acceptance. A quainter and more detailed version of the romance cannot be rejected as improbable. The scene was an open-air meeting under the great elm on Bean Hill, near Norwich. The story goes that Lorenzo, after preaching a sermon devoted chiefly to Peggy's purity and fidelity, concluded the discourse by announcing: "I am now a candidate for matrimony; and if there is any woman in this audience who is willing to marry me, I would thank her to rise." In response to this sudden opportunity, two women stood up, one near the pulpit, and one farther back in the congregation. For a while he scrutinized them, and then pronounced with

great solemnity: "There are two. I think this one near me rose first; at any rate, I will have her."

There is also a pleasant and well-authenticated little epilogue to the story of this unusual romance. It was said that Lucy Dolbeare, after signifying her willingness by rising in the meeting, proved loth to take the final step. The lover pleaded and argued, but in vain. After one effort at persuasion which lasted until midnight, he extracted from her a reluctant consent, and brought her without delay to the house of his friend, the Rev. John Whittlesey, the gentleman to whom belongs the honor of having solemnized this inauspicious union. It was not the first ill-advised affair of the heart with which this worthy was connected: there appear to have been others of a more personal nature, culminating in accusations before the Conference, among which were included an illegitimate child by a sister or other relative of Elijah Polly, unchaste conduct toward a lady at Brother Pratt's, locking arms with the Misses Stebbins and improper words to a young lady while riding in a wagon.

On the arrival of the bridal pair a window was raised, and the nightcapped head of Mr. Whittlesey appeared over the sill. "Who's there?" he called.

"It's Lorenzo," came the reply from the darkness below, "and she says she is willing."

It is said, however, that when the irresolute bride was asked to promise love, honor and obedience, she replied, "No, I will be a thorn in his flesh and a satan to buffet him as long as I live." History or fable, as all the neighboring gossips agreed, she kept her word.

Lucy was thirty-four years of age in 1820, her husband

ten years older. She was admirably fitted to be mistress of the new colony, from her healthy stability to her financial resources, for she came of a well-to-do family and inherited, a few years later, a prosperous farm and sawmill at Montville. But it was inevitable that her strong will should soon be out of harmony with the Cosmopolite's determined, unheeding nature. In whatever words he may have proposed to her, he did not stand modestly, as before Peggy, eighteen years earlier, and asked would she "accept of such an object as him." He was now full of a sense of his own importance and power, reinforced by the optimism which came naturally to the preacher of "religion" and exaggerated by the conceit that is bred from public acclaim. Had the pair been younger they might have adapted themselves one to another. Lorenzo was unbending, untameable. His habits were too solidly formed, his attitude toward life too specialized to allow any willing surrender. Nor did misfortune, if it embittered, weaken him; when hopes for which he had yearned and prayed and striven were shattered, he still pushed on undaunted, more determined and more luridly ambitious than ever. Nor did his humor and his Yankee ingenuity desert him in these last extravagancies. Despite his lack of balance, despite his undermined sincerity and the hypocrisy which his combination of religion and business produced, despite the sourness of many failures, he was reaching the height of his power over the minds of the people. He had a sturdy fullness of experience and knowledge of the world. He was able to take life as it came. He had no longer the need to seek the supporting aid of Providence, for he was master of every situation

and in short order could turn either good fortune or bad to his purpose.

In the first year of his marriage, he introduced his new bride to the nation, touring first the six New England states, and turning southward as the cold weather came on. In Washington he stopped long enough to add an important resource to his temporal possessions. On the twenty-fourth of November, 1820, by the official action of the United States Patent Office, "Lorenzo Dow's Family Medicine" was launched into the world. As the Cosmopolite had brought the tonic of American democracy to Britain, so this was a gift from England to America, for the credit of its discovery belongs to Lorenzo's old friend and benefactor, Dr. Paul Johnson. Lorenzo had compounded a quantity immediately on his return, and administered it to the Rev. Mr. Burrows and other friends, who now provided valuable testimonials as proof of its peculiar qualities. The records of the Patent Office contain his own description of its ingredients and manufacture, set forth in the following words:

"1. Take nine pounds of genuine Epsom Salts, dissolved in soft boiling water the whole making eight quarts to which add the tincture of Bloodroot (sanguinaria) say four ounces. 2. Take one pound pure salts Nitre dissolved in boiling water adding eight ounces sulphuric acid of the best quality the whole making four quarts all of which must be stirred with a wooden stick and when cool mix the same with the above Epsom Salts and Bloodroot solution. Which will constitute Dow's Family Medicine in its full strength in its concentrated state. The

whole process must be performed in stone or earthen vessels, and afterwards preserved in glass. One or two tablespoonsfull in a half pint of cold water or less quantity of each may be taken once in two hours until it operates freely. This medicine has been found of general utility and efficacy in all those disorders called bilious and effections of the liver exceeding common credibility even in many cases wherein repeated courses of mercurials have been used in vain. In costive habits a corrective and in Disentary a speedy relief is obtained.

"Lorenzo Dow."

Today, the word "patent" has ceased to commend a remedy to the public; we look askance at the efforts of those who have thus linked their fortunes to man's credulous search for health. Lorenzo's medicinal foster-child was born at the beginning of the golden age of the patent medicine—the era whose multitudinous concoctions underlie this modern prejudice. Many of these chemical offerings were never really patented, although they advertized themselves as such; a large number of omnipotent panaceas may be classed as the discreet manner of taking one's daily grog, for strong drink was growing unfashionable and vulgar as the temperance movement was urged forward by the Methodists and other ardent workers. The "Family Medicine," whatever opinion one may have of its composition, was a sincere attempt to relieve the sufferings of mankind. If Lorenzo did not, in the generous spirit of Franklin's philanthropy, spread it free of charge, he was using the money for the gen-

eral welfare—to extend the bounds of Christ's kingdom on earth and renew the liberal principles of Penn.

Moreover, the people of the country lanes expected the preacher to know everything. It was well for the itinerant to have a smattering of medicine and a few pills in his pocket, for sickly babes or rheumatic grammers and granthers would be brought to him for relief. He was the safe mean between the strolling Indian doctors, with their herbs and magic incantations, and the medical profession, who were scarce in the back country and who suffered from the taint of freethinking in religion. Naturally, "Lorenzo Dow's Family Medicine" would be much in demand, and he spared no pains to promote its popularity, advertising it in his works and no doubt carrying with him a stock of bottles to sell after meeting. The folk who looked for such a variety of accomplishments in their preachers, saw no limit to the powers of the eccentric Cosmopolite. He did not disappoint them in this small matter any more than he had failed to detect a thief when they desired, or to raise the devil for the landlord of the Black Horse Inn.

The identity of this historic tavern is now lost in antiquity, but the events of the night which Lorenzo Dow passed under its roof have found an enduring place in American tradition. The story relates that, heedless of the presence of the famous man of God, the landlady was too intimately entertaining a friend in the absence of her husband. But the fact did not escape our hero as he sat by the chimney, with his feet stretched out to the fire and his nose sunk in his long beard. Bye and bye, the landlord arrived, earlier than expected, but, fortu-

TO THE AFFLICTED.

We, the Subscribers, having made a free use (in our own families) of

LORENZO DOW'S

FAMILY MEDICINE,

do certify, That it is very gentle and sure in its operation as a cathartic, and that it possesses a peculiar quality to remove obstructions in the stomach and bowels, and in carrying off bad humours And that it is well adapted to females in a debilitated or declining state, forasmuch as it does not weaken the patient (although taken frequently,) but restores the stomach to a proper tone by assisting the digestion, and thereby exciting the appetite, &c.

[Signed.] PETER GRIFFIN, } Ministers of
DANIEL BURROWS, } the Gospel.
WM. C. BOON,
JOSEPH BRIDGMAN,
DAVID CHAPMAN,
SAMUEL SHEPARD,
JONATHAN PAGE.

Hebron, Sept. 8th, 1819.

I CERTIFY that the subscribers to the within certificate of recommendation are all respectable inhabitants of the town of Hebron.

SYLVESTER GILBERT, Judge of County Court.

Hebron, Sept. 13th, 1819.

This Medicine has been found of general utility and efficacy in all those disorders called Bilious, and affections of the Liver exceeding common credibility —even in many cases wherein repeated courses of mercurials have been used in vain!

The dose of it may be from one tea spoonful mixed with sugar and water for an infant, to eight or ten tea spoonfuls in a tumbler or half pint of cold or warm water for a grown person. In acute cases—the middling dose for an adult is one large table spoonful in a tumbler or cup of water, every two or three hours, until it operates freely, and considerable relief is obtained; and then at longer intervals

The general times of giving it in Chronick diseases, or of long continuance, is three times a day, viz. morning noon and night; increasing or diminishing the dose so as to agree best with the constitution of the patient, and to operate moderately from two to four times in the twenty-four hours.

In costive habits a corrective, and in Dysentery a speedy relief, has been obtained by many who have used it in New England

LORENZO DOW.

Boston, July 2, 1821.

*** I do not say that it will cure all and so live forever, but its intrinsic worth must stand or fall on the public's fair trial!

L. D.

☞The above Medicine may be had of Duke Goodman Charleston, S. C. Daniel Webb, Newport, R. I. and of Henry Bates, 5 Middle st. or John Stevens, 68 Prince st. Boston.

"A sincere attempt to relieve the sufferings of mankind."

nately for the lady, "half seas over," as the phrase went. They could hear him fumbling and cursing at the door. The woman fluttered about in sudden panic, holding up her skirt with one hand and gesticulating with the other, and then seized her faltering "spark" and dragged him into a back room. There, as the safest hiding-place available, she hustled him into a large hogshead, covered him over with a pile of cotton tow, and replaced the lid. In the meantime, the landlord had entered.

"Thunder and potatoes, Mag!" he roared, "and why didn't you open the door?"

"Hush, hush, my dear; Lorenzo Dow is in the house."

"Oh, blood and tobacco! Is it Lorenzo Dow, the man who raises the devil?"

"Sure it is, and in God's name, won't you be still?"

Catching sight of the famous preacher by the fire, he stared a few moments, swaying meditatively, and then demanded with drunken imperiousness that he raise the devil.

"You will be frightened when you see him," said Lorenzo.

"No, I shan't," said the landlord of the Black Horse.

"Yes, you will, though," said the preacher.

"Not I," said the landlord.

"If you was to see Old Sam you'd be scared," said Lorenzo, "and tolerable well scared, too."

"Raise the devil," said the landlord, with a threatening grimace.

"Well, if I must raise the devil, I must," and Lorenzo rose, reaching for a short stick from the fireplace, "and you can stand by the door and give him a few thumps

with this as he goes by, but not so hard as to break any of his bones." So saying, the preacher took a candle from the table and led his host into the back room. After pausing a while to allow the solemnity of the act to sink into the muddled brain of the drunkard, he made a few weird passes in the air with his arms, and then banged the lid of the hogshead to the floor, at the same instant adroitly setting fire to the tow with the candle. Thus discovered, the unfortunate lover leapt up through a mass of flames and ran bellowing out into the night, altogether a terrifying spectacle to behold. On the next morning, the tavern-keeper, sober but still trembling, had the bearded Cosmopolite haled before a magistrate for raising the devil. Lorenzo was obliged to make a public explanation, and that is how, so the gossips have said, the matter came to be known. This, of all the tales which have gathered about his name, has taken the firmest hold in tradition. It crops up in innumerable places and versions and was even immortalized in song, in a rollicking ballad published under the title of "Elevating Ancient Nicholas."

"It has been said, 'The devil's dead,'
How true I do not know, sir,
But this I vow, Lorenzo Dow,
Raised him ten years ago, sir."

And so on for twenty-seven stanzas.

In January the Cosmopolite and his "companion"—for Lucy never succeeded to the title of "rib"—were at Charleston and still headed southward. Here, at Duke

Goodman's shop, where his literary and medical productions had been placed on sale, Lorenzo was confronted by two stern-eyed and curt-tongued gentlemen, Captain James C. Martindale and Mr. Benjamin Hammet. One was an old friend, the other the son of the Rev. William Hammet, a Methodist schismatic, now dead. The subject of their concern was the memory of this lamented gospeler, which, they declared, the last edition of Lorenzo's works had maliciously and scandalously defamed. Hammet's secession, which had taken the name of "Primitive Methodists," had endured only from 1791 to his death in 1803. At the time Lorenzo both disapproved of such petty divisions and of Mr. Hammet's method of conducting his church. To his comments, he had added a slight exaggeration regarding the nature of Mr. Hammet's demise. To amplify a little in speaking of the irreligious and wicked, especially to add a little flavor to the manner of their dying, was quite customary at this time. Although one of the many libels against Thomas Paine was proven in court, the minimum sentence was imposed and the libeller commended by the judge for his services to religion; the papers were full of blood-curdling death scenes and other divine judgments on the wicked. The offending paragraph in Lorenzo's Journal was mild enough:

"Monday, January 9th, 1804. I rode fifty-two miles, and arrived at Charleston late in the evening; and put up with W. Turpin, Esq., who received me when I first was in this place; and procured me picked meetings at his house; I find Mr. Hammet has gone to a world of spirits,

to answer for the deeds done in the body. As it respects his division it appears his motives were impure, arising from a desire of popularity; in consequence of which, there was a breach of confidence by him as respected the incorporation of the house; awful to relate, it appears he died drunk."

It was now demanded that a retraction be signed, and circulated wherever the Journal had gone, which, as Lorenzo observed with a complacent shrug, "was into the four corners of the globe." Captain Martindale observed that should he refuse to comply to their demands, "it would be the duty of the young man to seek and take that step in law, as his proper remedy."

"I could not sign it," Lorenzo replied after due consideration, "and should not, for my conscience would for ever harrow me, until I repented of it, and made acknowledgment to God and man!"

The dispute, accordingly, was taken to law. Lorenzo was placed under a thousand dollars bail to appear before the court in May. Half of this sum, he provided himself. In this predicament, he was deserted by Lucy. Lucy preferred Montville to Charleston and the companionship of her famous husband was a matter of apparent indifference to her. Having no great sympathy or belief in his cause, and not knowing how long he might lie in jail, she packed her things and set out for Connecticut. Lorenzo's recklessness had brought him into trouble before, as when "Lawyer Baker" had collared him at Greenbriar, Virginia, threatening to break his neck for having, ten years earlier, informed a lady from the pulpit that hell was

moving beneath to meet her at her coming. Again, there might be recalled a painful incident when the minister suffered a brief imprisonment in a country jail for slander against the fame of a certain rich man, deceased. The corrupting influences of wealth were of course a favorite subject with the poor apostles of Methodism, and Lorenzo Dow joined loudly in the hue and cry. Characteristically enough, as soon as released on this occasion, he drew a great crowd to his next meeting by announcing that the sermon would be directed against another rich man. The text was announced: "And there was another rich man who died and——" A breathless silence filled the pause. "Brethren," continued the preacher, "I will not mention the place this rich man went to, for fear he has some relations in the congregation who will sue me." He then gave another text and pursued an entirely different line of philosophy and exhortation. But Lorenzo had always eluded the shame of retraction; now, he awaited the result with anxiety, for the event was not in his own hands.

The trial was a remarkably pleasant little comedy. The testimony was brief, and the orations were long and weighty. The chief actor was supported in his rôle by two of the most eminent members of the bar, his counsel, Mr. Samuel Prioleau, and the Attorney-General, Mr. Robert Young Hayne, afterwards state senator from South Carolina and the opponent of Webster in a famous debate. Now he was the opponent of Lorenzo Dow, and under circumstances, as our hero saw it, similar to those of the more famous occasion. In Lorenzo's eyes, it was fundamentally a conflict between the old-world, aristocratic tyranny of the Southern malcontents and the American spirit of de-

mocracy. He believed that the whole affair was an attempt to disgrace him before the public, inspired by a book entitled "The Yankee Spy," which had just appeared in the South.

The testimony established that although Mr. Hammet had been seen "disguised in liquor," there was no possible support for the statement that he had died drunk. Following the presentation of the evidence, the defendant delivered an address which, for eloquence and subtle exposition, was fully worthy of the important occasion. He displayed his usual skill, so often employed in religious debates, of handling a difficult situation without a public acknowledgment of any mistake. In no matter how tight a place he might find himself, the Cosmopolite never surrendered. He explained that the original information given him was that Mr. Hammet's death was brought on by drink, and that the contributions of subsequent informants had led him to believe that it was both by drink and drunk. From this he turned to a general discussion of death by drink and dying drunk with examples from ancient and Biblical history and modern medical opinions. He asked if the Bible committed a libel when it stated that Noah was drunk and that Adam ate of the forbidden fruit. He spoke with stirring solemnity of his conscience and its utter inability to concede that Mr. Hammet had died sober, and concluded with a solemn appeal to the jury.

The Southerners triumphed, however, in their attack on the innocent stranger. The Cosmopolite, his thin body and hoary head trembling with the outrage, the strong under lip protruding in venomous indignation, became a

convicted criminal. He was sentenced to pay a fine of one dollar, with costs, which were, however, relinquished by the officers of the court, and to be imprisoned twenty-four hours, from which he was pardoned by the Governor. His bitterly indignant, mortified, almost hysterical conduct in this situation, reveals much of his character at the time. Before sentence was passed, he made "a few remarks as a dying man to dying men." He railed against the common law, in reality, "BRITISH," he told the court—"the greater the truth, the greater the libel." "And," in a scorching peroration, "as a *Christian,* I appeal to the GREAT JEHOVAH, who rules the people, and who looketh at the heart, and judgeth according to intentions! And the day will come when all secrets will be disclosed, and TRUTH and EVIDENCE will be brought to light, and it will then be made manifest to angels and men, whether *malice* was in my heart or the hearts of those my PERSECUTORS!

"God save the State!
God save the People!
Amen, Amen."

The only comforting incident in the whole affair was the funeral of the jailer's wife. The jailer at Charleston was a Jew, and Lorenzo was guest of honor on the occasion, which interested him greatly, and was gratifying as an expression of his open-mindedness and liberal views. Later he was vindicated by a divine judgment: "Those who instigated the trouble for me at Charleston, S. C., or contributed thereto"—he noted in his Journal with much satisfaction, "were all cut off within about the space of

three years—except *Robert Y. Hayne*—who was then Attorney-General for the state; and is now Governor for the *nullifiers.*" From Charleston he sailed north to Boston, where he published a complete account of "Lorenzo's Trial and Condemnation, for an Offence against the Peace and Dignity of the State of South Carolina, under the Old Feudal Law," interspersed with a few humorous footnotes and followed by an appendix, full of bitter irony and insinuation. This duty to God, man, and his own good name performed, he returned to Montville and Lucy.

After wintering in the unsympathetic company of his bride, Lorenzo set out alone in the following year, travelling as far south as Virginia. In September, another prophetic impulse was impressed upon his mind; he felt an anxious desire to visit his father. He found the old man, now more than eighty years of age, on his deathbed. Humphrey Dow had settled all his temporal concerns, provided as best he could for the future of his children, and laid him down to die. He was buried by the side of Tabitha at Coventry. Lorenzo had lost not only a kindly father, but his only home. He inherited enough money, however, to buy a farm at Montville, a few years later.

In the meantime, however, he continued on the road. Originally, Lorenzo's itineraries had been based on urgent calls from the Divinity; now they are quite as unsystematic, but he rarely assigns any reason for his choice of a destination. He had no system whatever, unless it was to visit every town and village in the country. The larger cities had as yet no special attraction for the evangelist. Town life, however, was notably more wicked than the farms. Methodism spread through the country first, and

then laid siege to these strongholds of sin. Sometimes the siege required years. Sometimes the fortress would be taken in a day by assault, as at Lyons, a county seat in New York, in 1805. On this occasion, the Methodists assembled early in the morning and advanced in a body on the town. House after house they entered, praying for the souls of the inmates, shouting and singing God's glory as they marched on. Others were inspired to join them, and their little band was soon near four hundred strong. Thus reinforced, they advanced triumphantly on the last refuge of the godless, the tavern. "It was asked, 'Will they admit us?'" the historian of the fray records. "But the doors and windows being open, we entered in, and was there ever such a shout while storming Lucifer's castle?" And the victory was clinched in a tumultuous praying circle on the village green. But Lorenzo showed no preference for town or country congregations, preaching with the same high-pitched relish to the half-breed farmers and traders of the Indian country as to the people of Philadelphia or Washington? The only trace of method in this indiscriminate thoroughness is its value in supporting his tremendous notoriety.

The most distinguishing feature of the Cosmopolite's ministry was his awe-inspiring presence. And the center and essence of his unusual aspect was the long beard, which now hung almost to his waist. It was commonly related of this beard, that the first time Lorenzo had taken a razor in his hand, he had been seized with an all but uncontrollable impulse to cut his throat, and that thenceforward he never dared touch one again. The character into which he had grown was more than human. One can

easily imagine the terror of Satan which he inspired at a night meeting on Long Island in 1822. It was in that year that he made his first thorough tour of the Island, and the people knew only what rumor had told them of the stranger. It was not the usual solemn exponent of Methodism that rose abruptly as from nowhere and faced the dim audience from behind the bookrest with its holy burden and between the wavering candle-flames. It was the medieval wonder-worker—the lean figure draped in black, the long, gently curling locks to his shoulders like a cowl, that mask-like, mysterious beard, and, above it, eyes that flickered among their souls, as quick and cold as fairy fire. Then the high, crackling voice, speaking of life, death, and the eternity beyond. In the usual technique, he began with the imminent terrors of a greedy Hell, working up to a vivid and sudden contrast of these perils to the bountiful mercy of the Gospel. This sudden change was the climax of the performance. At the height of his description of the torments then in progress beneath their feet, the actor was in a crouching attitude, his long hair shaken across his pale face, his teeth bared, a very demon from the pit. Then a silence, as he slowly raised his long arms aloft and lifted his face and eyes to the rafters, far beyond which Jerusalem glittered through a haze of diamonds and gold. And finally, he spoke of the Savior hanging on the cross, and the blessed release thus offered for the sons of men. It was, as Peggy would have recorded in the quaint Methodist phraseology, "a melting time."

In the daylight, however, appearances were not so effective. There was a haggard shabbiness about him that was repulsive to the unpitying. He could not, by the force

of personality, capture the hearts of those who came to taunt and sneer. "Some behaved well," Peggy had written, with her usual tact, "but others were somewhat unfeeling."

The Cosmopolite lacked the calm benignity which was so effective in winning an audience, but possessed full measure of the even more valuable boldness and assurance. The pervading spirit of an enlivened meeting was often enough to conquer the most cynical, as with the jovial humorist who, pressing through the crowd of "mourners" with a necklace of frogs strung on hickory bark which he had proposed to hang around Peter Cartwright's neck, suddenly collapsed in roaring supplication. The emotional appeal was no longer natural to Lorenzo. Except when circumstances favored the spectacular he clung to cold logic, believing that reason produced the more enduring convert. He would overawe his hearers by a display of wisdom, and then assault them with his argument. He loved to surround himself with importance. He had read much in history as well as religion, and followed the newspaper accounts of political events with intense interest. He interspersed his works and sermons with miscellaneous information on every conceivable subject, from American local politics to the Turkish Empire and the Pasha of Egypt. He too often made the mistake of making his sermon the whole service, neglecting the possibilities of singing and prayer in creating a favorable atmosphere. In the austerity of his conversion, he had condemned singing; when he saw its wonderful effects in the camp meetings, he decided that it was truly a divine instrument, but now, half the time, he gave the people solely what

they had come for—a sermon from the great Lorenzo Dow.

The striking and unexpected, however, was seldom lacking from his discourses. While once preaching on the doctrine of hell fire, for instance, in the old tavern on Hebron Green, he suddenly seized a boy, standing wide-mouthed nearby, and hurled him sprawling to the floor, crying as he did so, "And ye shall be cast down into hell!" Again, in the old Methodist Church in New London, he was annoyed by the giggling of a bevy of young women in the gallery. Not only by their behavior, but by the vanity of their dress, they showed the emptiness of their souls. Filled with the wrath of an outraged God, the preacher paused abruptly. Raising a slow arm and pointing an accusing finger at the ringleader in the disturbance, he uttered in a hard, monotonous voice, a prophecy: "You shall be married soon. You shall have a farm of your own. You shall have a fine white gown." No whit daunted by the solemnity of his tone, the young woman called back, "I shall be delighted!" Raising his hands to hush the murmured laughter of the people at this piece of feminine bravado, Lorenzo continued in the same stern manner: "Your bridegroom will be death. Your farm will be your grave. Your white gown, your shroud."

From such a grim warning he could turn to an uproarious prank, convulsing his audience and winning their whole-hearted admiration, as in his famous debate with the Rev. Solomon Thaxter. Mr. Thaxter, a stout and pompous Presbyterian, had long reigned as the wise man of a small North Carolina town. All the people brought him their troubles and followed his advice implicitly, for

there was nothing, in the common estimate, that he did not know. Many of the Presbyterian pastors of the state were opening their meeting houses to the Cosmopolite, and in this the Rev. Thaxter followed suit, resolving that his house of worship should be as a trap, in which to catch the devil. No sooner was the invitation accepted, than the wily Calvinist announced, with insulting comments on the famous enemy of his creed, that the affair was to be a debate. Thus he hoped to take his adversary by surprise. Lorenzo, however, got wind of the danger in the next town, and came prepared. By his side in the buggy, as he rode in, there sat a small, cheery-faced boy; in the boy's pocket there was a screw clamp, such as is used by cabinet-makers. It was nearly noon and the expectant crowd was already gathering. The people clustered around the buggy as it came to a halt at the hitching posts. Lorenzo rose in his seat and informed them of the Rev. Thaxter's treachery. "But," he concluded, "the time is now at hand, and Belial will be unable to stand against me." The boy had vanished in the throng.

The meeting house was packed to the doors and windows. People always came to a debate if there was any hope of seeing the fur fly. Lorenzo, in his best manner, linked Calvinism to Atheism, and, in concluding, reiterated his confidence that the Rev. Solomon Thaxter would not be able to stand against him. And sure enough, the Rev. Thaxter could not stand, for Lorenzo's youthful ally had clamped his coat-tails fast to the seat of his chair. Mr. Thaxter's fat face grew florid as he writhed, flapping his short arms, struggling and stamping with his legs. After allowing the wonder-struck congregation to view this

spectacle for a few minutes, Lorenzo rose again, and disclosed the trick to the gaping people and panting Presbyterian. Then, in his most solemn manner, he again defied his antagonist to stand on his feet and defend his faith. And the Calvinist, for the first time confused and ridiculous before his people, was unable to stand. Having thus doubly confounded his enemy, Lorenzo preached a second sermon from a text in Jeremiah, "Fear, and the pit, and the snare, shall be upon thee, O inhabitant of Moab, saith the Lord." No doubt at the end he made one of his exits through the window, to be away before any outraged adherents of Calvin could administer a horsewhipping.

Lorenzo's delvings into "book learning" were largely superficial. It was his thorough knowledge of the people that underlay his power. Some impression of the extent of his education in popular behavior and psychology, from a work produced in the last years of his life, "Omnifarious Law Exemplified, or, How to Curse and Swear, Lie, Cheat and Kill, according to Law!" Twenty-seven kinds of law are represented—Social Law, Statute Law, Law of Honor, Medical Law, Laws of God, Laws of Hell, and so on, interspersed with much exhortation, and with miscellaneous history and biography, from the Chinese Empire to Napoleon and from Napoleon to Lorenzo Dow. His remarks on Jockey Law show what experience had taught him of a horse trade.

"JOCKEY LAW

"Get money honestly, if you can; any how, get money.

"Take an old horse, file down his teeth; burn them with a nail rod, to make them appear under seven years.

Give him three bushels of sweet apples and three bushels of green corn in the milk; which in seven days will make him appear fat. Shear off the long hairs, and use some coloring if necessary; brush him up to make him shine; blow up the hollows above his eyes, &c. to make him appear plump and full; put a pepper pod in his tail, to make him antic and full of life; a spur in your own head and cigar in the mouth; a watch chain with a button at the end, in your pocket; give the animal some bread and wine, to raise his ambition; and taking some of the good stuff yourself—then swear you have as good a Colt as any gentleman with a fine shining boot. So mount, showing in appearance, that you are as clever a fellow and have as good a horse as any on the Turf—according to custom, which makes LAW!"

Lorenzo's views on "Sunday Law" form a typical expression of opinion, besides being a well-aimed slap at Puritanism.

"A Presbyterian Deacon's Cat,
Went out to seek her prey;
She ran round the house,—
And *'ketch'd a mouse,—*
Upon the Sabbath day!'
The Deacon being much offended,
The crime was so profane;
He laid down his book,
The *Cat* he took,
And bound her with a chain!
You filthy jade, ain't you asham'd!
Don't you deserve to die!
——— to carry down to hell—
My holy wife and I!"

"There are some people, instead of worshipping and serving the Lord, they only worship *Sunday!* being Sunday Christians and Monday Devils! whose religion is only in the head, not in the heart. Hence if the head were cut off, soul and body would go to the devil!

"In 1828, a widow, who had three young children in bed, a young woman and two young men, were seized in the night, and carried nine miles by the Sheriff, (who showed *irons* if he was not obeyed,) for the enormous crime of returning from the funeral of the young lady's mother, on a *Sunday;* and bringing some articles with them, which had been given by the mother just before she died. They had started according to a Presbyterian clock, (for the old man had been watching like a spy,) thirty-one minutes before sun-set—having no place to stay there, but on expense, so they wished to return home, although it snowed.

"For which crime, they were fined a dollar each, to mend *Sabbath day broken,* and about 30 dollars cost.

"The Sheriff and officers made a mistake—took too much cost—then plead for a new settlement, to prevent *their* cost and damages for false charges!

"How few attend to the golden rule, to do to others as they would that others should do to them!"

Lorenzo's attitude toward the world was now solidly formed. His opinions are of interest because, like those of most of us, they were the fruit of his mental composition and the circumstances of his life, rather than an impartial reasoning after truth. Predominant above all his sternly defended principles, his hatred for Calvinism, which had

relented a little since his break with the Methodists, his distrust of lawyers, and his other prejudices, there stood out in everything his thoroughly American individualism. "Let every tub stand on its own bottom, whether it be ash, pine or oak," was Lorenzo's favorite saying. It appears most prominently, of course, in his religious ideals. There was no human authority, in his opinion, which could justly restrain or control the individual Christian. His opinions in this regard are most lavishly set forth in a work entitled, "A Cry from the Wilderness! A Voice from the East.—A Reply from the West.—Trouble in the North.—Exemplifying in the South. Intended as a Timely and Solemn Warning to the People of the United States." It is a tirade against authority. The old bugaboo of the scheming Pope is revived, and the Methodist organization and efforts to maintain a united church cited as proofs to link them to the ominous peril. His own conflict with ecclesiastical government is disposed of in a brief paragraph.

"The Bishop's mock trial of *Lorenzo Dow,* in the person of *his,* i.e. Bishop's, right hand man—then the principle reciprocated, that the Bishop 'was born to command' in the same place. FUDGE ! ! !"

Lorenzo's philosophy was a combination of Biblical and Protestant tradition, Jacksonian democracy and himself. He proposed that that good old American principle of rotation in office be applied to bishops. He sneered at the idea of each church that it was the only true one. A variety of denominations was advantageous, he insisted,

for it prevented any one body from coming into undue power and showed, with each schism, that the search for truth was going on. It was a doctrine which suited the spirit of the times. The Rev. Abel C. Thomas, a Universalist clergyman has left a description of the Cosmopolite, having found in him a smacking of Universalism—he was apparently unacquainted with the place that society had been accorded in the famous chain of five links, two hooks and a swivel. One sees, too, how Lorenzo's views had modified his "Watch!" sermon.

"—During the early part of my ministry in Philadelphia—as early as the spring of 1830—LORENZO DOW preached several times in our meeting house, by permission. He was an eccentric, sincere man, of good talents and delivery, a perpetual traveller—literally a pilgrim in the earth, though not a stranger. Few preachers were so widely known as he, and there are few that will live so long in tradition.

"He was a religionist of no sectarian tie. Once, in my desk, he announced himself as a Free Thinker, belonging to the class of people who take the liberty of thinking for themselves, and who, if they discover their thinking was wrong, take the liberty of thinking again. He was particular to mention, however, that 'he had broken away from the apron-strings of Orthodoxy.'

"He certainly was not a Universalist in doctrine, though he sometimes lost the center of 'orthodox' gravity in leaning that way. 'People sometimes ask me,' said he, 'how large a proportion of the human family I believe will be saved? I have uniformly replied, that I believe all

infants and all idiots will be of the number; and these, in my opinion, constitute a large majority of mankind!'

"He was an oddity in all respects, excepting perhaps in his current of religious thought. In that, he coincided with the more enlightened Methodists. He was quaint in his illustrations. 'Evil thoughts," said he, 'may come to you in flocks. They come as birds of prey. You may not be able to prevent them from flying across your fields, but you can certainly prevent them from making nests in the bushes.'

"He was quaint in his texts. Standing on a butcher's block in a Market House, a large congregation awaiting the sermon, he pulled a time-piece from his pocket, held it up by the chain for a few moments, meanwhile looking intently around with his penetrating eye, and said, 'Watch!' After a brief pause he added, 'What I say unto *you,* I say unto all: WATCH!' He then proceeded with an admonitory discourse, in three parts. 1st. Watch against your own hearts, or they will deceive you. 2d. Watch against the priests, or they will mislead you. 3d. Watch against the devil, or he will devour you!

"He sometimes omitted both singing and prayer. 'We will omit singing tonight,' said he on one occasion, 'because we may not know the same words and tune, and you have not come hither to hear *me* sing alone, nor *I,* to hear *you* sing. We will also omit vocal prayer, for most of you have come hither out of curiosity, and are not in a praying mood.' Then he announced his subject, and proceeded to discuss it in his eccentric but instructive way.

"His sincerity was never doubted, and he was unquestionably a useful man in his generation."

The same fierce individualism which he sought in religion, he demanded in other of life's concerns. He worked long for the separation of Church and State, and thrust the weight of his influence into New England politics when this issue was in the balance. He realized that the connection was degrading to the Church, besides fearing sectarian interference in politics. And despite his tirades and warnings against those who enjoyed that official standing from which he was cut off forever, he upheld the dignity of the holy calling. The minister, as he told the court at Charleston, was more important than the President of the United States, "which sphere is located for the time being; but the other involves the eternity of man."

His patriotism was intense and, in his usual failure to see the true proportion of things, unbounded. He shared the confidence of the young republic in her manifest destiny. It was his greatest inspiration now, this conglomeration of vague and tremendous ideals. It set him to thinking and planning impatiently a great experiment in the fertile Northwest. His greatest dread was of foreign interference or pollution; it was easy for him to see a menace in the common law that the Southern aristocrats had used against him, or in the dictatorial manner of the Methodists who had condemned and denounced him. Deadliest of all, however, he saw Rome, with her far-flung empire now for the first time taking hold in the West, and the Holy Alliance, which was striving to restore the old order in Europe, working in such suspicious harmony with the Pope.

These urgent forebodings led the Cosmopolite into the last and most sweeping gesture of his strange career.

In his solitary weirdness he looked the prophet; the common credulity never doubted that his soul could pierce the veil; and a prophet he became. He had long displayed a fascination for the subject, albeit his revelations had been solely of a personal character. Such minor prognostications which may be explained as chance anxieties, recalled after the event and explained as prophetic, were frequent among godly men, but he who ventured into larger fields faced bitter accusations and expulsion from his church. But Lorenzo could go the whole hog with impunity. For, being neither member of a sect or would-be founder of one, men of culture were not greatly disturbed, knowing also the utter futility of argument; and, in his lack of that sense of proportion which culture bestows and his harmony with the vulgar mind, he found no antagonism among the masses.

He made no claim of possessing a peculiar gift; in the assumption that he had developed the normal power of every Christian to receive inward impressions from the Divinity, he merely prophesied. Still confident, however, that a great mission lay before him, he prophesied without stint or faltering. When in England with Peggy, he had reflected much on the prophecies of Robert Nixon, "the Cheshire fool," a seer of James I.'s reign, many of whose predictions had come to pass. And almost a decade later the possibilities of the thing still fascinated him. "I saw Margaret Keen," he wrote, "whom I saw two years before in Baltimore; and who had accurately dreamed of *Bonaparte's* disasters &c. &c. which made considerable impression upon my mind." Too practical to be swept from his feet by an emotional inspiration, the new calling

was delayed until he had gathered a basis of facts. His revelations were always reasoned and supported by evidence, an important factor in the favorable reception accorded them. He was further aided and encouraged by the fulfillment of his predictions. As early as 1813, for instance, he had ventured to assert that Popery would be a dominant power within half a century, at the time when Rome was under the thumb of Napoleon—and was it not rapidly regaining its old pre-eminence? And again, the young woman whom he had so sternly reprimanded at New London for her levity, had not long after sickened and passed into eternity.

In 1824, a mysterious dream brought Lorenzo into an organization—a body far more ancient and distinguished than the Methodist church—for which he maintained an unflagging loyalty. He did not mention the event in his Journal, but disclosed it later in the "Omnifarious Law Exemplified," in the following words:

"When in Rhode Island, 1824, in my sleep, I thought myself in a *Masonic Lodge,* where I received the first degree, after which I stood up to give them an address, in doing which I waked myself up. A strange weighty exercise—sleep fled—early I crossed the ferry to Warren, where I related the circumstance at breakfast—noticed the countenance of some present, which appeared to be an *index* of the mind—concluded they were masons—on inquiry found it to be so.

"Then I resolved to see the difference betwixt dream and reality the first opportunity, which soon presented at

Bristol. I anticipated, step by step, and was not disappointed, the circumstances answering to my dream.

"And travelling on, I have found no cause to repent my journey through the degrees of Masonry's ancient and modern steps; but find the *Principles* to be such as I would wish to *Treasure* in my *Heart* and Practice in my life to my dying day—as I now see and feel.

"The antiquity of it, the *date* and circumstances attending the origin of the several degrees; the *parts separate* and *taken together* to form one *whole,* there is a *chain* and a *harmony* in the institution; common opinion and assertion to the contrary notwithstanding."

It was on Christmas day that the initiation had taken place, at Saint Albans Lodge No. 6, of Bristol. On the following day, moreover, the distinguished initiate was raised to the degree of Fellow Craft and made a Master Mason.

In 1826, following the murder of a member who was publishing the secrets of the order, the country was panic-stricken with a suspicious fear of this secret force in its midst, culminating in a national Anti-Masonic party. Lorenzo then rallied to their defense. He proudly declared his allegiance where other members, as they valued their reputations, hid or abandoned it. In sermons and pamphlets he pointed to the society's antiquity, broad-minded tolerance, and services to mankind. Not content with this alone, he vigorously attacked the "Antis," forcefully reminding them that his lordship, the Pope, was among their number.

The social companionship of the order must have been a great solace to the outcast wanderer, although, with his wit, knowledge and notoriety, he had had little trouble in making friends. William Mason Cornell, a Congregational pastor offered Lorenzo his church when rain clouds threatened an outdoor meeting. This he accepted with polite gratitude, adding, "I have not been accustomed to receive such courtesy from Congregational ministers." Dr. Cornell found him both gentlemanly and intelligent and, from his extensive travels, very interesting in conversation. He has bequeathed us one of Lorenzo's favorite stories, as in turn, he had received it from Dr. Paul Johnson.

Dr. Johnson was travelling in northern Scotland with a friend, where, after a long ride, they stopped at a tumble-down little cottage for dinner. The place reeked with filth, but the frowsy good wife who met them at the door promised steak and pudding, and their hunger reconciled them to the surroundings. While the food was cooking, the doctor's friend, happening to peep through a crack, discovered a rather disconcerting feature in the coming meal. A ragged child was dutifully minding the steak, and, as he bent over it, scratched his head, so that a number of the insect inhabitants of his tousled locks fell to a greasy death on the meat. He said nothing till the dinner was served, and then arranged that he would take the pudding, while the doctor might have the steak all to himself. With great gusto, when everything had been consumed, he described what he had seen through the crack. For a while the doctor was too sick to remonstrate; when the merry prank had been crowned by a renewed ac-

quaintance with the offending dish, he fell to scolding the boy for not wearing his cap.

"Why," the child remonstrated, "mammy took it to boil the pudding in." In the good old-fashioned way, the story must needs carry its finale into details, ending with an uproarious description of the would-be humorist's rush for the door, as the pudding again saw the light of day.

It was commonly agreed that the best example of the Cosmopolite's wit was his encounter with General Jesse Root, a celebrated man in his day, if now forgotten. It was one of those sudden retorts, compounded of wit and impudence, which tickled young America immensely. The personage thus wrenched from the jaws of oblivion was stopping at the same tavern as Lorenzo, a house kept by a man named Bush, like many country landlords, a person of importance in his community, at Delhi, New York. Bush and the General, talking life over in the barroom, decided to have some fun with the preacher. They summoned him to the parlor, and there, with great solemnity, begged him to give them an accurate description of Heaven. The barroom company put on serious expressions and gathered round. The Cosmopolite regarded them with an air of gravity equal to their own.

"Heaven, my friends," he replied, "is a vast extent of smooth, rich territory. It is as fertile as the hardwood lands and as smooth as the prairies." The conspirators bent forward, concealing their delight in eager nods. "There is not a *root* or a *bush* in it," added the preacher as he rose to go, "and there never will be."

Once, when Lorenzo was stopping at Philadelphia during Yearly Meeting week, he dreamed that he was

present at a small meeting of ministers and elders, which, albeit disguised by the addition of some iron gratings and brass trap doors, was afterwards identified by a Quaker.

"When I related the dream, with a desire for an interpretation, one replied to another, 'Lorenzo has been in the *"Select Meeting* of Ministers and Elders,"' which kind of meeting I was ignorant of its existence, anterior."

One wonders whether the debates at Washington, in Congress and the Land Office, which meant so much for his future, were ever revealed in a vision similar to this. We only know that in 1825, the year of the ultimate decision on the validity of the Carver grant, he was in the Capital City, where he made a little pilgrimage to Mount Vernon and the grave of Washington. The Government had been long and slow in making up its mind on this momentous question. In 1822, President Monroe had sent the evidence in the case and the thoroughly unfavorable report of the Land Office to the Representatives. In the following year, the Senate corroborated the disapproval of the lower House. For two years more the matter hung in a very one-sided balance, until the final formalities destroyed forever the validity of the claim. The action was based on the fact that, even if the deed of cession signed by the Chiefs of the Nawdowissie Tribe were genuine, these potentates were not true holders of the land. The Sioux were now the ruling power in the grant, and had, of course, no recollection of the transaction made over half a century before; to open the tract to settlement would inevitably mean a new Indian war. This cession of 1767 was probably quite as valid as contemporary grants and most of the treaties of the national government; the

white men persistently failed to recognize that the savages held their land in common, and no chiefs, in the joviality of fire-water and presents, could justly deed it away.

Slowly and cruelly, the Cosmopolite's highest flight of ambition had been crushed. Shattered was the greatest elaboration on his holy call. Puritan bigotry had escaped the thrust which he had planned, and the principles of William Penn would never be reasserted in a new experiment. Gone were Loren, the City of Peace, Beulah Ethiopia, and the Mount Sinai Domain; gone were Stackhouse Landing and Theophilus Town, and all the rest. And blighted, too, were Lorenzo's hopes of power and dominion and freedom from the hardships of the long road, the life of weary rides and ostensible poverty and asthma and spasms.

The ideals which he could not "exemplify"—to make use of his favorite word—he preached with increased fervor. He was faced more forcefully than ever before with the old query—which only religion can answer—how is it that the good must suffer and the unrighteous flourish? Lorenzo never met reverses with resignation, but he had enough faith in the inscrutable will of the Creator to push forward with courage and zeal undimmed. At least, it was fortunate that he had refrained from publishing the transactions until the fate of the enterprise was decided. At the time of his death only the deed for two tracts, "Tichener, Theophilus, Ransom, Gates and Peggy," and "Margaretta and Catharina" remained in his possession.

Throughout his life, the holy man had been striving to break through his destiny to greater, more glorious

things, and always there came defeat. He was embittered by recurring illness and pain. But the subtlest of suffering lies in the gnawing sense of failure. He did not lose hope, he pushed forward with a bold front, but there was a haggard bitterness in his eyes in the last years. The sense of failure must have penetrated more deeply than he dared avow even to himself. The more intense the evangelistic career of this sort, the more closely that it follows the susceptible popular mind, the surer is the ultimate realization of its futilities—that strong religious excitement leads to immoralities, that so many are incapable of any enduring saintliness, that so much is empty and inconsequential. Yet the preacher who has committed himself year after year before God and the world to the soul-stirring doctrines cannot face the realization. He will carry on, with his eyes turned away from the disheartening side. And yet, even while he refuses to recognize it, the realization makes a place in his mind and works its effect on his soul.

CHAPTER XIII

WOMEN RULE HERE

IT was one of those rare and unfortunate occasions when the great Cosmopolite was reduced to the necessity of trudging afoot from appointment to appointment, a necessity which, considering his weakness of body and the rapid progress which he invariably maintained, bore too heavily upon his feeble strength for Providence to permit it long. It was near the town of Lexington in that state known among her affectionate sons as "old Kaintuck." Lorenzo was stalking along the highway, his shabby black raiment flapping about him in the fresh morning breeze, his hoary head thrust forward under the shade of a broad-brimmed hat, a stick in one hand, a Bible in the other, his roughly shod feet raising little clouds of dust as he pushed them onward on the dried mud of the roadway. Thus, as the story is related, he was overtaken by a small party of men on horseback, a part of the crowd that was gathering from all the neighborhood to hear Lorenzo Dow. Recognizing the preacher, one of the men dismounted and offered him his horse. Lorenzo hardly turned his head as, without a word, he swung into the saddle and galloped away, leaving them all behind him. His cloak and hair flying wildly, he dashed into the waiting throng, dismounted, and, without a thought for the providential

horse, elbowed his way to the center of the congregation and began his sermon. It was this picturesque disregard for the feelings of others which must have made him a rather difficult companion. But Lucy, even if she could never muster Peggy's resignation to the divine will, endured many hundreds of miles of her strange husband and his strange ministry.

From Washington the ever confident Cosmopolite and his vigorous, staunch-hearted spouse journeyed into the West over the famous Cumberland Road, as far as Indianapolis, east again to Baltimore, to New York by sea, and home to Montville. It was the longest journey, and apparently the last that Lucy ever submitted to, although nothing unusual to her husband. While the appearance of poverty was the order of the march, the pair were undoubtedly well supplied. Had their means to any extent become known, the scoffers and doubters, who were bad enough as matters stood, would have overwhelmed them. The news of his embarrassment leaked out in time, but whether from confidence in his motives or fear of counter-attack, none ventured to use it against him. As ever, Lorenzo the invincible had his eye on real estate and the possibilities of development. There is an interesting entry in the Journal, made in 1826 in the vicinity of Clarksburg, now in northern West Virginia; here, if one may draw an inference from scattered threads of evidence, his temporal aspirations met a new and even more humiliating reverse.

"The land in this vale on Tiger River is beautifully good," he wrote; "and the crystal streams are excellent. The mountains that surround the country are awfully

sublime; but the soil is not so good—and the *fee* of the land is very uncertain—as there have been 'Warrants' upon warrants laid; and hence, the surveys clash; and the same ground may have been granted away by the government ten or even twenty times over! So, that, under existing laws, it will and must be a very long time before the question is finally settled; whether the occupier is the owner of the land on which he lives; although he might have bought it of a dozen different claimants." Lorenzo, at least, was learning to be cautious.

The Journal implies that Lorenzo's new farmstead was bought with money inherited from his father. He may have used the inheritance to buy a farm, but the place at which they lived was Lucy's, by her father's will, as no doubt she frequently reminded him. The house was a substantial one of three storeys, with shingled walls, much more comfortable than the Dow homes at Coventry and Hebron. The farm lay on the rim of the Thames River Valley, at the head of a dashing little stream, the Oxoboxo Creek, which provided a good mill seat. Lucy had now been introduced to the nation, to the mutual unconcern of both. She, apparently, had come to the conclusion that woman's place is in the home, and settled herself permanently at the farm, then known, as it is today, as "Lorenzo Dow's Place." Her husband might sally forth for the gospel warning to sinners and the controversy with the nations if he would, but here she remained, and here she ruled in unsubdued pre-eminence. She might well have been a creature of the Lord sent, like the whale that swallowed Jonah, or the king that came against Rehoboam, to keep His prophet in the way of his holy

duty. For Lorenzo must seek the roads of his broad circuit if he would be unhampered in his power and undisputed in his word.

Save for the brief notice of the marriage and the use of "we" in the record of their travels together—sometimes in italics as if some peculiar accomplishment were thus briefly recorded—the Journal makes no mention of Lucy Dolbeare Dow. To understand Lorenzo's melancholy situation as this good lady's character asserted itself with all the unreasoning, unanswerable force of feminine determination, one must consider his attitude toward the sex in general. Woman's place in America was, compared to other nations, a thoroughly substantial one, a fact easily attributable to their being outnumbered by the men. Legally, save in the suffrage, they were the equals of men while unmarried and asserted this equality in many walks of life; on marriage, the husband became charge and master of his bride—such at least was the common legal interpretation, although the Cosmopolite, in his penetrating essay "Of Petticoat Law," has asserted to the contrary. In religion, of course, the sex occupied an honorable and important, but distinctly inferior position; as Lorenzo had argued early in his ministry, Eve's soul had obviously, like her body, come from Adam, thus placing her in a subordinate order. The doctrine of woman as the source of evil was in perfect accord with his view and observations. He contemplated with horror the power which her insidious wiles had won for her in the world. "The CHARACTER of a man," he wrote in mournful denunciation, "is in the power of the woman; secondly, his PROPERTY is in the power of the woman; thirdly, the LIBERTY of a man

is in the power of the woman; fourthly, his LIFE is in the power of the woman!"

He visioned this appalling situation as responsible for many of the evils of the day. The corruption of Europe he attributed to the dominance of feminine whimsy, and saw the same peril creeping into the western democracy, undermining the manly independence of the fathers. His exaggerated view was no doubt inspired by his own experience. He did not regard the marriage tie as invariably of sacred origin.

"Some people," he had once written, "believe in a decree, (commonly called a lottery,) viz. That God has determined in all cases, that particular men and women should be married to each other: and that it is impossible they should marry any other person. But I say, hush! for if that be the case, then God appoints all matches; but I believe the devil appoints a great many."

At Montville Lorenzo, the unrestrainable, was harnessed. How clearly one can see him, that threatening under lip pressed firmly against the upper, listening with sour glance and mute rebuttal to her vehement assertions as she bustled about the house. One can imagine him, aroused a little at the end of a meal perhaps, when the beef and sausage, potatoes and pumpkin sauce, apple pie and other dishes of the bounteous American table had been tried, and he sat with a cup of strong tea in one hand and a chunk of rye bread in the other, venturing a solemn refutation and admonishment, on the state of her soul and the example of Peggy, of blessed memory. One can imagine him rising, like a pompous martyr, wiping his hair-encircled mouth with his handkerchief, and

stalking away to the barn with some sternly ironical remark as to the only place that was left for him. Perhaps at times she burst into a gibe at his beard or some other cutting flare of sacrilegion. Perhaps, when there was a consent to be won, she put her arms around him, kissed and stroked his face. One would like to know how often she answered objections with quotations from his own works. She might have quoted, for instance, something about the necessity for judging by intentions and the "moral evil" of an estimate based on outward appearances to justify her conduct on that shocking occasion when she insisted on accompanying him to the Burrows Hill Meeting House in a white dress.

Lucy and Lorenzo were not warned in dreams of one another's vicissitudes. For the first few years he departed frequently into the stimulating atmosphere of his national notoriety, but they became used to each other in time, for the tours grew less and less frequent as Lorenzo was increasingly interested in the farm, the mill and the local real estate. One can only guess how matters culminated. Perhaps it was after the time when the exasperated husband made, as it were, a formal abdication of his power. One morning there appeared, painted in broad white letters across the gate of "Lorenzo Dow's Place," the words, "WOMEN RULE HERE." One soul at least was sympathetic; across the gate of a neighboring farmer there was chalked, not long after, the legend, "SO DO THEY HERE."

Here, however, Lorenzo prospered, and here he spent more and more of his time. Farm and sawmill were thoroughly successful, and in addition he became a local financier of some importance. He maintained, of course, his

position as the local celebrity. The people always stared as he drove by in his buggy, to attend to some matter of the soul or purse. He was a familiar sight, too, in the city of Norwich, the county seat, where he did his trading, where he was borne through streets in a heavy cart, lumbering along behind two or three yoke of oxen and driven by a negro teamster. As might be expected with a man of his character, he made enemies as well as friends among his neighbors, but there was nothing noteworthy enough to pass from gossip to tradition. "The best way that ever I found to kill an enemy," he used to say, "was to love him to death." Of his in-laws, however, he expressed at least one definite opinion. The Cosmopolite was seen one day seated on a fence in an attitude of deep contemplation. He explained that he had been reflecting on a way to spell "hog" in eight letters. When asked in what manner this perplexing problem had been solved, he obligingly spelled out the answer: "D-O-L-B-E-A-R-E."

A friendship of mutual sympathy was impossible with Lorenzo. One must subside in humble acquiescence before his oracular nature to keep his good will. It was this, too, that prevented any brotherly intimacy between the great preacher and the staid master of the Grammar School at New London. Ulysses' natural kindliness was under the surface; the extent of his charities, which were far beyond his means, was not known till after his death. As the city knew him, he was a reticent, retiring figure, stiffly courteous and even a little sharp when addressed. It was only in the school that the full forcefulness of his character appeared. And it was in the school that the one remembered contact of Ulysses and his brother took place.

Lorenzo had been invited to preach to the boys. As their famous visitor entered the dingy hall and strode down the aisle toward the platform from which the watchful tyrant overlooked his little dominion, the boys rose and stood at attention. Characteristically, Lorenzo took no notice whatever of this courtesy. A stern voice from the throne reminded him. "Lorenzo, you will make obeisance to this school." Lorenzo bowed stiffly and advanced. The doctor, as any monarch of old would have greeted a visiting potentate, descended from the dais and embraced him, saying, "Welcome, Lorenzo." When the talk had been finished and the great Cosmopolite was leaving, he again failed to respond to the respectful attitude of the school.

"Lorenzo," said the doctor, "I demand that you make obeisance to this school." And Lorenzo bowed.

Lorenzo took a fatherly interest in the town business. At one time he administered some of the affairs of the school department; at another, he was one of a committee to audit the accounts. More than this, he was wont occasionally to run through the official books, writing suggestions and rebukes on the margins. The following are examples of his solicitude for the public welfare:

"N.B. It appears that these men at the bottom of the town business get our own orders and then charge interest, though the books do not express it; either the books are not correct, or the men are innocent who hold those orders; or else it is Montville way of doing business! L. Dow."

"P.S. See No. 119, 1823, interest $40.14 on his 'note'

where we find no note mentioned, but order 669-21 as above and yet the order for interest is $41.14 and for five days less than a year."

"Montville wants a new book, better bound to transmit the records safe to posterity. L. Dow."

There was one last occasion on which the Cosmopolite invited catastrophe with a too eager attempt at economic expansion. He had purchased a saw and grist mill in the neighborhood and, to increase its efficiency, raised the height of the dam a few feet. There were four mortgages on the place when he bought it, and he felt a natural anxiety to increase its earning capacity. Below, on the same stream, however, there stood a factory belonging to a wolf in sheep's clothing, a devil in disguise, who passed among men by the name of Peter Richards. This person, in a letter whose courteous phrasing was not appreciated, remonstrated on the ground that his factory, unlike an ordinary mill, required a steady flow of water, which Lorenzo's improvement denied him. He called at "Lorenzo Dow's Place" to present his grievance in person, and although the Cosmopolite was absent, he was well represented by the stalwart lady of the house. In Lorenzo's published account of the affair her efforts are summed up in a vivid and exquisite morsel of conjugal candor. "I confess that I suppose that she talked some of her 'Lucy talk,'" he observed, "as she, instead of playing the hypocrite, is very apt to let off." Adding injury to insult, the offending Mr. Richards carried his case to law. Justice bowed her blushing head in shame. Columbia covered a tear-dripping face with her apron as she rolled

mournfully in her rocking chair. The sacred flame of religion flickered and burned low. The decision was granted to the plaintiff.

The story, in all its tragic details, is set forth in a work entitled, "Wisdom Displayed, and Lorenzo's Villainy Detected, or the Second Trial, Confession and Condemnation of Lorenzo Dow. Before the Superior Court, held at Norwich, Conn. January Term, 1829. Eccl. iv. 1. So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun; and, behold, the *tears* of such as were *oppressed,* and they had no *Comforter;* and on the side of their OPPRESSORS there was POWER; but THEY had NO COMFORTER." As the title indicates, the defendant considered the case a mere wanton effort to deprive him of his rights. He was too thorough an egotist to weigh the justice of an affair that involved his own desires. He very quickly reduced the claim of his enemy to absurdity: "If a citizen has a spring branch on his farm, he is liable to be prosecuted for stopping water, by damming the stream for a hog wallow or a goose pond."

A lengthy "Confession" accompanies this document, its recounting of woes and oppressions culminating in an irrelevant but highly amusing discussion of its author's mother-in-law, a lady "of an unhappy turn of mind," with other choice gleanings from his family history. From these reflections he draws a none too lucid distinction between "natural," or inherited evil, and "moral evil," or sin in general. And the subject of sin led him into a review of his various conflicts with the law. Besides the affair at Charleston and his skirmishes with King George III, Lorenzo had had a few other distressing ex-

periences, proving the inconsistency of business engagements and such a foot-loose itineracy as his. The most humiliating occasion was at Troy, on one of his last tours with Lucy. At the end of a sermon, before the eyes of some four or five thousand people, he was taken into custody for his failure to meet a small contract—"to attend Court, in the dead of winter, on a *fool's* errand, more than a hundred miles.

"Farewell, sweet freedom!" cried the outraged man of God in a thunderous peroration.

"How soon I may be sued again, don't know. But I acknowledge myself CONQUERED; and found guilty in the Eye of "THE LAW!" and although I once thought myself a "FREEMAN," I find that I was mistaken! And only a "VILLAIN," "Vassal," "Tenant at will," a "GATE TENDER," for others at my *own expense,* and that is not all, *I cannot help myself!*—Farewell, sweet freedom! My property I cannot call *my own! Brother* Gate Tenders, LOOK OUT!!!!

Lorenzo's continued financial aspirations tempered in some measure his warnings against Capitalists, but on the subject of lawyers there was no such restraint. He never tired of crying out against these avaricious sewers of discord. The profession was commonly considered a nuisance anyway, so that there was a sympathetic audience for his complaint; formerly, it had actually been legislated against as a menace to public harmony. Lorenzo circulated a story of two wealthy farmers come to town to settle a dispute of law, which he had heard while in the jail at Charleston. One of them offered his case to

a lawyer, who replied that he was already engaged by the other side, but would give him a letter to a friend. Becoming suspicious, the man opened the letter and read: "Two fat Geese come to market. You pick one and I will pick the other." On the basis of this discovery, the matter was settled out of court.

The Cosmopolite was now replete with invincible confidence and strong opinions. He travelled and issued declarations as the mood came, and cared little what the world thought. "Public opinion," he asserted, "is a whim," and quoted in illustration a few current newspaper comments.

"SALEM, Aug. 16.

"*Lorenzo Dow.*—This celebrated travelling preacher is now on a tour through the New England States. He preached at Portland, in a field, on Sunday the 6th inst., in presence of 2 or 3000 people. He then proceeded through a part of New Hampshire, preaching in the principal towns on his way, and he is to preach at Newburyport this afternoon. He generally holds his meetings in the fields or woods, finding it difficult to gain admittance to a house of worship. He wears his hair long and flowing, and his beard unshorn, in imitation of the Apostles!—his dress is mean, his voice harsh, his gesticulation and delivery ungraceful in the extreme, and his whole appearance and manners are calculated to excite the curiosity and wonder, if not the disgust of his hearers."

"NEWBURYPORT, Aug. 18.

"*Lorenzo Dow,* according to promise, held forth last Wednesday, in the open air, to a multitude of 3 or 4000,

who assembled to witness the performance of one, whose eccentric appearance had gained him, in anticipation, some celebrity. He told where he was born and raised, said he was the friend of all sects and believed in none of them—cautioned his hearers not to pin their faith on those who preached in steepled houses, or to believe a thing because their grandmothers before them believed it—and after a rhodomontade, without argument or eloquence, of forty or fifty minutes, was off in a tangent."

"RALEIGH, (N.C.) Jan. 23.

"*Lorenzo Dow.*—We were highly gratified, last evening, with a sermon delivered by this celebrated itinerant preacher, at the State House. The name of *Dow* is, perhaps, not more extensively known than the eccentricities of his character. These eccentricities have doubtless, in various instances, led to a doubt as to the sanity of his mind. But if we were to judge from the specimen which he last night gave of his understanding, we should say that there was no better foundation for such an opinion than there was for the accusation which Felix preferred against the most eloquent of all divines—the Apostle Paul. We verily think that the tenets of Mr. Dow, as far as we comprehend them, are extremely liberal, and that he is as much divested of sectarian prejudices, and as free from bigotry, as it is possible for one to be, zealously engaged in the cause of religion. . . ."

"A world of contradictions, falsifications," is his comment, "and imbecile with outward inconveniences, as

heat, cold, hunger, thirst, with pain and sickness in the vicissitudes of life, have been the analects of my journey: but GOD has been my protector and consolation, as a tender *parent* during the thirty years of my *pilgrimage* thus far, through time—hence my *hope* to the end!"

The Cosmopolite's attitude toward his gigantic flock had changed in the last decade of his ministry. The Journal had become more and more sketchy, reflecting its decreased importance as a vehicle to convey a record of unusual spiritual experiences to the blind and dying world. His assurance was continually greater, for he had his public and might say or write as he pleased with a certainty of wide attention; with a large number of the populace, he was an established authority on all subjects. He had a more paternal attitude than of old, as he exclaimed against the Papacy and Jesuits—referred to respectively as the beast with seven horns and the government of Babylon—against the Holy Alliance, the foreigners who were stirring the people to nullification and the slaves to rebellion, and the infinity of prying menaces. "The Lord bless and protect you! Adieu—Farewell!" he cries at the end of an exclamatory survey of the nation's harrowing situation. His prophecies were written in this fatherly vein, and his attempt at that oft-repeated task, the interpretation of the Apocalypse, ran in similar style, drawing the reader into inextricable mazes of airy logic and hasty comparison.

The air of mystery which thrilled him so, moreover, was heightened. Read this, and shudder for the grisly fate which overhung America:

"The Pope has sent over one ship load of Priests in a French vessel of war; and according to the Papers an hundred more since."

"Thus one individual potentate, who lives and governs in a foreign land, exercising Temporal and Spiritual authority over men in *this* country, who owe no allegiance here to our Government, may be viewed in a proper light; considering *their influence,* over several hundred thousands of People in these United States; with the large spiral meeting houses, called Churches; and the strong dark *vault* with iron doors thereto annexed; WHAT FOR?"

There is also an air of mystery which may be classed as unintentional. Many passages in his writings are set forth with such fervor as to be quite unintelligible. His audience, however, was of the sort to be satisfied with what it could understand, and deeply impressed with what it could not. In the same way, his frequent misuse of unfamiliar words must have passed favorably—when, for instance, in a brief summary of Anglican Church history, "and heresy sprang up, as exemplified in their Hieroglyphics."

Through all his works, there is the same delicious pedantry unchanged, and the same abundant flaunting of personal affairs. The style is a combination of book larning, son-of-thunder sermonizing at the whole nation and plain talking with the individual reader. In 1833, he published at Norwich a three-volume collection of all his writings, including Peggy's Journal; at the end of the first volume which contains his most important efforts,

he offered a typical little obiter dictum, leaving the reader to judge as best he might, who Mr. Fletcher may have been.

"*Mr. Fletcher.*

Ye different sects, who all declare—
Lo! here is Christ, and Christ is *there;*
Your stronger *proof,* divinely give,
And shew me where the *Christians—live:*
Your claim, *alas,* ye cannot prove
Ye want the genuine mark of *Love.*"

"Reader—I-O-U—good will."

The Journal itself was presented to the public with a grander flourish.

"Much hath been the enquiring after my Journal," he writes in a triumphant conclusion, "hence the addition and present publication for the perusal of those who may survive me, when I am dead and gone, and for the information of those who are yet unborn, to view the dealings of God, Man and the Devil with one, whose experience and standing is peculiar to itself.

"And should these hints exemplified in the experience of the COSMOPOLITE be beneficial to any one—give God the Glory. *Amen and Amen!*—FAREWELL!

"LORENZO DOW.

"Montville, Feb. 26, 1833."

CHAPTER XIV

WHENCE THERE IS NO RETURN

THE greatest contribution of Lorenzo Dow to American history was his popularization of the Popish menace. It was a tune which the nation was eager to hear and which, had his intelligence been superior to its simple strains, others would have played. But his solemn warnings and prophecies, brought home from the turbulent Irish circuits and augmented by his depressed and nervous disposition, preceded as well as augmented the flood of anti-Romanist oratory. The flood came when the Irish immigration brought a natural conflict between the two traditions. The pre-season successes of Lorenzo Dow showed to the street preachers and strolling exhorters and to the infinite variety of vagabond Jeremiahs who came after him how interesting and effective these little talks on torture rooms and hidden dungeons and vast conspiracies could be. Nations do not seem to be happy without a bugaboo of this sort, and the foreign plot, with its unseen tentacles, is a chilling possibility quite unperturbed by the dictates of reason. This militant protest which Lorenzo Dow, in a sense, fathered, may still be heard today; but it reached its boisterous culmination in the forties and fifties, when the eastern cities indulged in a series of wild riots, lynchings and convent burnings.

Lorenzo's later ministry, it must be remembered, was

not solely a rehearsing of the haggard arguments against Romanism. Inspired by his own rebellious nature and experience, he cried out against all that which he considered the usurpation by men of powers too great for any but the Divinity to wield. "What must become of the POOR MAN, who is turned out to the world by ECCLESIASTICAL AUTHORITY, and delivered over to SATAN, by the wills and whims of men." Rome became his greatest enemy because it was the greatest example of mental tyranny. On this basis, it was easy for him to construct the fabric of a conspiracy from scattered possibilities of evidence. Unlike the vulgar horde which succeeded him, therefore, his theory was founded on conviction based on experience and not on a willingness to pander to the popular taste.

It is evidence of his personal courage that the Cosmopolite dared single-handed to match his strength with this elaborate peril. He was one man, publicly contending with a secret and unscrupulous organization. It must have seemed to many a proof of Divine watchfulness that he who was so much alone in lonely places escaped the lurking dagger of the Jesuit. Lorenzo himself was impressed by the peril, and imagined himself pursued from place to place, with murderous intent.

"There has been an impostor in New Hampshire, Vermont, New-York and Ohio States, who had *assumed my name,* and travelled on my credit, and so made himself master of the public and private history of my life, and had become so perfect an imitator, with his acquaintance with human nature, that he would dupe those

who were well acquainted with *me* without mistrusting the imposition; hence I had to bear some of the follies of his conduct; and twice, narrowly escaped the hickory, (on the principles of Lynch's law) as being considered the COUNTERFEIT LORENZO.

"Doubtless, with me, *he* was and is an *Italian Jesuit* as one of the many agents, as a tool to spy out the state of society and make report to the proper source, for the ruin of this land." And again:

"One man, who sometimes has been taken for me, by the name of F——on, was on board a steamboat and flung into the Monongahela river, as was supposed, his body being found there.

"A.P. was frequently taken for me—met with much abuse; being several times taken up by the police, from an excitement by his testimony against the *practice* of the *times,* which gave them great offense. He at length was found without a HEAD, nothing but the body remaining.

"A man who was a stranger in Philadelphia, received a DIRK at the ☞ door of my lodging, he being (by mistake as was supposed) taken for another person. His dress was similar to my own. I had left the city just before." These gruesome and faith-bolstering escapes, he is careful to add, are common occurrences in the life of the Cosmopolite.

"How many instances might be mentioned where individuals have followed me, for reasons best known to themselves: sometimes in silence, at other times with threats; at times to induce me to go to one side for a private interview under suspicious circumstances, which in reason, was but judicious to avoid."

As bearded men at this time were rarities, it was natural that they should be sometimes mistaken for the famous preacher; and as they were all either ruffians of the worst order or religious enthusiasts, natural that they should meet with violence and suspicion. His life was undeniably in constant danger, but it was from the still more insidious and certainly more genuine enemies of disease. But there was a suddenness and mystery about his death that brought many to the conclusion that the Jesuit poisoners had at last gained their nefarious end. The unhappy event, moreover, came just before the climax of the Cosmopolite's last great gesture of prophetic warning. To view the inception of this final display of power, we must return again to Montville.

Lorenzo seems to have been reconciled to Lucy's incorrigible independence, but he still looked fondly back to Peggy's resigned devotion. "My Peggy is gone to meet our INFANT in yonder world," he informed the public, "where I trust to meet them both bye and bye—which is a *sweet* and pleasing thought to *me!*" He had settled down, a Yankee among the Yankees. After a few words in praise of the liberality and sincerity of the Jews, he adds with a note of pride, that if they will live among the Yankees they must not expect to "jew" people, for the Yankees can out-jew the Jews at trading. "But the term 'YANKEE' is a character renowned; and of which we, nor I, have occasion to be ashamed."

Passing over Lorenzo's own inclination and proficiency in trading, it might be appropriate to mention here how he won a pair of new boots in a wager. The wager amounted to a bribe. The preacher would receive a new

pair of boots if he would swear openly and audibly, at a public meeting. Lorenzo accepted the offer at once, in perfect confidence of his ability to perform this feat without loss of character. He told them that he would swear in delivering the text at his next meeting. This announcement, of course, drew a great crowd, the profane as well as the godly. Lorenzo's text was the twenty-eighth verse of the seventeenth chapter of Acts, revised slightly in order to fulfil the terms of the bet: "By God, we live; by God, we move; and by God, we have our being." The new boots, no doubt, with his frayed trouser legs tucked inside them, did much to diminish the usual seediness of his appearance.

However much Methodism may have prospered in Montville during Lorenzo's sojourns in the neighborhood, he did not, greatly as he tried, succeed in awakening in those around him his own burning enthusiasm for Jackson and Jacksonian democracy. The safety of the old hero of New Orleans was a cause of deep concern to him. For Old Hickory, as he saw it, was the bulwark of the old American liberty, against which the machinations of Pope and Holy Alliance were directed.

The President's stern handling of the Southern attempt at nullification was probably the basis of his admiration. But there were qualities in Andrew Jackson which induced violent partisanship; he was the center of ferocious eulogy and defiant hatred. When an editor of Pittsburgh proposed at a banquet the toast, "May the skins of the enemies of Jackson be converted into carpeting for his friends to dance on," he meant it. Lorenzo had faith in the relentless determination and simple di-

rectness of the old soldier. He admired his refusal to associate himself with any church while in office. He shared his aversion for capitalists. He was the one person whom he could look up to—could see as a figure of equal importance to himself in warding off the mysterious perils. Perhaps he visioned Cosmopolite as prophet and Andy of the Waxhaws as general in that great conflict which loomed ahead, so dark and ominous. General indifference to warning had exaggerated his fears. "O Reader!" He had cried out to the faithful. "There can be no neuter in this war; none will be exempt in the struggle. The reflection is enough to make the *'ears tingle.'*"

In 1832, the Cosmopolite was introduced to President Jackson at the White House, and opened their acquaintanceship with the administration of a warning. "Washington was the means, in the hand of Providence," he remarked, "of saving the country once; Jefferson once, and you twice.

"Twice *you* have been a candidate and virtually in the hearts of the people, *twice elected!* But once you was defrauded out of it. Should you be a candidate a third time, it will be once beyond what any of your predecessors have done! And should you be elected, it is a query with some, whether you would continue to occupy the Chair after the 4th of next March, unless you take very good care of yourself."

"I believe in a superintending Providence," the defender of the liberties responded to this solemn injunction. "I have been exposed to danger, and have been preserved.

Lorenzo Dow, aged 56

"I ever aim to act for the public good, in my official capacity; according to the best of my judgment, and if Divine Providence sees proper to allow me to fall a victim in the discharge of my duty, I feel resigned to the dispensation."

The President, in the following year, returned the call. On his tour north in 1833, he made a short halt at the Bland tavern on the Essex turnpike, not far from Lorenzo Dow's Place. And Lorenzo Dow, with Lucy at his side, welcomed General Jackson to Montville, and was introduced to Vice-President Van Buren and other important dignitaries of his suite. It was a great occasion. The Cosmopolite had had a tall pole of hickory erected before the tavern, from which the national banner fluttered in gay defiance of foreign enemies. And a great crowd of people from the neighboring farms had gathered in holiday attire, pressing into the roadway, standing in their buggies and carriages to gape at the great array of talent and statesmanship before them, and filling the windows of the inn. Ever after the place was known as "Hickory Plain," a name probably conferred by the prophet himself.

In December, 1833, the Cosmopolite set out for Washington again, on a mission whose purpose still remains a mystery. Among the scoffers it was rumored that his followers had elected him to the Presidency, and that he was going to claim his place in the White House. But his intention was apparently to bring before the President and Congress in some vivid way the harrowing evidences of treacherous conspiracy. The sense of the terrible importance of his errand must have worn upon his uneasy

mind and exaggerated his fears. No doubt the people smiled as he drove rattling by in his buggy, shivering a little under his great coat and mufflers, haggard eyes glancing in quick suspicion at every passing stranger. At the tavern table, no doubt, when he began by mouthing his food cautiously, for fear of poisoning, they inquired politely after his digestion, and inaugurated a discussion of symptoms into which he would inevitably enter sooner or later, with a few decisive opinions on the proper regulation of the system and a side reference or two to the Family Medicine.

He lodged in Georgetown at the house of his friend and Brother Mason, George W. Haller, a brass founder and tin-plate worker, where also, according to the advertizements, the famous remedy was "to be had genuine." But before the momentous matters in hand could be brought under way, sickness again seized the worn body. From his earliest hopings he had been seeking to break suddenly through to the realization of some great thing, and always illness and fate had crushed the attempt. Fevered and half delirious, he lay in a dim room in the house of his friend. The faithful came to offer consolation and hope, and stared without speaking on the mass of graying hair and the ashen face above the counterpane, the glabrous, uneasy eyes, the lips that whispered to Peggy, and spoke, without fear, of death; he had a dull pain in his side . . . his horse must have a bolus for the spavin . . . there was an appointment ahead. . . . The doctor said that he was dying, as so many other doctors had pronounced before, and he died.

Strangely enough, there was no published record of

the great man's last hours on earth. People of this day considered death-bed scenes important evidence of the ultimate destination of the souls involved. They loved to contrast the criminal's conscience-tortured last moments with the peaceful resignation of the Christian. They loved to collect and contemplate the edifying last utterances of their men of God from bits of parting advice and philosophy to the last gasping, "Jesus is precious," "Beautiful, beautiful," "Hallelujah," or other murmured sign of victory. All that has come down to us of Lorenzo's dying wishes is that he asked to be brought back to Hebron and laid at Peggy's side. This, it is said, was refused by the widow because of the expense.

Two days later, a brief announcement appeared in the *National Intelligencer.*

"MASONIC.

"The members and sojourners of the Fraternity, of fair standing, in the District of Columbia, are respectfully invited to join with the members of the Potomac Lodge in paying the last tribute of respect to the remains of our deceased and worthy brother, LORENZO DOW.

Procession will be formed this day, (Tuesday) 4th instant, at 1 o'clock, precisely, in Potomac Lodge, No. 5.

By order of the R. W. M.
Tho. Halzman
Secretary."

The procession was duly formed, as the archives of the Lodge bear witness, the brethren marched in sad

array to the house on High Street, where they received the body, and bore it to Holmead's cemetery; and there, with the usual Masonic ceremonies, Lorenzo Dow was laid to rest.

Over the grave there was placed a broad flat slab of gray stone, bearing an epitaph which shows how clearly he had become identified with the liberalists in religion, the successors of the Deists of the Eighteenth Century.

The Repository
of
LORENZO DOW
who was born in Coventry
Connecticut
Octr. 16, 1777 died Feb. 2
1834 Ae 56

"A Christian is the highest
style of man.
He is
A slave to no sect, takes
no private road
But looks through nature
up to nature's God."

Longer than ever good Queen Anne, had Lorenzo Dow hovered on the brink of eternity. He had intentionally striven to thrill the public by vaunting this proximity to death. Many years before, a paper, in announcing his appointment, added: "As he expects to embark in a few weeks for Europe, those who desire to hear him

would do well to avail themselves of an opportunity, which may not shortly, if ever, occur." He thus added a rather morbid attraction to his personality, and, in the fear they might not have another chance, drew larger crowds to his meetings. And now, at the height of his career, which was hardly a long one, he had vanished.

"The last account I heard of Dow," observes a respectable Methodist elder in his autobiography, "was that he was buried by the Odd Fellows, a name which suited him admirably, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, including his long beard. Peace to his dust, and may we never see his like again."

Others did not regard the event so casually. For years his grave was a place of pilgrimage for many, who came from far and near to stand by the gray stone beneath which the mysterious wanderer lay sleeping, wrapped, for a shroud, in the long black cloak which he had worn upon his journeyings to meditate on the strange life thus ended, which all had known and none dared interpret. With the abandonment of its original resting place, the grave was removed at the expense of William Wilson Corcoran, founder of the Corcoran Art Gallery, to the beautiful Oak Hill Cemetery in Georgetown. Here it may still be seen, by the side of one of the paths that winds down the tree-covered slope from the eastern gate.

To the widow Lorenzo bequeathed all his temporal possessions—"unto my beloved wife Lucy Dow, to be at her disposal as she may think fit, including my Patent Family Medicine." The great man's writings, however, afforded a much larger and steadier income than the Patent Family Medicine, and Lucy lived, with their assist-

ance, to a prosperous old age. Lucy, even if she failed to fulfil the obligations of her honorable position in life, was remembered in her later years as "a kindly, simple woman," who distinguished herself on her visits to New London by the feat of wearing two calashes. This curious arrangement of headgear was perhaps inspired by the memory of her husband's adventure at a meeting house at Green River in New York, when the congregation had almost dispersed in panic at the sudden and uncanny apparition, his quick movements and weird aspect heightened by the two hats that crowned his flying locks; one of the hats, Lorenzo explains, was being reserved as a gift for a friend. She died in 1863, leaving Lorenzo Dow's Place to the town of Montville, to be sold for the purpose of building a bridge over Oxoboxo Creek. Her silver spoons, her teapot, and other remembrances, she willed to the namesakes, in the family, of her departed husband.

For Lorenzo had bequeathed to the world, above the fruits of his mind and inspired soul, his gilded, euphonious name. Not only is the eldest son in some branches of the family still named for the famous old preacher, but a vast host of contemporary babies were similarly honored. Large families were the order of the age, making it difficult to name all the children for relatives. Some gave rein to their originality in this matter, as did the Rev. Timothy Dewey, a close friend of Lorenzo and an ancestor of the famous admiral, among whose numerous offspring were Anna Diadema, Armenius Philadelphus, Almira Melpomena, Pleiades Arastarcus, Octavia Ammonia, and the youngest, a girl, Encyclopedia Brittanica. But in the choice of namesakes, after Biblical and classi-

cal heroes, the famous preachers were popular, and in this field Lorenzo Dow scored an undoubted triumph over all competitors.

The Civil War, which, holding the stage for four years, blotted so many interests of former days from the national mind, destroyed also the great fame of Lorenzo Dow. Up to that all-absorbing catastrophe, it had steadily increased. This was assisted by the fulfilment, apparent to many, of his prophecies. In the first place, it was not long after his death that an attempt was made upon the life of President Jackson, which caused a great stir in the land. And upon this there followed the influx of Catholics, accompanied by wild rumors and riotings. There were many echoes of his fame, from the four volumes of humorous skits bearing the title of "Short Patent Sermons. By Dow Jr." to the "Communications," "Through a Lady."

Beneath the frontispiece of one edition of his works, showing the wood-cut portraits of himself and Peggy, Lorenzo had inscribed the momentous words: "We are journeying to that land whence there is no return!" Obviously, he had then no foresight of the Spiritualist epidemic which came in shortly before the war and flourished for several years after. The city of New York especially, to borrow the word of a contemporary sceptic, was "lousy" with mediums and clairvoyants, witches and magicians of all sorts; with spirit messages, "magnetism," phrenology, astrology, peep-stones, card tricks and other devices these persons supplied information to a large and prosperous clientele that should have known better. One of the more intelligent of the practitioners of the

city published in 1861 a thin volume entitled "Communications from the Spirit World, given by Lorenzo Dow, and others, through a Lady." In it one finds twenty-one uninformative essays on abstract subjects, the whole clearly designed to promote interest in spiritualism, and conveying in general the impression that either the Cosmopolite had been very much altered by his sojourn in the spirit world, or that his messages were transformed in the course of their passage "Through a Lady." Its significance lies in the fact that it shows to what type of mind the name of Lorenzo Dow appealed. And with these, who still felt the awe which the life and words of the mysterious holy man inspired, the name must have had great authority, that it should have been chosen from among so many glittering possibilities.

In another respect, Lorenzo Dow was a valuable communicant for the purpose. This was his liberal view of religion and freedom from sectarian ties. His opinions were in many ways similar to those of Paine and the Deists, still regarded with a traditional horror, but he was less vulnerable than they because of his accepted religious character. His name, in brief, was both loaded with sanctity and available for almost any creed that might choose to use it.

At about this time another spiritualist—or perhaps the same one—had turned up at Hebron and sought to penetrate into the beyond at midnight, standing by Peggy's grave. In this congenial atmosphere she hoped to receive some word from the great preacher. But the effort was discouraged and defeated by the presence of a concourse of rather sceptical onlookers who had gath-

ered from bed and fireside as the word was spread that there was to be a ghost-raising on Burrows Hill.

At this place in his history, the biographer arrives at that culminating consideration, the success or failure of his hero's life aim. The fate of Lorenzo's subordinate ambitions has already been discussed. What remains is that impelling motive, first and deepest of all, which had launched him on his career—the desire for salvation. Careful reflection on this important topic brings one inevitably to the conclusion that he not only was found worthy of acceptance, but that the reward was conferred with unusual honor. It is hardly necessary to recount all the evidence, although mention might be made, as one convincing indication, of Lorenzo's dream of the speckled seeds, wherein a voice spoke to him, saying, "The seed shall be of great value to some, though not to thyself, but thou shalt receive thy reward hereafter." Certainly the evidence was sufficient to convince Lorenzo Dow—who, it must be accorded, has given the most thought to the subject. Once well launched on his independent ministry, he lived in such perfect confidence of acceptance that we know of only one instance, where the matter embarrassed him in the slightest degree. This story was related to us by a gentleman of Connecticut, at the house of whose father, the great man was dining at the time.

"I am as sure of getting into Heaven," the Cosmopolite announced to his host and the assembled family, holding up a large piece of meat upon his fork, "as I am that I will put this in my mouth and eat it." While he was uttering the concluding words of this pronouncement, however, the meat slipped from fork to floor. In an in-

stant a dog, which must have had some strain of Calvinism in its composition, leapt on the significant morsel and gobbled it down.

To avoid an irreverent prying into Divine matters, we shall pass over the special nature of Lorenzo Dow's salvation, save to mention that it is reasonable to suppose that his soul was received at once into Paradise, without having to wait, in the conventional manner, in the grave till Judgment Day. This honor is believed to be frequently the lot of prophets, as is evidenced in the spectacular disappearance of the great Elijah. And if Lorenzo is now in Paradise, one may presume that his Peggy is with him also. And if Peggy is with him, then little Letitia Johnson must be present, to complete their Heavenly happiness. As for Lucy, her salvation is more of a problem. She was probably not as bad as the gossips, who always seize so eagerly on petty domestic eruptions, have painted her. She was ever known, too, as a staunch Methodist, and it is safe to suppose that she is still sleeping in her grave on the Montville farm, confident that her famous husband will speak in her behalf when next they meet in the great day of trial.

Thus let us leave them, these three whose souls had been so tenderly united on the Journey of Life: on a flower bank in Paradise. Above them tower the celestial walls and palaces in many colors, and far below, the River Jordan is gleaming joyously in the brilliant light. And the vast sky around them is glittering with the flutter of golden wings. Peggy is sitting among the flowers, her white Methodist apron full of little Jerusalem apples, which chubby Letitia is gleefully tossing into the air.

Peggy is singing, to notes of music that ripple lightly out of nowhere, an old song of the western circuits. Her eyes upon the gurgling baby, not thinking of the words or melody, she sings:

"There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
And we'll rest there too.

"On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
And we'll rest there too."

And Lorenzo stands beside her, his arms folded, his long cloak stirred gently by the breeze, gazing complacently upward toward the throne. Within his placid face, hovering about his solemn lips and eyes, there is the faintest twinkle of some inward mirthfulness.

THE COMPLETE WORKS

THE COMPLETE WORKS

IT is impossible to arrange a methodical bibliography of the works of Lorenzo Dow. In the confusion of new editions and altered titles, even a chronological list cannot be accurate. Through all the variety, inconsistency, and general lack of method which characterize these once popular productions, however, there runs one prevailing purpose, the gaunt, obtrusive complacency, the insatiable courting of publicity displayed by this hairy pilgrim of the earth. As the years advanced, he became increasingly indiscriminate in his mixture of theology and autobiography. And yet it was not the mere feeding of his vanity, but his zeal for the cause of religion, always more and more closely identified with his own errant career. One feels everywhere the intensity of this exhibitionistic egotism. There is a contagious quality about it; the biographer feels as if the forceful soul of the Cosmopolite were urging him to carry forward his long and hard-fought duel with Old Sam.

Miss Susan Bingham Pendleton, of Hebron, who has not only written on Lorenzo, but has very kindly supplied much of the choicest material for these pages, has felt the same intensity of this underlying aim. It seems as if, as she has phrased it, "the old fellow is just craving for some more notoriety again, and his spirit is hovering

about anyone whom he might induce to take up pen in his behalf."

In his own lifetime, however, Lorenzo needed no ally. The following list is an informal attempt at a chronological organization, giving precedence where there is doubt as to the date of authorship, to the more revealing productions.

Exemplified Experience, also entitled, *History of the Cosmopolite.*

The Journal, begun as were so many others, in the young convert's zeal to impart his miraculous experience to the world, was continued as the preacher's foremost instrument of self-revelation, and forms the most important source for biographical material. This, like the *Short Account of the Eccentric Cosmopolite* which was inserted in it, was first published in answer to the calumnies of his enemies. It formed the first and principal item in the posthumous editions of "Complete Works," one of which survived into the eighties. It was first published in America in 1804. Beside it, although of later origin by a decade, should be placed Peggy's delightful message to mankind:

Vicissitudes in the Wilderness; Exemplified in the Journal of Peggy Dow, otherwise, Vicissitudes Exemplified on the Journey of Life.

To Peggy's pleasant narrative there was later added her *Supplementary Reflections on the Journey of Life,* partly biographical, but chiefly a hortatory

description of her soul's state, so introspective as to reflect little but her dutiful regard for her husband and her tremulous confidence in the face of death.

The Chain of Lorenzo, or, *A Chain of Reason and Reflection,* appearing also as *The Opinion of Dow,* and under other titles, was the author's first controversial masterpiece and his oft-wielded weapon against the Calvinists. It was used in many forms, albeit the fundamental conception of the chain of five links, two hooks and a swivel linking Calvinism to Atheism remained the same. The first pamphlet edition appeared at Augusta in 1804 as "A Farewell to Georgia"; other editions were addressed to the people of Virginia and New England. An edition in German was published at New Berlin, N. Y., in 1836. The English version, *Nuggets of Golden Truth,* was in print as late as 1863.

Reflections on Matrimony.

An elaborate definition of this institution, with some earnest advice on the selection of a mate.

Farewell to America, containing miscellaneous reflections, preceded the departure for Europe in 1805, and a similar *Farewell to Europe* was published before the return.

Hints to the Public, or Thoughts on the Fulfilment of Prophecy in 1811.

An application of Revelations to historical events, with advice on godly living. It was brought up to date in 1834.

A Dialogue between Two Characters, Curious and Singular.

An apology and defense of his mission, "founded on fact," and inspired by the idle curiosity which he daily met. It was first published at Lynchburg, Virginia, in 1812. In the same year and at the same place there appeared:

A Journey from Babylon to Jerusalem, or the Road to Peace and True Happiness; prefaced with an essay on the Rights of Man. It being the Essence of Twenty Years' Experience, Observation and Reflections.

With many miscellaneous reflections, and scholarly exposition on the subjects of Heaven and Hell, the soul is here guided through life to the harbor of the saints.

Analects or Reflections upon Natural, Moral and Political Philosophy, including the Rights, Interests and Duties of Man, or, *Analects upon Natural, Social and Moral Philosophy,* and also classified as merely *Analects upon the Rights of Man.*

Dated August 21, 1812, and first published in 1813, there may be found under these titles an unmethodical essay in reply to the calumnies of the Baptists of Georgia. The law of nature, that is, liberty

under God, the freedom and equality of all men, is upheld, together with personal and social rights, under the social compact idea, opposing the divine right claimed by rulers, and following the whole matter back to Adam. The dawn of liberty is narrated, from Luther to Penn, and the follies of the aristocracies compared to the wisdom of democratic governments. The conception of punishment that will both reform the criminal and deter others is advanced in the concluding social reflections.

On Church Government.

This work, written, the author states, in reply to aspersions, brought down the wrath of the Methodist Conference upon him. Dated and signed, "10th Mo. 9th, 1816. COSMOPOLITE!!!", it appeared in the time and spirit of his purchases in the Northwest. It is directed chiefly against the assumption by churchmen of undue powers: "Almost every society have their *Democratick Pope*—striving to tyrannize, and keep others in *fear* and *dread!*" The Methodists in particular are harassed on this score, compared in detail to the Roman organization, and their treatment of their colored congregations indignantly condemned.

The Stranger in Charleston! or the Trial and Confession of Lorenzo Dow, addressed to the United States in general and South Carolina in particular.

Thoroughly documented and detailed, the lively account of the nullifiers' attempt to bring the godly

Yankee into disrepute was published at Boston in 1821, immediately after the trial.

Wisdom Displayed, and Lorenzo's Villainy Detected, or the Second Trial, Confession and Condemnation of Lorenzo Dow, also appearing in a more complete version under the brief title of *Dow's Lawsuit.*

With the guilt of the defendant almost as obvious as in the affairs at Charleston, there is only the less picturesque character of the crime to place this livid little history on an inferior level as literature. The irony soars into the superb.

Omnifarious Law Exemplified. How to Curse and Swear, Lie, Cheat and Kill, according to Law!

This work, a production of the year 1830, begins with a discussion of social and moral rights, influenced by the maltreatment of the stranger at Charleston. And among the descriptions of Medical, Jockey, Sunday and other forms of Law, there may be found a bitter and elaborate treatise of Fresh Water Law. The pamphlet concludes with the unholiness of man-made laws as administered in general.

A Cry from the Wilderness! A Voice from the East.—A Reply from the West.—Trouble in the North.—Exemplifying in the South. Intended as a Timely and Solemn Warning to the People of the United States. By COSMOPOLITE—*A Listener.*

The mature arrangement of this mingling of prophecy and exhortation appeared in 1830. The Voice from

the East speaks of the foreign perils threatening American liberty. The Reply from the West deals with the vulnerable character of religion in the United States, culminating in a close comparison between Methodism and Popery; the old Methodism was good, but Lorenzo cannot approve of "this new fangledism." Trouble in the North and Exemplifying in the South consist chiefly in the controversy over nullification, conceived, of course, in the secret councils of the Jesuits. Two appendices supply full documentary evidence. In a similar vein is his:

Analectic History; Touching Nullification, Northern and Southern: The Last Warning of Lorenzo Dow.

A Short History.

Dated Montville, August 22, 1833, this pamphlet deals with the Yazoo speculation and the removal of the Indians from Georgia, one of the notable scandals of the period, which, with the author's arrest for libel, is made to show the necessity for close harmony between state and national governments. It concludes with an appeal against sectarian disputes.

Progress of Light and Liberty.

This favorite theme is here treated historically, geographically, politically, ecclesiastically and prophetically, replete with curious facts and equally curious deductions.

Paraphrase on Genesis xlix. 10.

A favorite text for the prophetically inclined of this day. The pamphlet consists of ingenious but obscure deductions from Bible and history.

Analectic Miscellany.

Another indictment of a degraded Methodism.

Reflections on Various Subjects.

Further remonstrance against social and political evils.

Of Petticoat Law.

This brief but weighty leaflet exposes influence of irreligious women, even in the land of liberty, and its deplorable results.*

Rules for Holy Living.

A small broadside, one of the chief weapons of the first expedition to Ireland.

On the Ministry.

A handbill on the preacher's call and the bigotry of sects.

Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy, or Notions and Whims!

Another handbill, a brief and jocose slap at sectarian quarrels.

* A statement of his views on the right of godly females to preach may be found in his introduction to *Vicissitudes Illustrated,* the work of a fellow Yankee and international gospeller, Nancy Towle.

The Counterfeit Missionary; or the Spurious Priest according to Law.

A poem on the divine call to preach.

Lorenzo's Early Exercises.

Another verse, composed, apparently, in a lonely mood in the early part of his ministry. It first appeared under the title of *Cosmopolite's Muse,* as the opening salvo in a tiny *Collection of Camp Meeting Hymns, selected by Peggy Dow,* and published in 1816.

"O! that poor sinners did but know
What I for them do undergo;
From God I'm call'd to bear the *news,*
To Heathens, Gentiles, and the Jews!
. . . . . .
The clouds arise and thunders break,
I feel the ground beneath me shake;
The mountains tremble at the sound,
And wet all through I'm often found.
Sometimes in open chambers sleep,
Or on some little place I creep;
I cannot sleep for want of clothes;
Smothered with smoke or almost froze.
. . . . . .
Then when I've done my work below,
I'll gladly quit this vale of woe;
And soar above the ethereal sky,
To dwell with Christ eternally!"

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SFN MAY 1976
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